



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

POEMS.

OF

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

Complete Edition

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS



LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY
BOSTON



Copyright, 1882,
By D. LOTHROP & Co.

Printers
S. J. PARKHILL & CO., BOSTON, U. S. A.

PS1705

AZ

1882

MAI, V

TO

COLONEL JOHN G. JAMES,

PRESIDENT OF THE STATE AGRICULTURAL AND MECHANICAL COLLEGE OF TEXAS,

These Verses,

IN WHICH HE HAS TAKEN SO UNSELFISH AN INTEREST,

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It had little to do with Byron's success as a poet that he was born in the purple of the English aristocracy; or with the quality of Shelley's genius that he was the son of a Sir Timothy, who prided himself on a descent from a long line of British squires; or that Algernon Swinburne's father was a baronet. And yet if our poets have gentle blood in their veins, other things being equal, we prefer that they should have it.

Good birth, as a general thing, argues good breeding, refinement, education, fixed social position, and a wide margin of generous leisures; all of which have much to do with the outcome of a poet's life.

We do not believe that Tennyson would ever have written as he has, if it had been his fortune to labor for his daily bread. Even had the genius all been there, the wide leisures would have been wanting, and he would have produced his poems, not as Goethe, at his "unhasting ease,"—absolutely free from all exigence,—but under the pressure of a goad, which would have destroyed all their beautiful spontaneity.

It is therefore to the advantage of our poet, PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE, that he had ancestors. It may sound somewhat unrepugnant perhaps, to hear him wish, as he does in one of his keen sonnets, that these same ancestors had been content to stay in their four-hundred-year-old Shropshire Manor-House, enjoying the positive good England gave them, rather than go sailing over seas in quest of what might be of questionable benefit; but we can forgive him, in view of his antecedents on this side the water, of which he may be proud as well. His English progenitors settled, early in colonial days, in Charleston, South Carolina, and from the first were of importance in the civil affairs of the young State. They furnished noble patriots, who shed their blood in Revolutionary days, for the liberties of their adopted country. The

name of the renowned statesman and orator, Robert G. Hayne, who was the poet's uncle, has become the possession of the country. While in the Senate of the United States, he was not afraid to match his strength with Webster's, and he was governor of South Carolina when to be governor of the Palmetto State was an honor worth the winning.

The subject of this sketch is the only child of Lieutenant Hayne, a naval officer, who died at sea when his son was an infant; his mother, recently deceased, was a South Carolina lady, of good English and Scotch descent. He was born in Charleston, January 1st, 1830, and educated at Charleston College, from which he was graduated. Inheriting the prestige of a noble name, high position, and a sufficient amount of wealth, the world was before the youth, and he was free to choose his path. From earliest boyhood his fondness for literature, particularly poetry, was pronounced, and there was everything around him to foster this love. The Charleston of thirty-five years ago was a very different place from the Charleston of to-day. The old Huguenot element, with its aristocratic names and associations, was strong, and the large admixture of good English blood helped to make its people just a little exclusive. Boston herself did not gather the mantle of her self-importance in a more queenly manner about her than did this city by the sea. There was a decided literary element, too, among its higher classes. Legaré's wit and scholarship brightened its social circle; Calhoun's deep shadow loomed over it from his plantation at Fort Hill; Gilmore Simms's genial culture broadened its sympathies. The latter was the Macenas to a band of brilliant youths who used to meet for literary suppers at his beautiful home; and here it was that the love for old Elizabethan lore, and the study of the classics of the English tongue, which has always characterized Mr. Hayne, found one of its best stimulants.

No sooner had he graduated than he threw himself actively into literary life. He became connected with the journalism of the city, and when the enthusiastic group of young scholars established a Literary Monthly Magazine (*Russell's*) Mr. Hayne was appointed its editor.

His first volume of Poems was published by the old house of Ticknor & Co., Boston, in 1855, when he was some twenty-five years old, his second in 1857, and his third in 1860. These all met with such success as encouraged him to adopt fully a literary life as his vocation.

In the meantime he had married Miss Mary Middleton Michel, of Charleston, the daughter of an eminent French physician, who received a gold medal from Napoleon the Third, for services under the first Napoleon at the battle of Leipsic. Of the poet's wife it is but the scantest justice to say that she has been the inspiration, the stay, the joy of his life. No poet ever was more blessed in a wife, and she it is, who, by her self-renunciation, her exquisite sympathy, her positive, material help, her bright hopefulness, has made endurable the losses and trials that have crowded Mr. Hayne's life. Those who know how to read between the lines can see everywhere the influence of this irradiating and stimulating presence.

Then came the disasters of the civil war. Mr. Hayne, whose health, delicate from his childhood, would not allow him to take field service, became an aid on Governor Pickens's staff. During the bombardment of his native city, his beautiful home was burned to the ground, and his large, handsome library utterly lost. Even the few valuables, such as the old family silver, which he succeeded in securing and removing to a bank in Columbia for safe-keeping, were swept away in the famous "march to the sea;" and there was nothing left for the homeless and ruined man but exile among the "Pine Barrens" of Georgia. There he established himself, in utter seclusion, in a veritable cottage (or rather *shanty*, dignified at first as "Hayne's Roost"), behind whose screens of vines, among the peaches, melons, and strawberries of his own raising, he has fought the fight of life with uncomplaining bravery, and persisted in being happy.

Here, then, at "Copse Hill," nested amid his greenery and his pines, our poet has lived for fifteen years,—content with little of this world's gear, happy in his chosen work, writing as his frail health would permit, and in manly independence. In 1872, the Lippincotts published his *Legends and Lyrics*, and in 1873 his edition of his friend Henry Timrod's Poems appeared, accompanied by one of the most pathetic biographical memorials of which literature gives an example. In 1875, *The Mountain of the Lovers* was published. A Life of Gilmore Simms (still in MS.) was also written, with Memorial Sketches of Governor Hayne and Mr. Legaré,—so that these years of seclusion have been well filled up with literary labor; and during the past five years the names of not many writers have appeared more frequently, perhaps, in the pages of our current literature, than that of the recluse of "Copse Hill." Here he has interpreted Nature, we think, with as clear an

insight as the poet of Rydal Mount. He has made the melancholy moanings of his Georgia pines sob through his verses. He has given voices to the *Midnight Thunder*; to the *Windless Rain*; to the *Muscadines of the Southern Forests*; to their *Woodland Phases*; to the *Aspects of the Pines*, as has not been heretofore done.

It were superfluous to enter upon any criticism of his poems, nor is this the place for it. They are left with the reader, who, if he cannot, of himself, find therein the aromatic freshness of the woods,—the swaying incense of the cathedral-like aisles of pines,—the sough of dying summer winds,—the glint of lonely pools, and the brooding notes of leaf-hidden mocking-birds,—would not be able to discern them, however carefully the critic might point them out.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

/

CONTENTS.

YOUTHFUL POEMS.

	PAGE		PAGE
The Will and the Wing	1	The Brook	14
"The Laughing Hours before her Feet"	1	Nature the Consoler	14
Eve of the Bridal	2	The Soul Conflict	16
My Father	3	The Presentiment	16
Song	3	The Two Summers	18
Song	4	Lines	17
By the Grave	4	Song	18
Song of the Naiads	5	On a Portrait	18
Lethe	5	The Shadow	18
The Realm of Rest	6	The Winter Winds may wildly rave	19
The Island in the South	7	Under Sentence	19
Ode	9	The Village Beauty	20
Queen Galena	13	After Death	21
The Poet's Trust in his Sorrow	13		

SONNETS.

October	25	"Along the Path Thy Bleeding Feet"	28
Life and Death	25	"Too oft the Poet in Elaborate Verse"	28
Shelley	26	Mountain Sonnets	29
Poets of the Olden Time	26	Composed in Autumn	29
"Now while the Rear Guard"	26	Great Poets and Small	30
"Pent in this Common Sphere"	26	My Study	30
"Between the Sunken Sun and the New Moon"	27	To —	30
Ancient Myths	28	To W. H. H.	31
O God! What Glorious Seasons Bless Thy World!	28	Lines	31
		"An Idle Poet Dreaming"	32

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

Antonio Melidori	35	The Penitent	54
Allan Herbert	46	Dramatic Fragment	55
From The Conspirator, an Unpublished Tragedy	49	Reward of Fickleness	55
Experience in Poverty	51	A Character	56
The True Philosophy	52	Morals of Desperation	58
Love's Caprices	52	The Condemned	58
Creds	54	Antipathies	60
The Universality of Grief	54	Misconstruction	61

POEMS OF THE WAR.

My Mother-land	65	Charleston at the close of 1863	78
Ode	67	Scene in a Country Hospital	79
Charleston	71	Vicksburg — a Ballad	80
Stuart	72	The Little White Glove	80
Beyond the Potomac	73	Stonewall Jackson	82
Beauregard's Appeal	74	Sonnets	84
The Substitute	75	Our Martyrs	85
Battle of Charleston Harbor	77	Forgotten	86

LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

Daphnes — an Argive Story	89	Drifting	152
Aëthra	100	Sonnets	153
Renewed	100	Ode to Sleep	154
Krishna and his Three Handmaidens	102	Song	156
Under the Pine (To the Memory of Henry Timrod)	103	Hopes and Memories	156
✓ A Dream of the South Winds	105	Widderin's Race	156
In the Mist	105	October	162
A Summer Mood	106	Will	163
Midnight	106	Here and There	163
The Bonny Brown Hand	106	Welcome to Winter	164
Sonnets :		To My Mother	164
The Cottage on the Hill	107	Sonnets	165, 166
November	107	The Mountain of the Lovers	166 ✓
Sylvan Musings — in May	108	The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana	178
Poets	108	The Solitary Lake	187
Sonnet	108	✓ The Voice in the Pines	188
The Phantom Bells	109	Visit of the Wrens	188
The Life Forest	110	Morning	190
Cloud Fantasies	110	Golden Dell	191
✓ Sonnets	110	Aspect of the Pines	191
Fire Pictures	111	Midsummer in the South	192
An Anniversary	114	Cloud Pictures	193
From the Woods	114	Sonnet	194
Dolce far Niente	115	✓ In the Pine Barrens — Sunset	194
Cambyses and the Macrobian Bow	116	Sonnet	195
By the Autumn Sea	118	The Woodland Phases	195
The Wife of Brittany	118	After the Tornado	195
The River	137	In the Bower	196
The Story of Glaucus the Thessalian	138	Whence ?	196
The Nest	142	Sonnet	197
Not Dead	142	Violets	198
Sonnet	143	By the Grave of Henry Timrod	198
Marguerite	143	Sonnets	200
Apart	144	Ariel	200
The Lotus and the Lily	144	The Cloud Star	201
✓ Windless Rain	146	Sweet heart, Good bye !	201
" In Utrouque Fidelis "	146	Sonnet	202
Nature Betrothed and Wedded	147	Frida and her Poet	202
Chloris	147	✓ Preexistence	204
Fortunio	148	Sonnet	205
A Feudal Picture	150	A Thousand Years from Now	205
The Warning	152	Sonnet	206
		Thunder at Midnight	206

On the Death of Canon Kingsley	207
When all has been said and done	208
The Vision in the Valley	208
The Arctic Visitation	209
The Wind of Onset	210

The Visit of Mahmoud Ben Suleim to Paradise	210
My Daughter	215 ✓
Our "Humming-bird"	215

LATER POEMS.

Unveiled	219
Muscadines	222
In a Spring Garden	224
In Degree	225
The Skeleton Witness	225
Storm Fragments	225
Above the Storm	227
Underground	227
The Dryad of the Pine	228
Welcome to Frost	229
The Pine's Mystery	229
To a Bee	229
The first Mocking Bird in Spring	230
The Red and the White Rose	231
Before the Mirror	232
Two Epochs	233
Wind from the East	233
Peach Blooms	234
The Awakening	235
Love's Autumn	235
The Spirea	236
Coquette	236
Skating	237
The World within us	237
Forest Quiet	238
The Mocking Bird,	239
A Storm in the Distance	239
The Vision by the Sea	240
The Visionary Face	240
The Rose and the Thorn	241
The Red Lily	241
Lake Winnipiseogee	242
Lake Mists	242
The Inevitable Calm	242
The Dead Look	242
Jetsam	243
Fameless Graves	244
Winter Rose	245
Tristram of the Wood	245
Hints of Spring	246
The Hawk	247
Over the Waters	247
The True Heaven	247
The Breezes of June	248
A Mountain Faery	248
Absence and Love	248
The Fallen Pine-Cone	248
Stern Truths Transfigured	249
Distance	249
Horizous	249
In the Gray of the Evening	250

The Vision at Twilight	250
An Hour Too Late	251
"Too Low and yet too High!"	251
The Lordship of Corfu	251
Tallulah Falls	253
The Meadow Brook	255
The Valley of Anostan	256
Two Songs	256

Sonnets:

I. Freshness of Poetic Percep- tion	257
II. Laocoon	257
III. At last	257
IV. A Phantom in the Clouds	258
V. Japonicas	258
VI. The Usurper	258
VII. December Sonnet	258
VIII. A Comparison	259
IX. Fate, or God?	259
X. Sonnet	259
XI. Earth Odors — after Rain	260
XII. Sonnet	260
XIII. Poverty	260
XIV. Waste	261
XV. A Morning after Storm	261
XVI. Dead Loves	261
XVII. Nature at Ease	262
XVIII. The Cnydlian Oracle	262
XIX. The Hyacinth	262
XX. The Wood Far Inland	262
XXI. Sonnet	263
XXII. Magnolia Gardens	263
XXIII. England	263
XXIV. Disappointment	264
XXV. The Last of the Roses	264
XXVI. The Axe and the Pine	264
XXVII. Betrothal Night	265
XXVIII. "The Old Man of the Sea"	265
XXIX. Two Pictures	265
XXX. The Might have been	265
XXXI. Night Winds in Winter	266
XXXII. To the Querulous Poets	266
XXXIII. In the Porch	266
XXXIV. The Phantom Song	267
XXXV. Small Griefs and Great	267
XXXVI. The Shallow Heart!	267
XXXVII. The Stormy Night	268

Personal Sonnets:

I. To Henry W. Longfellow	268
II. To George H. Boker	268

Personal Sonnets :

III. To Algernon Charles Swinburne	269
IV. To Edgar Fawcett	269
V. Carlyle	269
VI. To Jean Ingelow	270
VII. To M. I. P.	270
Macdonald's Raid	271
The Battle of King's Mountain	274
The Hanging of Black Cudjo	278
Charleston Retaken	280
To the Author of "the Victorian Poets"	283
Idra	283
Below and Above	284
The Woodland Grave	284
A Character	284
Lyric of Action	285
By a Grave	285
Severance	286
Two Graves	287
The World	287
The May Sky	288
A Lyrical Picture	288
Lamia Unveiled	289
Rachel	289
The Snow Messengers	290
To Alexander H. Stephens	293
The Enchanted Mirror	293
The Imprisoned Sea-Winds	294
Blanche and Neil	294
The Dark	295
In the Studio	296
Washington	296
In Ambush	297
South Carolina to the States of the North	297
The Stricken South to the North	299
The Return of Peace	300
Yorktown Centennial Lyric	304
On the Persecution of the Jews in Russia	305
Assassination	306
England	307
To Longfellow	308
"Philip my King"	308
A Plea for the Gray	309
Union of Blue and Gray	310
The King of the Plow	311

In Memoriam :

I. Longfellow Dead	312
II. On the Death of President Garfield	312

In Memoriam :

III. Dean Stanley	313
IV. Hiram H. Benner	314
V. W. Gilmore Simms	315
VI. Dickens	320
VII. To Bayard Taylor beyond us	320
VIII. Bayard Taylor (upon death)	321
IX. Richard H. Dana, Sen.	321
X. Bryant Dead !	322
XI. The Pole of Death	322
XII. The Death of Hood	322

Meditative and Religious :

I. Christ on Earth	323
II. Harvest Home	324
III. Reconciliation	325
IV. A Vernal Hymn	325
V. Christian Exaltation	326
VI. Solitude ; in Youth and Age	326
VII. Denial	326
VIII. Lesson of Submission	327
IX. The Supreme Hour	327
X. A Christmas Lyric	327
XI. The Pilgrim	328
XII. Penuei	328
XIII. Patience	328
XIV. The Latter Peace	329
XV. Gautama	329
XVI. Christ	330
XVII. A Winter Hymn	330
XVIII. The Three Urns	330
XIX. On the Decline of Faith	331
XX. The Ultimate Trust	332
XXI. A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet	332
XXII. Twilight Monologue	333
XXIII. The Shadow of Death	334
XXIV. Finis	334
XXV. The Shadows on the Wall	335
XXVI. Consummatum Est	336
XXVII. The Broken Chords	337
XXVIII. The Rift Within the Lute	337
XXIX. In Harbor	337
XXX. Forecastings	338
XXXI. Appeal to Nature of the Solitary Heart	338

Poems for Special Occasions :

I. To the Poet Whittier	339
II. To O. W. Holmes	339
III. To Emerson	340
IV. To Hon. R. G. H.	340

HUMOROUS POEMS.

Valeric's Confession	343
A Meeting of the Birds	344
A Bachelor Bookworm's Complaint	346
Coquette and Her Lover	348

Senex to his Friend	351
The Observant "Eldest" Speaks	351
Lucifer's Deputy	352

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

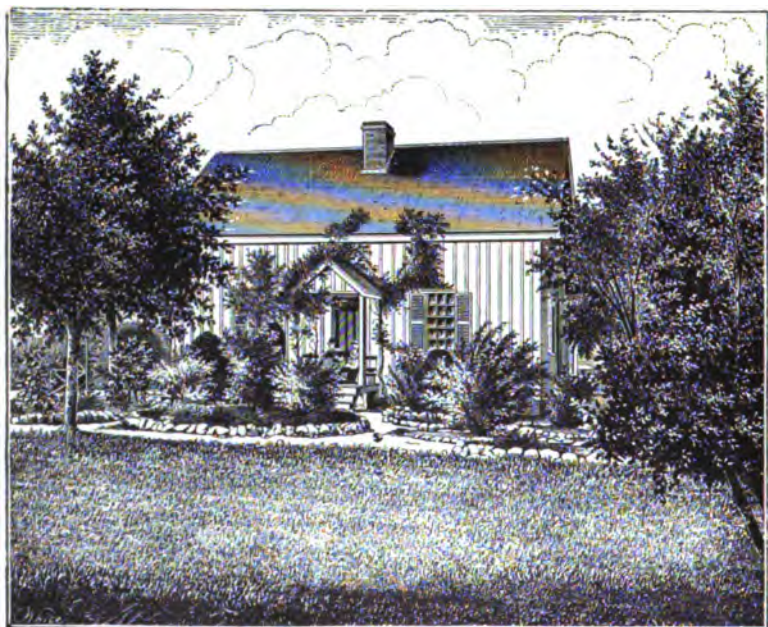
Little Nellie in the Prison	357	Baby's First Word	371
The Children	359	The Chameleon	372
Will and I	359	Flying Furze	372
Jamie and his Mother	360	The New Sister	373
The Three Copecks	361	Hop, Skip, and Jump, a Queer Trio personified	373
The Reason Why	361	Dancing	374
The Silken Shoe	362	Motes	376
The Black Destrier	364	The Ground Squirrel	376
The Adventures of Little Bob Bonnyface	365	Artie's Amen	377
Kiss me, Katie!	368	Three Portraits of Boys	378
Caged	369	Birds	380
Little Lottie's Grievance	369	The Dead Child and the Mocking-bird	380
A new Version of Why the Robin's Breast is Red	370	The Little Grand Duchesse	381
The Little Saint	370	Roly Poly	382
A new Philosophy, or, Star Showers explained	371	The Imprisoned Innocents	383

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
PORTRAIT OF PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
HOME OF PAUL H. HAYNE	xvii
COME! COME! AND SEEK US HERE	5
WE REACHED AN ISLE	8
GLADLY I HAIL THESE SOLITUDES	14
BETWEEN THE SUNKEN SUN AND THE NEW MOON	27
THIS IS MY WORLD	30
PAUL H. HAYNE'S BIRTHPLACE	40
THE CANVAS SPEAKS	46
COME, SWEETHEART, HEAR ME	53
ALMIGHTY NATURE THE FIRST LAW OF GOD	59
THEY AROSE WITH THE SUN	73
THE FLOWERS THAT WREATHE MY HUMBLE HEARTH	76
AND BY THEIR FAVORITE STREAM	81
LEAGUES OF GOLDEN FIELDS AND STREAMS	96
VOICES LOW AND SWEET	101
THE MOON, A GHOST OF HER SWEET SELF	106
UPVEILED IN YONDER DIM ETHEREAL SEA	109
COUNTLESS CORUSCATIONS GLIMMER	112
THERE COMETH A DREAM OF THE PAST TO ME	118
THOSE BRISTLING ROCKS	125
HE TURNED TO WAVE "FAREWELL"	132
ON THE FATEFUL STREAMLET ROLLED	138
VIEW US WHITE-ROBED LILIES	145
KING OF A REALM OF FIRS AND ICY FLOES	149
OUR HOPES IN YOUTH	156
NO, NO! STANCH WIDDERIN	161
EVERY DEEPEST COPSE	168
THE KINGDOM'S PRINCELIEST YOUTH	174
A MONSTER MEET FOR TARTARUS	183
THE WOVEN LIGHT AND SHADOWS	190

UPLIFT AND BEAR ME WHERE THE WILD FLOWERS GROW	197
WHILE SAUNTERING THROUGH THE CROWDED STREET	204
ON YESTERNIGHT OLD WINTER CAME	210
HAVE I NOT FOLLOWED	221
SOBER SEPTEMBER	222
O MASTERFUL WIND AND CRUEL	233
AH! MANY A GALLANT LOVED HER WELL	236
WHILE GRIMLY DOWN THE MOONLIT BAY	243
O TWILIGHT SKY OF MELLOW GRAY	250
GURGLE, GURGLE, GURGLE	255
NOW SERENE NATURE	262
WINDS! ARE THEY WINDS?	266
'T WAS A MORN COLD AND GRAY	273
THAT MAN MUST DIE	276
THREE HUNDRED NOBLE VESSELS	281
WE TURN, MY LOVE AND I	284
TO PASS ONCE MORE O'ER HAMPSHIRE'S MOUNTAIN HEIGHTS	291
YOU WALK MY STUDIO'S MODEST ROUND	296
WAR-WASTED LANDS	303
OLD PASSIONS MAY BE PURGED OF BLOOD	309
PALE MEMORY NEAR US	317
O'ER ALL THE FRAGRANT LAND, THIS HARVEST DAY	324
O WEARY WINDS!	330
MY THOUGHTS ARE WANDERING	335
FOR FULL FIVE SECONDS	349
NELLIE CLASPED HIS NECK	358
MY SHOE, PAPA	363
KATIE, PRETTY KATIE, KISS ME	368
DANCING! I LOVE IT	375
ROLY POLY'S JUST AWAKENED	382





**HOME OF PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE,
"Copee Hill," Ga.**



YOUTHFUL POEMS.

1850-1860.

THE WILL AND THE WING.

To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers,
Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus — the thirst
For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires
Of the wild passion that our souls have nursed
In hopeless promptings — unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen a far, mysterious rapture rise
Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

"THE LAUGHING HOURS BEFORE HER FEET."

THE laughing Hours before her feet,
Are scattering spring-time roses,
And the voices in her soul are sweet
As music's mellowed closes;
All hopes and passions, heavenly born,
In her, have met together,
And Joy diffuses round her morn
A mist of golden weather.

As o'er her cheek of delicate dyes,
The blooms of childhood hover,
So do the tranced and sinless eyes,
All childhood's heart discover;
Full of a dreamy happiness,
With rainbow fancies laden,
Whose arch of promise grows to bless
Her spirit's beauteous Adenne.

She is a being born to raise
Those undefiled emotions,
That whisper of our sunniest days,
And most sincere devotions;
In her, we see renewed and bright,
That phase of earthly story,
Which glimmers in the morning light,
Of God's exceeding glory.

Why, in a life of mortal cares,
Appear these heavenly faces,
Why, on the verge of darkened years,
These clear, celestial graces?
'Tis but to cheer the soul that faints
With pure and blest evangels,
To prove, if Heaven is rich with saints,
That Earth may have her angels.

Enough! 'tis not for me to pray
That on her life's sweet river,
The calmness of a virgin day
May rest, and rest forever;
I know a guardian Genius stands
Beside those waters lowly,
And labors with ethereal hands
To keep them pure and holy.

—◆—
EVE OF THE BRIDAL.

YES! it has come; the strange, o'erma-
stering hour,
When buoyant hopes, and tender, trem-
ulous fears
Sway the full heart with a divided power,
The flush of sunshine, and the touch of
tears!

Oh! for a spell to charm away thy
care,
As I *could* charm, were I but near thee
now
To chide coy flickerings of that half de-
spair
Of virginal shame upon thy downcast
brow;

A fitful gloom 'mid blushes of bright joy.
Like those transparent clouds in summer
days,
That cast their transient shadows of alloy
Across the noontide's else too dazzling
blaze;

Yet, from the fair hills of this foreign
shore,
I waft thee benedictions on the wind,
Hopes that a peaceful bliss forevermore
May rule the gracious empire of thy mind.

And blessing thus, the dreary distance
dies,
And in a clearer than Agrippa's glass,
The enamored fancy, — what pale vis-
ions rise,
Brightening to shape and beauty ere they
pass?

A room where sunset's glory deep,
though dim,
Girds thy rich chamber with luxurious
grace,
Rounds the fair outline of each delicate
limb,
And crowns with chastened ray thine elo-
quent face,

In shimmering folds thy raiments soft
and rare,
Swell with the passionate heavings of thy
breast,
O'er whose young loveliness, the en-
tranced air,
Languidly breathing, seeks voluptuous
rest.

Thy hand — (in two brief hours no longer
thine) —
Gleams near a gossamer curtain, stirred
with sighs,
And the full, star-like tears begin to
shine
In the blue heaven of thy bewildering
eyes.

Tears for the girlhood, almost past
away,
Its innocent life, its wealth of tender
lore,
Tears for the womanhood, whose opening
day,
May not reveal the untried scene before.

Not bitter tears! for him thou lov'st is
true,
And all thy being quivers into flame,
A swift delicious flame that thrills thee
through,
Whene'er thy memory lingers on his
name.

Ev'n now I see thee turn thy timid head,
Luxuriant-locked, towards a dim retreat,
Where twilight shadows veil thy bridal
bed,
And golden gloom and tender silence
meet.

MY FATHER.

My father! in the vague, mysterious
past,

My boyish thoughts have wandered
o'er and o'er,

To thy lone grave upon a distant shore,
The wanderer of the waters, still at last.

Never in childhood have I blithely
sprung

To catch my father's voice, or climb
his knee;

He was a constant pilgrim of the sea,
And died upon it when his boy was
young.

He perished not in conflict nor in
flame,

No laurel garland rests upon his
tomb;

Yet in stern duty's path he met his
doom;

A life heroic, though unwed to fame!

First in vague depths of fancy, scarce-
defined,

Love limned his wavering likeness on
my soul.

Till through slow growths it waxed a
perfect whole

Of clear conceptions, brightening heart
and mind.

His careless bearing and his manly
face,

His cordial eye; his firm-knit, stalwart
form.

Fitted to breast the fight, the wreck,
the storm;

The sailor's frankness and the soldier's
grace.

In dreams, in dreams we've mingled, and
a swell

Of feeling mightier for the eyes'
eclipse.

The music of a blest Apocalypse,
Thrilled through my spirit with its mys-
tic spell:

Ah, then! oftentimes a sadder scene will
rise,

A gallant vessel through the mist-
bound day,

Lifting her spectral spars above the bay,
Gloomily swayed against gray glimmer-
ing skies.

O'er the dim billows thundering, peals a
boom

Of the deep gun that bursteth as a
knell,

When the brave tender to the brave
farewell —

And strong arms bear a comrade to the
tomb.

The opened sod: a sorrowing band be-
side —

One rattling roll of musketry, and
then.

A man no more among his fellow-men,
Darkness his chamber, and the earth his
bride,

My father sleeps in peace; perchance
more blest

Than some he left to mourn him, and
to know

The bitter blight of an enduring woe,
Longing (how oft!) with him to be at
rest.

SONG.

FLY, swiftly fly

Through yon fair sky,

O purple-pinioned Hours!

And bring once more the balmy night,
When from her lattice, silvery bright,
Love's beacon-star — her taper — shines
Between those dark manorial pines,
Above the myrtle-bowers.

Fly, breezes, fly,

And waft my sigh

With love's warm fondness fraught,
'Twill stir my lady's languid mood,
Where, in her verdurous solitude,

She sits and thinks, a moonlight grace
 Cast o'er her beauteous brow and face,
 Touched by a passionate thought!

Glide, rivulet, glide
 With whispering tide,
 Through coverts low and deep,
 To woo her with the airy call,
 The music faint, the far-off fall,
 Of fairy streams in fairy climes,
 Or pleasant lapse of fairy rhymes,
 Soft as her breath in sleep.

Fly, swiftly fly
 Through yon calm sky,
 O gentle-hearted dove!
 And pausing on her favorite tree,
 Murnur your plaint so tenderly,
 That, born of that sweet tone, a charm
 Her very heart of hearts may warm
 With rosy bliss of love.

Fly, swiftly fly
 Through yon fair sky,
 O purple-pinioned Hours!
 And bring once more the balmy night,
 When from her lattice, silvery bright,
 Love's beacon-star — her taper — shines
 Between those dark manorial pines
 Above the myrtle-bowers!

SONG.

Ho! fetch me the winecup! fill up to the
 brim!
 For my heart has grown cold, and my
 vision is dim,
 And I fain would bring back for a mo-
 ment the glow,
 The swift passion that age has long
 chilled with its snow;
 Ho! fetch me the winecup! the red
 liquor gleams,
 With a promise to waken youth's rapture
 of dreams,
 And I'll drain the bright draught for that
 promise divine,
 Though Death, Death the spectre, should
 hand me the wine.

'Tis not life that I live, for the blood-
 currents glide
 Through my wan shrunk veins in so
 sluggish a tide,
 That my heart droops and withers; what!
life call you this?
 O! rather, consumed by one keen thrill
 of bliss,
 Would I die with youth's glory revived
 round me,
 The deep eyes that blessed, and the white
 arms that bound me;
 O! rather than brood in this dusk of de-
 sire,
 Sink down, like yon marvellous sunset,
 all fire,
 The soul clad with wings, and the brain
 steeped in light;
 Then come, potent wizard! I call on thy
 might,
 Breathe a magical mist o'er the ravage of
 Time,
 Roll back the sad years to the flush of my
 prime,
 And I'll drain thy bright draught for
 that vision divine,
 Though Death, Death the Spectre, should
 hand me the wine!

BY THE GRAVE.

[Extract from an unfinished narrative poem.]

THIS is the place — I pray thee, friend,
 Leave me alone with that dread grief,
 Whose raven wings o'erarch the grave,
 Closed on a life how sad and brief!

Already the young violets bloom
 On the light sod that shrouds her
 form,
 And Summer's awful sunshine strikes
 Incongruous on the spirit's storm.

She died, and did not know **that I**,
 Whose heart is breaking in this gloom,
 Had shrined her love, as pilgrims shrine
 A blossom from some saintly tomb.

And, ah! indeed, it *was* a tomb,
The tomb of Hope, so ghastly-gray,
Whence sprung that flower of love that
grew
Serenely on the Hope's decay.

A pallid flower that bloomed alone,
With no warm light to keep it fair,
But nurtured by the tears that fell,
Even from the clouds of our despair.

She perished, and her patient soul
Passed to God's rest, nor did she know

I kept the faith we could not plight
In honor, or in peace below.

But, Love! at last, all, all is clear.
You see the flame of that fierce fate,
Which blazed between my life, and
yours,
And left them both — how desolate!

And well you comprehend that now
My heart is breaking where I stand,
But 'mid the ruin, shrines its faith,
A relic from love's Holy Land.



"Come! come! and seek us here,
In these cool deeps."

SONG OF THE NAIADS.

GAY is our crystal floor,
Beneath the wave,
With strange gems flaming o'er
The Genii gave;
Sweet is the purple light
That haunts our happy sight,
And low and sweet the lulling strains
that sigh
While the tides pause, and the faint
zephyrs die.

Come! come! and seek us here,
In these cool deeps,
Where all is calmly fair,
And sorrow sleeps:
Thy burning brow shall rest,
Couched on a tender breast,
And, charmed to bliss, thy soul shall
catch the gleams
Of mystic glories in Elysian dreams.

Come! ere the earth grows drear,
The tempests rave,
And the fast-failing year
Is nigh its grave:
Thy summer, too, is past,
Wouldst thou have peace at last?
O! here she dwells serenely in still caves,
And waits to woo thee underneath the
waves.

LETHE.

A DUMB, dark region through whose
desolate heart
Creeps a dull river with a stagnant
flood;
Its skies are sombre-hued, and dreary
clouds,
No wind hath ever stirred, hang low and
dim

Above the barren woodlands; all things
 droop
 In slumber; the little willow stoops to
 kiss
 The waves, but not a ripple murmurs
 back
 Its salutation, and wan starlike flowers
 Yield a white radiance to the failing
 sense,
 And odors pregnant with the charms of
 rest,
 And glamour of Oblivion; all things
 droop
 In slumber; for whate'er hath passed the
 bounds
 Of this miraculous kingdom, bird or
 beast,
 Men lured from action, or soul-sick of
 life,
 Weary and heartsore, maids in love's
 despair,
 Or mothers stricken by their first-born's
 crime —
 All sink without a struggle to deep
 peace.
 Prone in the gleam the river casts abroad,
 A gleam more pallid than the light of
 Hades,
 Lie those who sought this region ages
 since;
 Their upturned brows are smooth, and
 tranced with calm.

 And on their shadowy lips a waning
 smile
 Fitfully glimmers; round them rest the
 forms
 Of savage beasts; the lion all unnerved,
 Drowsy and passionless, his huge limbs
 relaxed,
 And curved to lines of languor: the fierce
 pard
 Tamed to a breathless quiet, whilst afar,
 Gloom the gaunt shapes of mighty brutes
 of old.
 The world's primeval tenants: all things
 droop
 In slumber; even the sluggish river's
 flow

Sounds like the dying surges of the sea
 To ears far inland, or the feeblest sigh
 Of winds that faint on lofty mountain-
 tops.

This is the realm — "Oblivion" — this
 the stream

Which mortals have called — "Lethe!"

THE REALM OF REST.

In the realm that Nature boundeth
 Are there balmy shores of peace.
 Where no passion-torrent soundeth,
 And no storm-wind seeks release?
 Rest they 'mid the waters golden,
 Of some strange untravelled sea.
 Where low, halcyon airs have stolen,
 Lingering round them slumbrously?

Shores begirt with purple hazes,
 Mellowed by gray twilight's beams,
 Whose weird curtains shroud the mazes,
 Wandering through a realm of dreams;
 Shores, where Silence wooes Devotion,
 Action faints, and echo dies,
 And each peace-entranced emotion
 Feeds on quiet mysteries.

If there be, O guardian Master,
 Genius of my life and fate,
 Bear me from the world's disaster,
 Through that kingdom's shadowy gate;
 Let me lie beneath its willows,
 On the fragrant, flowering strand,
 Lulled to rest by breezeless billows,
 Thrilled with airs of Elfin-land.

Slumber, flushed with faintest dreamings —
 Deep that knows no answering deep,
 Unprofaned by phantom-seemings,
 — Mockeries of Protean sleep; —
 Noiseless, timeless, *half* forgetting,
 May that sleep Elysian be,
 While serener tides are setting,
 Inward, from the roseate sea.

Hark! to mine a voice is calling,
 Sweet as tropic winds at night,
 Gently dying, faintly falling
 From some marvellous mystic height,

Troubled Thought's unhallowed riot
By its wandering glamour kissed,
Feels a charm of sacred quiet
Fold it, like enchanted mist.

"There's a realm, thy footsteps nearing,"
[Thus the voice to mine replies,]
"Where the heavy heart despairing,
Breathes no more its life in sighs;
'Tis a realm, imperial, stately,
Refuge of dethroned Years,
Calm as midnight, towering greatly,
Through a moonlit veil of tears.

"Though an empire, freedom reigneth,
Kingly brow, and subject knee,
Each with what to each pertaineth,
Slumbering in equality;
'Tis a sleep, divorced from dreamings,
Deep that knows no answering deep,
Unprofaned by phantom-seemings —
Noiseless, wondrous, timeless sleep.

"On its shores are weeping willows,
Action faints, and Echo dies,
And the languid dirge of billows,
Lulls with opiate symphonies;
But beside that murmurous ocean
All who rest, repose in sooth,
And no more the stilled emotion
Stirs to joy, or wakens ruth.

"Thou *shalt* gain these blest dominions,
Thou *shalt* find this peaceful ground,
Shaded by Oblivion's pinions,
Startled by no mortal sound;
Noiseless, timeless, ALL forgetting,
Shall thy sleep Elysian be,
While eternal tides are setting
Inward from that mystic sea."

THE ISLAND IN THE SOUTH.

THE ship went down at noonday in a
calm,
When not a zephyr broke the crystal sea.
We two escaped alone: we reached an
isle
Whereon the water settled languidly

In a long swell of music; luminous skies
O'erarched the place, and lazy, broad
lagoons

Swept inland, with the boughs of plan-
tain trees

Trailing cool shadows through the dense
repose;

All round about us floated gentle airs,
And odors that crept upward to the
sense

Like delicate pressures of voluptuous
thought.

I, with a long bound, leapt upon the
shore

Shouting, but she, pavilioned in dark
locks,

Sobbed out thanksgiving; 'twixt the
world and us,

Distance that seemed Eternity outrolled
Its terrible barriers; on the waste a Fate
Stood up, and stretching its blank hands
abroad

Muttered of desolation. Did we weep,
And groaning cast our foreheads in the
dust?

So it *had* been, but in each other's eyes
Smiled a new world, dearer than that
which rose

Beneath the lost stars of the faded West.
That very morn the white-stoled priest of
God

Had blessed us with the church's choicest
prayers,

And these did gird us like a sapphire
wall

When the floods threatened, and the
ghastly doom

Moaned itself impotent; free we were to
love

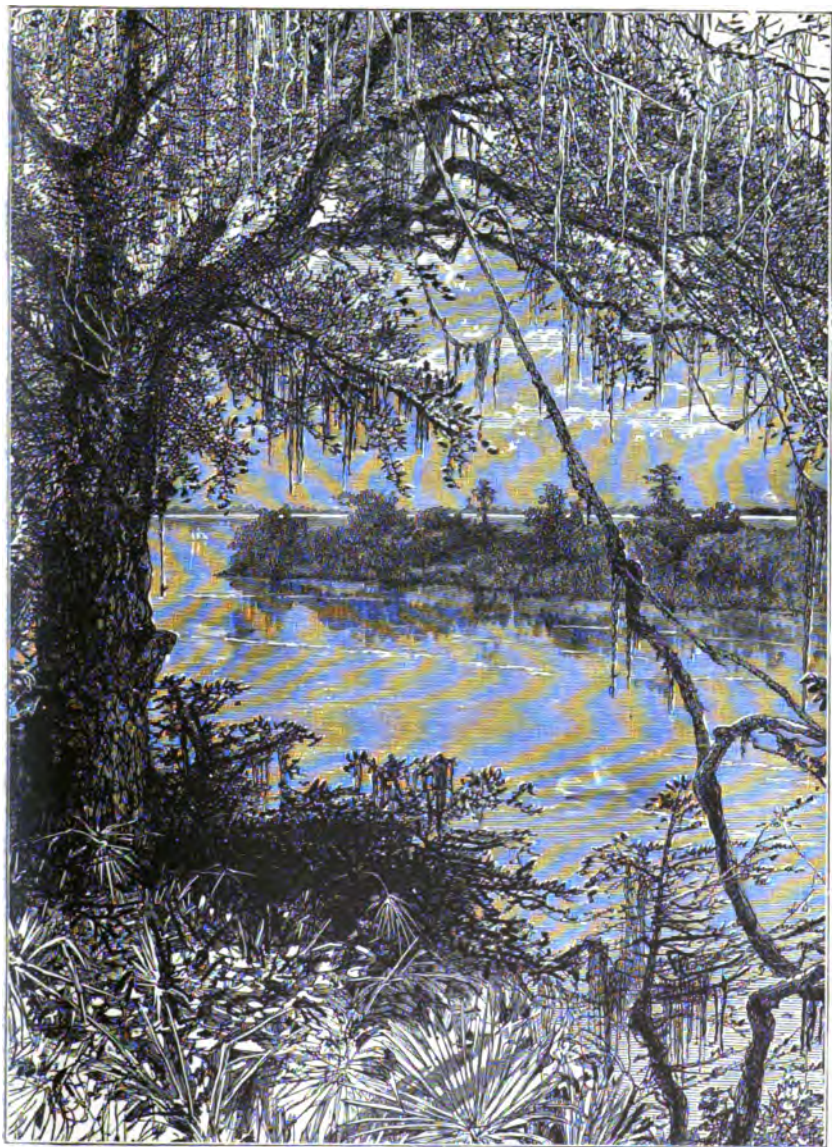
To the full scope of passion; a few suns,
And in the deep recesses of the woods
We built ourselves a cabin; the dim spot
Was fortified by the tropic's giant
growths,

Luxuriant Titans of a hundred years;
And the vines, laced and interlaced be-
tween,

Drooped with a flowery largess many-
hued.

It was a place of Faëry; songs of birds
 That glimmered in and out among the
 leaves,
 Like magical dreams embodied, wooed
 the winds
 To gentlest motion of benignant wings;
 And the sun veiled his radiance, and the
 stars
 Peered through the shadowy stillness
 with a light
 So spiritual, the forest seemed to wane
 In tremulous lines waved down the sil-
 very aisles.
 There lived, there loved we, as none else
 have lived
 And loved, I think, since the primeval
 blight
 Rained down its discords, and death
 clinched the curse.
 No shallow mockeries of a worn-out age,
 Effete and helpless, bound young passion
 round
 With the cold fetters of detested forms:
 Civilization was not there to set
 Its specious seal of custom on our hearts,
 Prisoning the bolder virtues; we might
 dare
 To act, speak, think, as the true nature
 moved,
 Untutored and majestic; our souls grew
 To the stature of the spirit, that looks
 down
 From the unpolluted regnancy of heavens
 That hold no curses; the glad universe
 Showered rare benedictions on our path;
 Matter was merged in poesy: the winds
 From the serene Pacific, the quick gales
 From mountainous ridges in the upper-
 most air,
 The eternal chorus of far seas serene,
 The harmony of forests, the small voice
 That trembles from the happy rivulet's
 breast, [phy,
 All touched us with that sweet philoso-
 Which, if we woo the visible world
 aright,
 Blesses experience with new gates of
 sense
 Where through we gain Elysium.

So the years
 Were winged and odorous with a thou-
 sand joys,
 Of which the poor slave to the hollow
 law
 We term society, hath had no dream;
 Our love was comprehensive, full, divine,
 Rounding the perfect orbit wherein life
 Should gravitate to God, even as the
 spheres
 Roll to the central fire; love mastered
 life
 As maelstroms suck still waters, love
 the one
 Electric current through act, reason, will,
 Throbbing like inspiration; no vain
 touch
 Of weak, fantastic passion, no thin glow
 Of morbid longing, fluttering feebly up
 From shallow brains, stirred to a dubious
 flame,
 And tortured with false throes of senti-
 ment—
 (That bastard whimperer to the deity,
 Love—
 As a changeling to the Titans)—no red
 heat
 Of base desire, fusing the delicate
 thought
 To chaos; but a steadfast, genial sun,
 A luminous glory, gentle as intense,
 Making our fate a heaven of warmth,
 light, rest,
 Whose very clouds were halos, and whose
 storms
 Were tempered into music. Thus time
 stole
 On muffled wings through the still air of
 bliss,
 Gathering our ripened hopes, and sowing
 seeds
 Of joy to come. My innocent bud had
 flowered
 To beauty—oh! such beauty as these
 lips,
 Touched though they were with fire,
 might not profane
 With shackles of mean utterance. Oh,
 God! God!



**"We reached an isle
Whereon the waters settled languidly."**



Why didst thou take her from me ? why
transform

The passionate presence in my shielding
arms

To this poor phantom of a broken brain,
Mocking my woe with shadows ? On a
night

When the still sea was calmest, the bright
stars

Most bright, and a warm breathing on
the wind

Spoke of perpetual summer, a strange
voice

I scarce could hear, said : " It is evening
time,"

And a wan hand my eyes were blind to
note

Beckoned her far away.

The awful grief

Closed round me like an ocean. I was
mad,

And raved my memory from me. When
again

The world dawned, as a dreary landscape
dawns

Grotesquely through the sluggish mists
of March,

I walked once more in a great capital's
streets,

A savage 'midst the civilized, a man —
Shattered and wrecked, I grant you, —
still a man

Amongst the puppets that usurp the
name

And act the fraud so basely, that the
Fiend

Wearies to death the echoes of his hell
In laughter at them. I am with you still,
Emasculate denizens of the stifling mart,
Where heaven's free winds are throttled
in the fumes

Of furnaces, and the insulted sun
Glooms through the crowding vapors at
midday,

Like a God, re-collecting to himself
His immortality ; where nerveless limbs
Bear nerveless bodies to their separate
dens

Of torture, and lean, wide-eyed revellers

Foster the hungering worm that never
dies,

And fan the lurid fire unquenchable ;
Where stealthy avarice lurks in wait to
sack

The widow's house ; and license of low
minds,

Loaded with prurient knowledge, and
no hearts

(Self-worship having killed them), make
the world

A Pandemonium. I am with you still ;
But the hours creep on to a more fortu-
nate time ;

A vessel swells her broad sails in the bay,
And the breeze bloweth seaward ; I will
seek

My island in the southern waves again ;
A thousand memories urge me, tones
that slept

Waken to invitation ; I can feel
The Hesperian beauty of that realm of
peace

Flushing my brain and fancy ; but
through all

The ruddy vision glides a tender shade,
And pauses with mute meaning by a
grave.

ODE.

Delivered on the First Anniversary of the Car-
olina Art Association, Feb. 10, 1856.

THERE are two worlds wherein our souls
may dwell.

With discord, or ethereal music fraught,
One the loud mart wherein men buy and
sell

(Too oft the haunt of grovelling moods
of Hell),

The other, that immaculate realm of
thought,

In whose bright calm the master-work-
men wrought,

Where genius lives on light,

And faith is lost in sight,

Where crystal tides of perfect harmony
swell

Up to the heavens that never held a
cloud,
And round great altars reverent hosts
are bowed,
Altars upreared to love that cannot
die,

To beauty that forever keeps its youth,
To kingly grandeur, and to virginal
truth,

To all things wise and pure,
Whereof our God hath said, "Endure!
endure!"

Ye are but parts of me,
The *hath been*, and the evermore *to be*,
Of my supremest Immortality!"

We falter in the darkness and the dearth
Which sordid passions and untamed de-
sires

Create about us; universal earth
Groans with the burden of our sensual
woes;

The heart heaven gave for homage is
consumed

By the wild rages of unhallowed fires;
The blush of that fine glory which
illumined

The earlier ages, hath gone out in gloom;
There is no joy within us, no repose,
One creed our beacon, and one god our
hold,

The creed, the god, of gold;
The heavenward winged Instinct that
aspires,

Like a lost seraph with dishevelled
plume,

Pants humbled in the "slough of deep
Despond;"

The present binds us, there is no Beyond,
No glorious Future to the soul content
With the poor husks and garbage of this
world;

And are indeed the wings of worship
furled

Forevermore? Is no evangel blent,
No sweet evangel, with the hiss and
hum

Of the century's wheels of progress?
Science delves

Down to the earth's hot vitals, and ex-
plores

Realms arctic and antarctic, the strange
shores

Of remote seas, or with raised vision
stands,

All undismayed, amidst the starry lands:
Man too, material man, our baser
selves,

She hath unmasked even to the source of
being;

Almost she seems a god,
Deep-searching and far-seeing;
And yet how oft like some wild funeral
wail

Which goes before the burial of our
hopes,

Emerging from the starry-blazoned copes
Of highest firmaments, or darkest vale
Of the nether earth, or from the burdened
air

Of chambers where this mortal frame lies
bare,

Probed to the core, her saddening ac-
cents come;

"What! call'st thou man a seraph? nay,
a clod,

The veriest clod when his frail breath is
spent,

Man shows to us who know him;
what is he?

A speck! the merest dew-globe 'midst
the sea

Of life's infinity;"

Or, "we have probed, dissected all we
can,
But never yet, in any mortal man,
Found we the spirit! thing of time and
clay,

Eat, drink, enjoy thy transient insect-
day!"

Thus Science; but while still her mock-
ing voice

Rings with a cold sharp clearness in our
ears,

Her beauteous sister, on whose brow the
years

Have left no cankering vestige of de-
cay,

Eternal Art, she of the fathomless eyes
Brimming with light, half worship, half
surprise,

In whose right hand a branch of fadeless
palms,

Plucked from the depths of golden shad-
owed calms,

Points upward to the skies,
She answers in a minor, sweet and
strange

The while, all graces in her aspect meet,
And Doubt and Fear shrink shuddering
at her feet,

"I bring a nobler message! Soul, re-
joice!

Rise with me from thy troublous toils of
sense,

Thy bootless struggles, born of impo-
tence,

Rise to a subtler view, a broader range
Of thought and aim;

Mine is a sway ideal,
But still the works I prompt, alone, are
real;

Mine is a realm from immemorial time
Begirt by deeds and purposes sublime,
Whose consecration is faith's quenchless
flame,

Whose voices are the songs of poet-
sages,

Whose strong foundations resting on the
ages,

The throes and crash of empires have
not shaken,

Nor any futile force of human rages.

"Come! let us enter in!

Behold, the portal gates stand open
wide!

Only, from off thy spirit shake the dust
Of any thought of sin,

Or sordid pride,
For sacred is the kingdom of my trust,
By mind, and strength, and beauty sancti-
fied."

She spake! and o'er the threshold of a
sphere,

A marvellous sphere, they passed;

From the deep bosom of the purpling
air

A lambent glory broke along the
vast

Horizon line, whence clouds, like incense,
rolled

Athwart a firmamental arc of gold
And sapphire; clouds not vapor-born,
But clasping each the radiant seeds of
morn,

Which suddenly, clear zenith heights at-
tained,

Burst into light, unfolding like a flower,
From out whose quivering heart a mystic
shower

Of splendor rained:

A spell was hers to conquer time and
space,

For from the desert grandeur of that
place

A hundred temples rise,
The marble poems of the bards of old,
Whereon 'twere well to look with rever-
ent eyes,

Because they body noblest aspirations,
Ethereal hopes, and winged imagina-
tions,

Whether to fabled Jove their walls were
raised,

Or on their inner altar offerings blazed
To wise Athèna, or, in Christian Rome
Beneath St. Peter's mighty circling
dome,

A second Heaven, the golden censers
swing,

The clear-toned choirs those hymns of
rapture sing,

Which, on harmonious waves of gratula-
tion,

The outburst of the sense of deep salva-
tion,

Uplift the spirit where the Incarnate
Word

Amid the praise no ear of man hath
heard,

The peace no mind of man can compre-
hend,

Awaits to welcome Time's worn wander-
ers home!

"But look again!" Art's eager Genius
cried:

"Thou hast not seen the end,
Scarce the beginning!" As she spake, a
tide

Of all the mighty masters, loved, adored,
From out the shining distant spaces
poured,

All those who fashioned, through an
inward dower,

The concrete forms of beauty and of
power;

Whether from white Pentelic quarries
brought,

The voiceless stone uprose, a breathing
thought,

Or, from the mystic rays of rainbows
drawn,

And colors of the sunset and the dawn,
The painter's pencil his ideal fine,

Had clothed in hues divine;

Or, skilled in living words

Melodious as the natural voice of birds
(But each a sentient thing, a meaning
grand,

It is not given to all to understand),
The poet from the shade of breezy
woods,

From barren seaside solitudes,
And from the pregnant quiet of his soul
Outbreathed the numbers that forever
roll

Perennial, as the fountains of the sea,
And deep almost as deep eternity!

Near and yet nearer the bright concourse
came,

Their faces all aflame,

As when of yore the quick creative thrill
Did smite them into utterance, and the
throng,

Awed by the fiery burden of the song,

Grew reverent pale and still;

O! solemn and sublime Apocalypse

That wresteth, from the dreary death-
eclipse,

The sacred presence of these marvellous
men!

Yonder the visible Homer moves again,

Moves as he moved below,
Save that his smitten vision
Rekindled at the fount of fire Elysian,
Burns with a subtler, grander, deeper
glow;

And yonder Æschylus, with "thunder-
ous brow,"

Scarred by the lightning of his own crea-
tions,

Wrapped in a cloud of sombre medita-
tions,

Hath seized the tragic muse, as if to
her

He scorned to bend an humble worship-
per.

But would extort her gifts;

Then Shakespeare mild,

Blessed with the innocent credence of a
child,

With a child's thoughts and fancies un-
defiled,

And yet a Magian strong

To whom the springs of terrible fears
belong,

Of majesty, and beauty, and delight,
To the weird charm of whose infallible
sight,

The heart's emotions,

Though turbid as the tides of darkest
oceans,

Shone clear as water of the woodland
brooks—

He passed with wisdom throned in his
looks

Attempered by the genial heats of
wit;

While close beside him, his grand coun-
tenance lit

By thoughts like those which wrought
his Judgment Day,

Grave Michel Angelo

His massive forehead lifts,

In a strange Titan fashion, unto Heaven;
Next Raphael comes, with calm and star-
like mien,

Fresh from the beatific ecstasy,
His face how beautiful, and how serene!
Since God for him the awful veil had
riven

That shrouds Divinity,
And rolled before his wondering mind
and eye
Visions that we should gaze on but — to
die!

They passed, and thousands more passed
by with them;
Again Art's Genius spake: "Lo! these
are they

Who, through stern tribulations,
Have raised to right and truth the sub-
ject nations;

Lo! these are they,
Who, were the whole bright concourse
swept away,
Their fame's last barrier, built the surge
to stem

Of chaos and oblivion, whelmed be-
neath

The pitiless torrent of eternal death,
Would yet bequeath to races unbegot
The precepts of a faith which falleth
not;

Pointing, from troublous toils of time
and sense,
From bootless struggles born of impo-
tence,

To that fair realm of thought,
In whose bright calm these master-
workmen wrought,
Where crystal tides of perfect music
swell

Up to the heavens that never held a
cloud,

And round great altars worshipping
hosts are bowed—

Altars upreared to love that cannot
die,

To beauty that forever keeps its youth,
To kingly grandeur, and to virginal
truth,

To all things wise and pure,
Whereof our God hath said: 'Endure!
endure!

Ye are but parts of me,
The HATH BEEN, and the evermore to
BE,
Of my supremest Immortality!'"

QUEEN GALENA, OR THE SULTANA
BETRAYED.

HOLD! let the heartless perjurer go!
Speak not! strike not! he is *my* foe,
From me, me only, comes the blow —
I will repay him woe for woe;
Look in my eyes! my eyes are dry,
I breathe no plaint, I heave no sigh,
But — will avenge me ere I die.

Think you that I shall basely rest,
And know the bosom mine hath prest,
Is couched upon a colder breast?
Think you that I shall yield the West,
The Orient soul *my* nature nurst,
Till the black seed of treachery burst
And blossomed to this deed accurst?

My rival! O! her glance is meek,
Her faltering presence wan, and weak
As the faint flush that tints her cheek.
'Tis not on *her* that I would wreak
My vengeance — sooner would I wring
Life from an insect-birth of spring
Than palter with so poor a thing.

But he — I tell you if he flew,
As it was once his wont to do,
Repentant — pleading — quick to woo,
With all his wild heart flaming through
The glance of passion — it were sweet,
Yea, more! 'twere righteous, just, and
meet,

To slay him kneeling at my feet!

He *shall* not wed her; by Heaven's light
He shall not; o'er my lurid sight
Throbs a thick fire; the ancient might
Of a stern race is stirred to-night;
My sovereign claim annul — disown!
I will repay him groan for groan,
Or — stab him at the altar-stone!

THE POET'S TRUST IN HIS SORROW.

O God! how sad a doom is mine,
To human seeming:
Thou hast called on me to resign
So much — much! — *all* — but the divine
Delights of dreaming.

I set my dreams to music wild,
 A wealth of measures;
 My lays, thank Heaven! are undefiled,
 I sport with Fancy as a child
 With golden leisures.

And long as fate, not wholly stern,
 But this shall grant me,
 Still with perennial faith to turn
 Where Song's unsullied altars burn
 Nought, nought shall daunt me!

What though my worldly state be low
 Beyond redressing;
 I own an inner flame whose glow
 Makes radiant all the outward show;
 My last great blessing!

— — —
THE BROOK.

BUT yesterday this brook was bright,
 And tranquil as the clear moonlight,
 That wooes the palms on Orient shores,
 But now, a hoarse, dark stream, it pours
 Impetuous o'er its bed of rock,
 And almost with a thunder-shock
 Boils into eddies, fierce and fleet,
 That dash the white foam round our
 feet,

A raging whirl of waters, rent
 As if with angry discontent!

A tempest in the night swept by,
 Born of a murk and fiery sky,
 And while the solid woodlands shook,
 It wreaked its fury on the brook.
 The evil genius of the blast
 Within its quiet bosom passed,
 And therefore this transfigured tide,
 Which used as lovingly to glide
 As thought through spirits sanctified,
 Rolls now a whirl of waters, rent
 As if with angry discontent.

I knew, of late, a creature, bright
 And gentle as the clear moonlight,
 The tenderest and the kindest heart
 That ever played Love's selfless part,

Across whose unperturbèd life,
 A sudden passion swept, in strife,
 With wild, unhallowed forces rife.
 It stirred her nature's inmost deep,
 That nevermore shall rest or sleep,
 Remorse, its rugged bed of rock,
 O'er which for aye, with thunder-shock,
 The tides of feeling, fierce and fleet,
 Are dashed to foam or icy sleet,
 A raging whirl of waters, rent
 By something worse than discontent!

— — —
NATURE THE CONSOLER.

GLADLY I hail these solitudes, and
 breathe
 The inspiring breath of the fresh wood-
 land air,
 Most gladly to the past alone bequeath
 Doubt, grief, and care;
 I feel a new-born freedom of the mind,
 Nursed at the breast of Nature, with the
 dew
 Of glorious dawns; I hear the mountain
 wind,
 Clear as if elfin trumpets loudly blew,
 Peal through the dells, and scale the
 lonely height,
 Rousing the echoes to a quick delight,
 Bending the forest monarchs to its
 will,
 'Till all their pond'rous branches shake
 and thrill
 In the wide-wakening tumult; far above
 The heavens stretch calm and blessing;
 far below
 The mellowing fields are touched with
 evening's glow,
 And many a pleasant sight and sound I
 love
 Would gently woo me from all thoughts
 of woe:
 Sunlighted meadows, music in the
 grove,
 From happy bird-throats, and the fairy
 rills
 That lapse in silvery murmurs through
 the hills;



**"Gladly I hail these solitudes, and breathe
The inspiring breath of the fresh woodland air."**



Shot through and through, as if with
 arrowy might,
 The dusky gloaming falls before her
 shafts of light.

—◆—
THE SOUL-CONFLICT.

DEFEATED! but never disheartened!
 Repulsed! but unconquered in will,
 Upon dreary discomfitures building
 Her virtue's strong battlements still,
 The soul, through the siege of tempta-
 tions,
 Yields not unto fraud, nor to might,
 Unquelled by the rush of the passions,
 Serene 'mid the tumults of fight.

She sees a grand prize in the distance,
 She hears a glad sound of acclaims,
 The crown wrought of blooms amaran-
 thine,
 The music far sweeter than Fame's.
 And so, 'gainst the rush of the passions
 She lifts the broad buckler of right,
 And so, through the glooms of tempta-
 tion,
 She walks in a splendor of light.

—◆—
THE PRESENTIMENT.

OVER her face, so tender and meek,
 The light of a prophecy lies,
 That has silvered the red of the rose on
 her cheek,
 And chastened the thought in her eyes!
 Beautiful eyes, with an inward glance,
 To the spirit's mystical deep;
 Lost in the languid gleam of a trance,
 More solemn and saintly than sleep.
 And, forever and ever, she seems to hear
 The voice of a spirit implore,
 "Come! enter the life that is noble and
 clear;
 Come! grow to my heart once more."
 And, forever and ever, she mutely turns
 From a mortal lover's sighs;

And fainter the red of the rose-flush
 burns,
 And deeper the thought in her eyes.

The seeds are warm of the churchyard
 flowers,
 That will blossom above her rest,
 And a bird that shall sing by the old
 church towers,
 Is already fledged in its nest!

And so, when a blander summer shall
 smile,
 On some night of soft July,
 We will lend to the dust her beauty
 awhile,
 In the hush of a moonless sky.

And later still, shall the churchyard
 flowers,
 Gleam nigh with a white increase;
 And a bird outpour, by the old church
 towers,
 A plaintive poem of peace.

—◆—
THE TWO SUMMERS.

THERE is a golden season in our year,
 Between October's hale and lusty cheer,
 And the hoar frost of winter's empire
 drear;

Which, like a fairy flood of mystic tides,
 Whereon divine tranquillity abides,
 The kingdom of the sovereign months
 divides;

The wailing autumn winds their requiems
 cease,
 Ere winter's studier storms have gained
 release,
 And heaven and earth alike are bright
 with peace.

O soul! thou hast thy golden season
 too!
 A blissful interlude of birds and dew,
 Of balmy gales, and skies of deepest blue!

That second summer, when thy work is
done,
The harvest hoarded, and the mellow sun
Gleams on the fruitful fields thy toil has
won;

Which, also, like a fair mysterious tide,
Whereon calm thoughts like ships at
anchor ride,
Doth the broad empire of thy years di-
vide.

This passed, what more of life's brief
path remains,
Winds through unlighted vales, and dis-
mal plains,
The haunt of chilling blight, or fevered
pains.

Pray, then, ye happy few, along whose
way [ray,
Life's Indian summer pours its purpling
That ye may die ere dawns the evil day.

Sink on that season's kind and genial
breast,
While peace and sunshine rule the cloud-
less west,
The elect of God, whom life and death
have blessed!

◆
LINES.

"Though dowered with instincts keen and
high."

"I weep
My youth, and its brave hopes, all dead and
gone,
In tears which burn." — PARACELSUS.

THOUGH dowered with instincts keen and
high,
With burning thoughts that wooed the
light,
The scornful world hath passed him by.
And left him lonelier than the night.

Yes! cold and hopeless, one by one
The stars of faith have quenched their
flame,
And like a waning polar sun,
Declines the latest hope of fame.

He longed to sing one noble song,
To thrill, with passion's living breath,
The fools whose scorn had worked him
wrong,
And baffle fate, and conquer death.

Dear God! dost thou endow with powers,
Whose aspirations mock the bars
Of time and sense, whose vision towers
Irradiate 'mid thy sovereign stars,

Only to furnish some faint gleams
Of loftier beauty, quick withdrawn,
Leaving a frenzied hell of dreams,
And wailings for the vanished dawn?

The oracles of fancy mute,
Ambition's priests dethroned and fled,
He wanders with a tuneless lute,
Through dreary regions of the dead.

But from that place of bale uploom
The phantoms of unburied years,
The haunting care, the grief, the gloom,
The treacherous hopes, the pale-eyed
fears

That stormed his spirit's brave design,
That clogged its wings, betrayed its
trust,
Defaced its creed, and dashed the wine
In song's bright chalice, to the dust.

Ah, Heaven! could he retrace his life
From out this realm of doubt and
dearth,
He would not court thought's eagle
strife,
But clasp the calm that clings to earth.

Above, the threatening thunders wait
For dauntless souls that dare aspire,
But lowly lives are safe from hate,
And peace is wed to meek desire.

Yet, birds that breast the turbulent air
Are worthier than the things that
creep,
And nobler is a high despair
Than weak content, or sluggish sleep.

SONG.

O! YOUR eyes are deep and tender,
 O! your charmed voice is low,
 But I've found your beauty's splendor
 All a mockery and a show;
 Slighted heart and broken promise
 Follow wheresoe'er you go.

All your words are fair and golden,
 All your actions false and wrong,
 Not the noblest soul's beholden
 To your weak affections long;
 Only true in — lover's fancy,
 Only constant in — his song.

ON A PORTRAIT.

A widower muses over the likeness of his dead wife.

THE face, the beautiful face,
 In its living flush and glow,
 The perfect face in its peerless grace
 That I worshipped long ago;
 That I worshipped when youth was
 strong and bold,
 That I worship now,
 Though the pulse of youth grows faint
 and low,
 And the ashes of hope are cold.

The face, the beautiful face,
 Ever haunting my heart and brain,
 Bringing oftentimes a dream of heaven,
 Ofttimes the pang of a pain
 Which darteth down like a lightning
 flash

To the dreadful deeps,
 Where the gems of a shipwrecked life
 are cast,

And its dead cold promise sleeps.

Sweet face! shall I meet thee again,
 In the passionless land of palms,
 By the verge of Heaven's enchanted
 streams

In the hush of its perfect calms;
 Or, forever and ever, and evermore,
 While the years depart,
 While the ages roll,

Walk the glooms of a ghostly shore,
 Made wild by a phantom-haunted
 brain,
 And a cloud-encircled soul;
 By a haunted brain and a cheerless
 heart,
 While the years and the ages roll?

No answer comes to my cry,
 Though out of the depths I call:
 Not the faintest gleam of a hopeful
 beam
 Shines over the shroud and pall.
 My soul is clothed with sackcloth and
 dust,
 And I look from my widowed hearth
 With a vacant eye on the tumult
 and stir
 Of this weary, dreary earth;
 For my soul is dead and its hopes are
 dust,
 And the joy of passion, the strength of
 trust,
 These passed from the world with
 her.

THE SHADOW.

THE pathway of his mournful life hath
 wound
 Beneath a shadow; just beyond it play
 The genial breezes, and the cool brooks
 stray
 Into melodious gushings of sweet sound,
 Whilst ample floods of mellow sunshine
 fall
 Like a mute rain of rapture over all.
 Oft hath he deemed the spell of darkness
 lost,
 And shouted to the dayspring; a full
 glow [woe,
 Hath rushed to clasp him; but the subtle
 Unvanquished ever, with the might of
 frost,
 Regains its sad realm, and with voice
 malign
 Saith to the dawning joy: "This life is
 mine!"

Still smiles the brave soul, undivorced
from hope!
And, with unwavering eye and warrior
mien,
Walks in the shadow, dauntless and
serene,
To test, through hostile years, the ut-
most scope
Of man's endurance — constant to essay
All heights of patience free to feet of
clay.

Still smiles the brave soul, undivorced
from hope!
But now, methinks, the pale hope gath-
ers strength;
Glad winds invade the silence; streams,
at length,
Flash through the desert; 'neath the
sapphire cope
Of deepening heavens he hails a happier
day,
And the spent shadow mutely wanes
away.

— ◆ —
*THE WINTER WINDS MAY WILDLY
RAVE.*

THE winter winds may wildly rave,
How wildly o'er thy place of rest!
But, love! thou hast a holier grave,
Deep in a faithful human breast.

There, the embalmer, Memory, bends,
Watching, with softly-breathed sighs,
The mystic light her genius lends
To fadeless cheeks and tender eyes.

There in a fathomless calm, serene,
Thy beauty keeps its saintly trace,
The radiance of an angel mien,
The rapture of a heavenly grace.

And there, O gentlest love! remain
(No stormy passion round thee raves),
Till, soul to soul, we meet again,
Beyond this ghostly realm of graves.

UNDER SENTENCE.

PLACE — *Scotland.* TIME — *Thirteenth
Century.*

OFF! off! No treacherous priest for me!
What's Heaven? what's Hell? Eternity!
It hath no meaning to mine ear,
Unless — Stay, father! Canst thou
swear

By holy Rood, that I shall meet
Him there, whose crime made murder
sweet?

Him whose black soul I've hurled be-
fore?

He's gone! How cold my dungeon
floor!

And the rack wrenches still! This hand,
Which stiffened to a fire-hot band
Of steel, crushing his base breath out,
They've foully mangled! See that gout
Of blood there — there, too! What
care I?

It did its work well: let it lie!

I'd give ten mortal lives, I trow,
As full of sweets as mine of woe,
To feel that quivering throat once more;
To view the blue-tinged, strangling gore
Spout from his lips! To watch the dim
Film o'er those cruel eyeballs swim,
And the black anguish of his stare,
Dashed blind with horror! Lords! be-
ware

Much trifling! We are dogs, ye ken,
Who yet may rise, and smite like men.

What's this? Ah, yes! the flower I took
From *her*! I think her dying look
Baptized it, for it keeps so fair.
I wonder if they decked her hair
With other flowers like this, ere yet
They lowered her beauty to the wet,
Dark mould? If maiden dust to flowers
(Some say so) turns, not all the bowers
This spring shall warm will equal those
To blossom from her pure repose!

My nuptial night! God's blood! what
right
Had I to nuptials? To the bright

Keen joy that burns on wedded lips ?
 My life-star could not break the eclipse
 Wherein 'twas born! So that dark doom
 Which hounds me to a shameful tomb,
 Ordained that the fiend's trick they
 used
 Should trap me! Faith, love, peace
 abused,
 I woke to find my heart bereft
 Of its *one* treasure! What was left ?
 What, but that mandate Vengeance,
 hissed
 With hot tongue thro' a seething mist.
 Of passion; the fierce mandate, "Kill?"
 Aye! but *she*, too, lay blanched and
 still.

Blanched on the couch I dreamed would
 be
 My wedding couch! Oh, infamy!
 His outrage smote her to the heart;
 It crashed the gates of life apart,
 Where through her shuddering soul took
 flight!

But ere the death-dew dimmed her sight,
 She gave me, as I said, this flower,
 And — one long smile! To my last hour
 I've shrined her smile! If, if some-
 where

There *be* a heaven, benign and fair,
 Its saints, I feel, must smile so there!

Dread God! couldst thou have marked
 my wrong,
 Yet sheathed thy lightning? I was
 strong
 And lusty as the hillside roe;
 Could wield the brand and bend the
 bow

So deftly, that his lordship deigned
 To show me favor! Was it feigned ?
 I know not! His *last* kindness took
 A strange shape truly; for it shook
 My hopes to atoms! Yet *he* fell
 Prone with them! Shall we meet in
 hell ?

I ask again. Ha! if we do
 And there's a single nerve, or thew,

Or muscle left to naked soil,
 I'll strangle him once more; enroll
 My ruthless arms round breast and
 throat,
 And wring from out his gorge that note
 Of palsied fear! I'll do 't, tho' all
 The devils should pull me back, and
 call
 Fresh torments on my anguished head:
 Doubtless they'll take *his* part instead.

Of *mine*, being devils, and he the worst;
 A prince amongst their tribes accurs
 By this time; for a month has sped,
 Beshrew me, since he joined the dead.
 The damned dead! Full time I trow,
 For all the bounds of hell to know
 That Satan's rivalled! Hark without!
 The gathering tramp, the approaching
 shout
 Of thousands! Well, their scaffold's
 high;
 Fair chance for all to see me die!

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

THE glowing tints of a tropic eve,
 Burn on her radiant cheek,
 And we know that her voice is rich and
 low.
 Though we never have heard her speak;
 So full are those gracious eyes of light,
 That the blissful flood runs o'er,
 And wherever her tranquil pathway
 tends
 A glory flits on before!

O! very grand are the city belles,
 Of a brilliant and stately mien,
 As they walk the steps of the languid
 dance,
 And flirt in the pauses between;
 But beneath the boughs of the hoary
 oak,
 When the minstrel fountains play,
 I think that the artless village girl
 Is sweeter by far than they.

O! very grand are the city belles,
But their hearts are worn away
By the keen-edged world, and their lives
have lost

The beauty and mirth of May;
They move where the sun and the starry
dews

Reign not; they are haughty and bold,
And they do not shrink from the cursed
mart,

Where faith is the slave of gold.

But the starry dew and the genial sun
Have gladdened *her* guileless youth;
And her brow is bright with the flush of
hope,

Her soul with the seal of truth;
Her steps are beautiful on the hills
As the steps of an Orient morn,
And Ruth was never more fair to see
In the midst of the autumn corn.

—♦—
AFTER DEATH.

THE passionate sobs of the dear friends
that came

To look their last upon my living frame,
And catch the fainting accents of my
breath,

That fluttered in the atmosphere of
death,

Were hushed to silence, and the uncer-
tain light,

That flickered o'er the arras to my sight,
Grew paler and more tremulous, as life
Sunk 'neath the power of that unequal
strife,

Which pits humanity against the spell
Of one all flesh hath found invincible!

I could not see my foe: but the whole
space

Was redolent of pestilence, and grace
Of all things beautiful, and grand and
free,

Seemed lost in darkness evermore to
me:

I struggled with the invisible arm that
wound

So sternly round me, but could give no
sound

To the great agony that whelmed my
soul

In surges wilder than the eternal roll
Of a world's waters, thundering round
the Pole.

Downward, still downward, the relent-
less hand

Pressed on my being, and the iron wand
Of his malign enchantment struck my
heart

With a dull force that made the life-blood
start

Forever from its courses; then a sense
Of coming rest, more dreamless and in-
tense

Than ever wrapped mortality in still
And throbless freedom from all thoughts
of ill,

Stole o'er the vanquished form and glim-
mering sight,

Till silence ruled, with nothingness and
night!

SONNETS.



SONNETS.

OCTOBER.

THE passionate summer's dead! the sky's
aglow

With roseate flushes of matured desire,
The winds at eve are musical and low,
As sweeping chords of a lamenting
lyre,

Far up among the pillared clouds of fire,
Whose pomp of strange procession up-
ward rolls,

With gorgeous blazonry of pictured
scrolls,

To celebrate the summer's past renown;
Ah, me! how regally the heavens look
down,

O'ershadowing beautiful autumnal woods
And harvest fields with hoarded in-
crease brown,

And deep-toned majesty of golden floods,
That raise their solemn dirges to the
sky,

To swell the purple pomp that floateth by.



LIFE AND DEATH.

I. — LIFE.

SUFFERING! and yet majestic in pain;
Mysterious! yet, like spring-showers in
the sun,

Veiling the light with their melodious
rain,

Life is a warp of gloom and glory spun;
Its darkling phases are as clouds that
mourn

Beneath the loftier splendors of an arch
Where deathless orbs in golden daylight
burn,

And God's great pulses beat their music
march.

The heaven we worship dimly girt with
tears,

The spirit-heaven, what is it but a life.
Lifting its soul beyond our mortal years
That oft begin, and ever end with strife:
Strife we must pass to win a happier
height,

Nature but travails to reveal us — light.

II. — DEATH.

THEN whence, O Death! thy dreariness?
We know

That every flower the breeze's flattering
breath

Woos to a blush, and love-like mur-
muring low,

Dies but to multiply its bloom in death:
The rill's glad, prattling infancy, that
fills

The woodlands with its song of innocent
glee,

Is passing through the heart of shadowy
hills,

To swell the eternal manhood of the
sea;

And the great stars, Creation's minstrel-
fires

Are rolling toward the central source
of light,

Where all their separate glory but ex-
pires

To merge into one world's unbroken
might;

There is no death but change, soul
claspeth soul,

And all are portion of the immortal
whole.

SHELLEY.

BECAUSE they thought his doctrines
 were not just,
 Mankind assumed for him the chastening
 rod,
 And tyrants reared in pride, and strong
 in lust,
 Wounded the noblest of the sons of
 God;
 The heart's most cherished benefactions
 riven,
 Basely they strove to humble and
 malign
 A soul whose charities were wide as
 heaven,
 Whose *deeds*, if not his *doctrines*, were
 divine;
 And in the name of Him, whose sun-
 shine warms
 The evil as the righteous, deemed it
 good
 To wreak their bigotry's relentless
 storms
 On one whose nature was not under-
 stood.
 Ah, well! God's ways are wondrous; it
 may be
 His seal hath not been set to man's
 decree.

POETS OF THE OLDEN TIME.

THE brave old poets sing of nobler
 themes
 Than those weak griefs which harass
 craven souls;
 The torrent of their lusty music rolls
 Not through dark valleys of distempered
 dreams,
 But murmurous pastures lit by sunny
 streams;
 Or, rushing from some mountain height
 of thought,
 Swells to strange meaning that our
 minds have sought
 Vainly to gather from the doubtful
 gleams

Of our more gross perceptions. Oh,
 their strains
 Nerve and ennobles manhood! no shrill
 cry,
 Set to a treble, tells of querulous woe;
 Yet numbers deep-voiced as the mighty
 main's
 Merge in the ringdove's plaining, or the
 sigh
 Of lovers whispering where sweet rivu-
 lets flow.

"NOW, WHILE THE REAR-GUARD."

Now, while the rear-guard of the flying
 year,
 Rugged December on the season's verge
 Marshals his pale days to the mournful
 dirge
 Of muffled winds in far-off forests drear,
 Good friend! turn with me to our in-door
 cheer;
 Draw nigh; the huge flames roar upon
 the hearth,
 And this sly sparkler is of subtlest birth,
 And a rich vintage, poet souls hold
 dear;
 Mark how the sweet rogue wooes us!
 Sit thee down,
 And we will quaff, and quaff, and drink
 our fill,
 Topping the spirits with a Bacchanal
 crown,
 Till the funereal blast shall wail no more,
 But silver-throated clarions seem to
 thrill,
 And shouts of triumph peal along the
 shore.

"PENT IN THIS COMMON SPHERE."

PENT in this common sphere of sensual
 shows,
 I pine for beauty; beauty of fresh mien,
 And gentle utterance, and the charm
 serene,
 Wherewith the hue of mystic dream-land
 glows;

I pine for lulling music, the repose
Of low-voiced waters, in some realm be-
tween
The perfect Adenne, and this clouded
scene
Of love's sad loss, and passion's mourn-
ful throes;
A pleasant country, girt with twilight
calm.

In whose fair heaven a moon of shadowy
round
Wades through a fading fall of sunset
rain; [balm,
Where drooping lotos-flowers, distilling
Gleam by the drowsy streamlets sleep
hath crown'd,
While Care forgets to sigh, and Peace
hath balsamed Pain.



"BETWEEN THE SUNKEN SUN AND THE NEW MOON."

BETWEEN the sunken sun and the new
moon,
I stood in fields through which a rivulet
ran
With scarce perceptible motion, not a
span
Of its smooth surface trembling to the
tune
Of sunset breezes: "O delicious boon,"
I cried, "of quiet! wise is Nature's
plan.
Who, in her realm, as in the soul of
man,

Alternates storm with calm, and the loud
noon
With dewy evening's soft and sacred
lull:
Happy the heart that keeps *its* twilight
hour,
And, in the depths of heavenly peace
reclined,
Loves to commune with thoughts of
tender power;
Thoughts that ascend, like angels beau-
tiful,
A shining Jacob's ladder of the mind."

ANCIENT MYTHS.

Ye pleasant myths of Eld, why have ye fled?
 The earth has fallen from her blissful prime
 Of summer years, the dews of that sweet time
 Are withered on its garlands sere and dead.
 No longer in the blue fields overhead
 We list the rustling of immortal wings,
 Or hail at eve the kindly visitings
 Of gentle Genii to fair fortunes wed:
 The seas have lost their Nereids, the sad streams
 Their gold-haired habitants, the mountains lone
 Those happy Oreads, and the blithesome tone
 Of Pan's soft pipe melts only in our dreams;
 Fitfully fall the old faith's broken gleams
 On our dull hearts, cold as sepulchral stone.

O GOD! WHAT GLORIOUS SEASONS
BLESS THY WORLD!

O God! what glorious seasons bless thy world!
 See! the tranced winds are nestling on the deep,
 The guardian heavens unclouded vigil keep
 O'er the mute earth; the beach birds' wings are furled
 Ghost-like and gray, where the dim billows curled
 Lazily up the sea-strand, sink in sleep,
 Save when the random fish with lightning leap
 Flashes above them, the far sky's impearled
 Inland, with lines of silvery smoke that gleam
 Upward from quiet homesteads, thin and slow:

The sunset girds me like a gorgeous dream
 Pregnant with splendors, by whose marvellous spell,
 Senses and soul are flushed to one deep glow,
 The golden mood of thoughts ineffable!

"ALONG THE PATH THY BLEEDING FEET."

ALONG the path thy bleeding feet have trod,
 O Christian Mother! do the martyr-years,
 Crowned with suffering through the mist of tears [God;
 Uplift their brows, thorn-circled, unto
 Most bitterly our Father's chastening rod
 Hath ruled within thy term of mortal days,
 Yet in thy soul spring up the tones of praise,
 Freely as flowers from out a burial-sod:
 Nor hath a tireless faith essayed in vain
 To win from sorrow that diviner rest,
 Which, like a sunset, purpling through the rain
 Of dying storms, maketh the darkness blest;
 Grief is transfigured, and dethroned Fears,
 Pale in the glory beckoning from the West.

"TOO OFT THE POET IN ELABORATE VERSE."

Too oft the poet in elaborate verse,
 Flushed with quaint images and gorgeous tropes,
 Casteth a doubtful light, which is not hope's,
 On the dark spot where Death hath sealed his curse
 In monumental silence. Nature starts
 Indignant from the sacrilege of words
 That ring so hollow, and forlornly girds
 Her great woe round her; there's no trick of Art's,

But shows most ghastly by a new-made
tomb.

I see no balm in Gilead; he is lost,
The beautiful soul that loved thee, thy
life's bloom,

Is withered by the sudden blighting
frost;

O Grief! how mighty; Greeds! how
vain ye are:

Earth presses closely, — Heaven is cold
and far.



MOUNTAIN SONNETS.

[Written on one of the Blue Ridge range of
Mountains.]

HERE let me pause by the lone eagle's
nest,

And breathe the golden sunlight and
sweet air,

Which gird and gladden all this region
fair

With a perpetual benison of rest;
Like a grand purpose that some god hath
blest,

The immemorial mountain seems to rise,
Yearning to overtop diviner skies,
Though monarch of the pomps of East
and West;

And pondering here, the genius of the
height

Quickens my soul as if an angel spake,
And I can feel old chains of custom
break,

And old ambitions start to win the
A calm resolve born with them, in whose
might

I thank thee, Heaven! that noble
thoughts awake.

Here, friend! upon this lofty ledge sit
down,

And view the beauteous prospect spread
below,

Around, above us; in the noonday glow
How calm the landscape rests! yon distant town,

Enwreathed with clouds of foliage like a
crown

Of rustic honor; the soft, silvery flow
Of the clear stream beyond it, and the
show

Of endless wooded heights, circling the
brown

Autumnal fields, alive with billowy
grain;

Say! hast thou ever gazed on aught more
fair

In Europe, or the Orient? What do-
main

(From India to the sunny slopes of
Spain)

Hath beauty, wed to grandeur in the air,
Blessed with an ampler charm, a more
benignant reign?

The rainbows of the heaven are not more
rare,

More various and more beautiful to view,
Than these rich forest rainbows, dipped
in dew

Of morn and evening, glimmering every-
where

From wooded dell to dark-blue moun-
tain mere;

O Autumn! wondrous painter! every
hue

Of thy immortal pencil is steeped
through

With essence of divinity; how bare
Beside thy coloring the poor shows of
Art,

Though Art were thrice inspired; in
dreams alone

(The loftiest dreams wherein the soul
takes part)

Of jasper pavements, and the sapphire
throne

Of Heaven, hath such unearthly bright-
ness shone

To flush and thrill the visionary heart!



COMPOSED IN AUTUMN.

WITH these dead leaves stripped from a
withered tree,

And slowly fluttering round us, gentle
friend,

Some faithless soul a sad presage might
blend;
To me they bring a happier augury;
Lives that shall bloom in genial sun-
shine free,
Nursed by the spell Love's dews and
breezes send,
And when a kindly Fate shall speak the
end,
Down dropping in Time's autumn si-
lently;
All hopes fulfilled, all passions duly
blessed,
Life's cup of gladness drained, except
the lees,
No more to fear or long for, but the
rest
Which crowns existence with its dream-
less ease;
Thus when our days are ripe, oh! let us
fall
Into that perfect Peace which waits for
all!

—◆—
GREAT POETS AND SMALL.

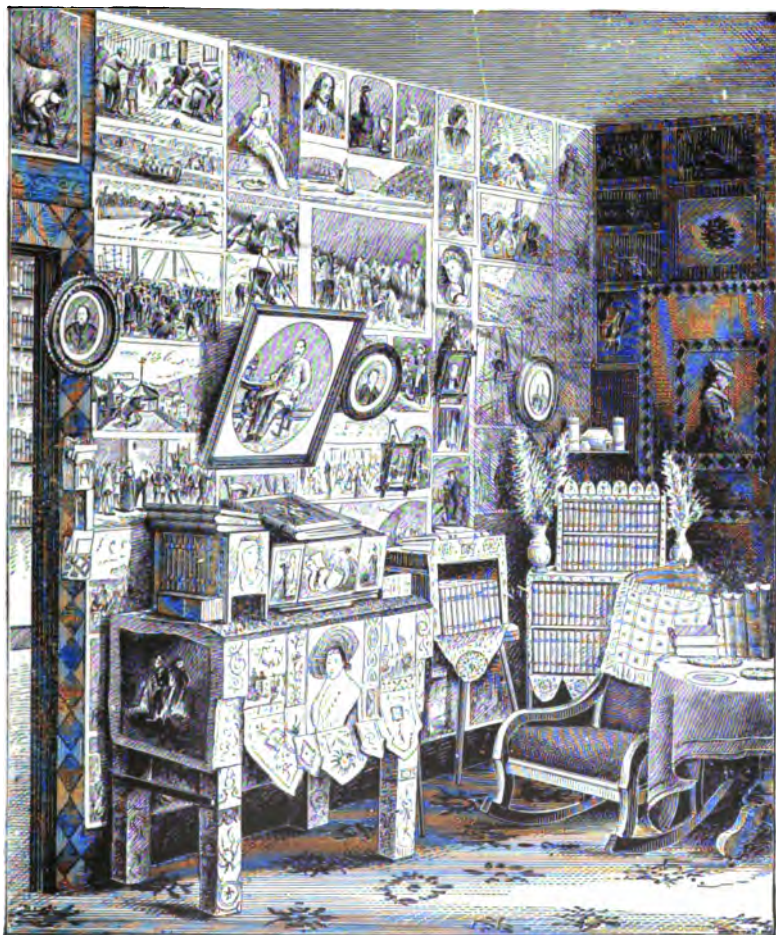
SHALL I not falter on melodious wing,
In that my notes are weak and may not
rise
To those world-wide entrancing harmo-
nies,
Which the great poets to the ages sing?
Shall my thought's humble heaven no
longer ring
With pleasant lays, because the empyreal
height
Stretches beyond it, lifting to the light
The anointed pinion of song's radiant
king? [flight
Ah! a false thought! the thrush her fitful
Ventures in vernal dawns; a happy note
Trills from the russet linnet's gentle
throat,
Though far above the eagle soars in
might,
And the glad skylark—an ethereal
mote—
Sings in high realms that mock our
straining sight.

MY STUDY.

THIS is my world! within these narrow
walls,
I own a princely service; the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are
here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than
naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary
seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled
thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present
strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is
rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud
or chance,
But gleamings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of
romance.

—◆—
TO —.

BELOVED! in this holy hush of night,
I know that thou art looking to the
South,
Fair face and cordial brow bathed in the
light
Of tender Heavens, and o'er thy deli-
cate mouth
A dewy gladness from thy dark eyes
shed;
O eloquent eyes! that on the evening
spread
The glory of a radiant world of dreams
(The inner moonlight of the soul that
dims
This moonlight of the sense), and o'er
thy head,
Thrown back, as listening to a voice of
hymns,
Perchance in thine own spirit, violet
gleams



**"This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service."**



From modest flowers that deck the
window-bars,
While the winds sigh, and sing the far-
off streams,
And a faint bliss seems dropping from
the stars.
O! pour thine inmost soul upon the air
And trust to heaven the secrets that
recline
In the sweet nunnery of thy virgin
breast;
Speak to the winds that wander every-
where, —
And sure must wander hither — the
divine
Contentment, and the infinite, deep
rest
That sway thy passionate being, and lift
high
To the calm realm of Love's eternity,
The passive ocean of thy charmed
thought;
And tell the aerial element to bear
The burden of thy whispered heart to
me,
By fairy alchemy of distance wrought
To something sacred as a saintly prayer,
A spell to set my nobler nature free.

— — —
TO W. H. H.

How like a mighty picture, tint by tint,
This marvellous world is opening to thy
view!
Wonders of earth and heaven; shapes
bright and new,
Strength, radiance, beauty, and all things
that hint
Most of the primal glory, and the print
Of angel footsteps; from the globe of
dew
Tiny, but luminous, to the encircling
blue,
Unbounded, thou drink'st knowledge
without stint;
Like a pure blossom nursed by genial
winds,
Thy innocent life, expanding day by day,

Upsprings, spontaneous, to the perfect
flower;
Lost Eden-splendors round thy path-
way play,
While o'er it rise and burn the starry
signs
Which herald hope and joy to souls of
power.

I pray the angel in whose hands the sum
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,
That to the soul which fills these deep-
ening eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear, the spirit of
Song may come;
That strong-winged fancies, with melo-
dious hum
Of plumed vans, may touch to sweet sur-
prise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise,
And thrill to worship though the world
be dumb;
That love, and will, and genius, all may
blend
To make his soul a guiding star of time,
True to the purest thought, the noblest
end,
Full of all richness, gentle, wise, com-
plete,
In whose still heights and most ethereal
clime,
Beauty, and faith, and plastic passion
meet.

— — —
LINES.

YE cannot add by any pile ye raise,
One jot or tittle to the statesman's
fame;
That the world knows; to the far future
days
Belongs his glory, and its radiant flame
Will burn, when ye are dead, decayed,
forgot;
Therefore, your opposition matters not;
The thin-masked jealousies of present
time,
Unburied in his grave, survive to keep

Rampant the hate he deemed his highest
praise,
And the rude clash of discord o'er his
sleep;
But for his great, wise acts, his faith
sublime,
All that the soul of genius sanctifies,
These mount where viler passions cannot
climb,
These live where palsied malice faints
and dies.

Still must the common voice denounce
the deed,
The common heart swell with an out-
raged pride,
That the poor purchase of that paltry
meed
His country owed him should be thus
denied;
Shame on the Senate! shame on every
hand
Which did not falter when recording
there,
The basest act achieved for many a year,
To fire the scorn of the whole Southern
land;
Nor the South only, for our foes will cry
Out on your petty pasteboard chivalry!
The people who refuse to crown the
great
And good with honor, do themselves
eclipse,
And doubly shameless is the recreant
State,
Whose condemnation comes from her
own lips.

—◆—
"AN IDLE POET DREAMING."

AN idle poet, dreaming in the sun,
One given to much unhallowed va-
grancy
Of thought and step; who, when he
comes to die.

In the broad world can point to nothing
done;
No chartered corporations, no streets
paved
With very princely stone-work, no vast
file
Of warehouses, no slowly-hoarded pile
Of priceless treasure, no proud sceptre
waved
O'er potent realms of stock, no magic
art
Lavished on curious gins, or works of
steam;
Only a few wild songs that melt the
heart,
Only the glow of some unearthly dream,
Embodied and immortal; what are these?
Sneers the sage world; chaff, smoke,
vain phantasies!

Yet stock depreciates, even banks decay,
Merchant and architect are lowly laid
In purple palls, and the shrewd lords of
trade
Lament, for they were wiser in their
day
Than the clear sons of light; but prithee,
how
Doth stand the matter, when the years
have fled;
What means yon concourse thronging
where the dead
Old singer sleeps; say! do they seek him
now?
Now that his dust is scattered on the
breath
Of every wind that blows; what meaneth
this?
It means, thou sapient citizen, that
death
Heralds the bard's true life, as with a
kiss,
Wakens two immortalities; then bow
To the world's scorn, O poet, with calm
brow.

DRAMATIC SKETCHES.



DRAMATIC SKETCHES.

ANTONIO MELIDORI.

[AMONG the heroes of the modern Greek revolution, none, perhaps, were so distinguished for acts of individual daring, and a spirit of romantic and chivalrous adventure, as Captain Antonio Melidori, a native of Candia. He waged against the Turks a partisan conflict, which was often eminently successful. His own deeds of strength, and reckless hardihood, made him terrible to the foe, who were persuaded finally to look upon him as one whose life was "charmed."

It did not prove so, however, as he fell a victim to the rage and jealousy of some of his own company. Having been invited by the malcontents to a feast, Roussó (the chief of the conspirators, whom Antonio appears to have rivalled successfully both in love and war), whilst in the very act of embracing the patriot, plunged a dagger into his bosom.

There is a tradition that Antonio loved a beautiful maiden, Philota, whom in the stirring and anxious scenes of the revolution he was ultimately led to neglect, if not to forsake. A writer in "Chambers' Journal" has from this episode in the private career of the Greek partisan taken the material for a touching and graphic narrative, which has been closely, often literally followed in the composition of the ensuing "sketch."]]

SCENE I.

[A place not far from the summit of Mount Psiloriti, in the Isle of Candia. Philota discovered with a basket of grapes upon her head; she looks eagerly upward. Time, a little before sunset.]

PHILOTA.

WHY comes he not? Here on this emerald sward,
Close to the cool shade of these ancient rocks,
We have met, and fondly lingered in the sunset,
Eve after eve, since first he said, "I love thee!"
Never, Antonio, hast thou been ere now
A loiterer! wherefore should my heart beat fast,
And my breath thicken, and the dew of fear
Stand chill upon my forehead? Is't an omen?

[At this moment Antonio is seen bounding quickly down the mountain; he reaches Philota and embraces her.]

ANTONIO.

Thou hast waited long, Philota, hast thou not?

PHILOTA.

'Tis true, Antonio! but thou know'st an hour,
Nay, a bare minute, drags the weariest length
When thou art from me!

ANTONIO.

Thanks, dearest, and, forgive me,
I did but dream upon the hill-top yonder
And, dreaming thus, forgot thee.

PHILOTA.

Forgot me!

ANTONIO.

Nay, nay, I mean not that! thy face, thy smiles,
Thy deep devotion, in my heart of hearts,
I keep them shined forever, but my thoughts
Turned truant; who can hold his thoughts, Philota,
In a leash always? prithee reascend

The mountain with me, I would show
the place
Which tempted my weak thoughts to
wander thus.

[*They reach the most elevated portion of the mountain, whence a wide circuit of land and sea becomes visible.*]

PHILOTA.

How beautiful! how glorious! see, my
love,
There's not a cloud, or shadow of cloud
in heaven;
Even here, the winds breathe faintly,
and afar
O'er the broad circuit of the watery
calm,
Peace broods upon the ocean, rules the
air,
And up the sunset's dazzling pathway
walks
Like a saint entering Paradise.

'Twere sweet,
How sweet, Antonio, amid scenes like
these,
To live and love forever!

ANTONIO [*absently*].

Dost thou think so?

Ay! — well — perhaps —

PHILOTA.

He heeds me not, his eye
Is cold and stern; what troubles thee,
Antonio?

ANTONIO.

Trouble! I am not troubled.

PHILOTA.

But thou art,
I know thou art; would'st thou deceive
Philota?

ANTONIO.

Now by the saints, not so; dismiss the
fear
Which, like a tremulous shadow, breaks
the calm

Of those soft eyes! [*after a pause*]

The matter, in brief, is this:
Tracking our mountain paths at early
dawn,

Rouso — thou knowest him — hailed me
from the rocks,

With words that sounded like the battle
trumpets;

"It comes!" he cried; "the war-cloud
rolls this way;

We too shall hear its thunders" —

PHILOTA.

Ay! and feel
Its bolts perchance, — there's lightning
in such clouds!

ANTONIO.

What if there be! who would not brave
them all, —

All, for a cause like ours? Believe me,
Love,

We stand upon the brink of troublous
times:

All shall be changed here: men, — brave
Grecian men, —

The blood of heroes in them, — cannot
pause,

Storing the honey, harvesting the olive,
Or humbly following the tame herds-
man's trade,

Whilst Freedom calls to conflict.

Look, Philota!

Dost mark yon lurid flash across the bay?
Our soldiers test their cannon! hark,
below,

The drums of Affendouli — how they
ring!

Already thousands of bold mountaineers
Have formed beneath his banners; dost
thou hear me?

PHILOTA.

And wouldst thou wish to join them?

Ah! I see,

I see it all! — a trouble on thy brow,
Borne upward from the restless gloom
within,

Hath clouded o'er thy peace. I, — a
frail girl,

And gifted only with the wealth of love,
How can I satisfy the burning need

Of a strong man's ambition? Yes, 'tis so,

'Tis even so! — love is the woman's
heaven,

Her hope, her god, her life-blood! yet
to man,

What is it but a pastime?

ANTONIO.

Speak not thus

Oh, speak not thus, Philota! I have loved

Thee, only thee, — so help me, Virgin Mother!

But comrades from whose lips a taunt is bitter,

Have dared to hint ——

PHILOTA.

What!

ANTONIO.

That I chose to stay,

Delving, like some base slave, our barren soil,

When not a Sphakiote that can carry arms

Has failed to seize them. Liars! pestilent liars,

I would have proved the falsehood were it not ——

PHILOTA.

For me — Philota! — well! I love thee dearly.

Deeply, — God knows, — but I would have this love

To crown thee as a garland, — not as a chain

To bind and fetter — thou art free, Antonio! —

ANTONIO.

But hast thou thought of all which follows this?

Thou shalt be left alone, no bridal feast Can cheer the olive harvest!

PHILOTA.

I have thought,

And am determined; — thou art free, Antonio!

ANTONIO.

Oh, thanks, thanks, thanks! — lift up thy hopes, Philota,

Up to the height of mine! our cause is just,

And a just Fate shall guard it; where-so'er

Free thought finds utterance, and the patriot-soul

Thrills at the deeds of heroes, — we may look

For a "God speed!" The prayers of noble men,

The tears of women, — the whole world's applause

Do wait upon us!

Methinks I see the end,

A free, grand Commonwealth of Grecian States.

Built upon chartered rights, — each sealed with blood!

PHILOTA.

Enough! enough! Antonio, thou shalt go!

Greece is thy mistress, now.

SCENE II.

[The cottage of Philota, at the foot of Mount Psiloriti. Philota discovered at the window, looking out upon the night, which is bleak and stormy.]

PHILOTA.

Hark! how those lusty trumpeters, the winds,

Urge on the black battalions of the clouds:

And see! the swollen rivulets rushing down

The sides of Psiloriti! Yesterday, 'Neath the clear calm of the serenest morn

Earth ever stole from Paradise, they swept,

Bright curves of laughing silver in the sunshine;

But now, an overmastering rush of floods,

They thunder to the heavens, that answer back

From the wild depths of gloom, — an awful tempest!

[Enter ANTONIO hastily.]

ANTONIO.

Where is the priest, Philota? where is Andreas?

Was he not here to-night?

PHILOTA.

Ay! but left some half hour since!

ANTONIO.

What say you?

Oh, the poor father! — then 'twas him I
sawPent 'twixt the mountain torrents: he is
lost!The good old man! — and yet, not so,
not so!Give me yon oaken staff, — and, hold; a
flask

Of the best vintage: I'll be back anon,

And the dear father with me! —

[Exit Antonio. Philota kneels before an image of the Virgin, and prays for the safety of her lover. After the lapse of some minutes, enter Rousso stealthily, wrapped in a cloak, which partly conceals his features.]

ROUSSO [aside].

Faith! a pretty picture!

Now, were I what tools call poetical,

I'd worship her, whilst she adores the
saint, —A lovelier saint herself, and nearer truly
To the just standard of divinityThan yonder painted image; there's the
curve,The old Greek curve, in the voluptuous
swellOf those full lips; the passion in her eyes
Is shadowed off to melancholy meaning,

Only to waken to meridian life,

When a like passion touches it to flame.

PHILOTA [praying].

Oh, merciful Mother! save him, — save
Antonio!

ROUSSO [aside].

Oh, potent Devil! claim him, — claim
Antonio!What! shall this malapert boy dispute
my love?

[Philota, looking distressed, rises up, and looks at Rousso, who is still kneeling. She looks at him with a look of surprise, and then, as if she had been struck by a lightning bolt, she looks at him with a look of horror.]

PHILOTA.

You here!

ROUSSO [advancing].

I crave protection, shelter, — may I stay?

PHILOTA.

At a safe distance, Sir!

ROUSSO.

Why, what means this?

I looked for kindlier welcome!

PHILOTA.

Wherefore, Rousso?

What thou hast asked, I grant, — pro-
tection, shelter;

Durst thou claim more than these?

ROUSSO.

I' faith thy temper is most strange and
wayward!Because, some months ago, not quite
myself,

I ventured at the harvest of the olive,

Upon one innocent liberty —

PHILOTA.

No liberty,

With me, at least, bold man! is rated
thus!

ROUSSO.

I do repeat, that I was not myself;

Blame the hot wine of Cyprus: spare
your slave! [Kneeling.]

PHILOTA.

A slave, indeed! —

ROUSSO.

[Phota:]

But one who stoops to conquer, fair Phi-
If I have knelt, 'tis only that I mayRise thus, and clasp thee! Hold, no
foolish cries,No weak, vain strugglings! Think'st
thou that the stormPeding adown the mountain's rugged
steepsCan bear these feeble wailings to thy
friends?Come, come, Philota! — if thou could'st
believe it,

I am the very worthiest of thy vassals;

List for an instant, while I paint the
beauty

Of a fair Eden waiting for the light,

The smother of thine eyes! —

Amid the waves

Of the Aegean, bosomed in the calm
Of ever-during summer, sleeps an isle

Whereon the ocean ripples into music;

Through whose luxuriant wilderness of
blooms,

The soft winds sigh their breath away in dreams,

Where — (the deuce take me! I forget my part) —

Where — where — where — i' sooth, a place

To live, to love, to die in, and rev'sit
From the sad vale of shadows, with a touch

Of mortal fondness, overmastering death:
Wilt thou go thither with me? Nay, thou must!

[As Rousso attempts to carry Philota from the apartment, she recovers, and, by a sudden effort, releases herself from his arms.]

ROUSSO.

Pardon, Philota! 'tis my eager love
Which thus hath urged me on; thou tremblest! what?
I would not make thee fear me.

PHILOTA.

Fear! fear!
If my cheek pales, it is not cowardice
That plays the tyrant to the exiled blood;
If my frame trembles, there are other moods
Than that thou speak'st of, to unstring its firmness;
Thy presence brings no terrors; dost thou talk
Of fear to a Greek woman?

ROUSSO.

No! no! not fear, but love!

PHILOTA.

Man, man! I pray thee
Blaspheme not thus! what canst thou know of love?
'Tis true thou speak'st it boldly; from thy lips
The word falls with a rounded fullness off,
And yet, believe me, thou hast used a phrase,
(A sacred phrase, and wretchedly profaned),
Which, were thy years thrice lengthened out beyond

The general limit of our mortal lives,
And thou be made to pass through all extremes

Of multiform experience, it could never
Enter thy sordid soul to comprehend!

ROUSSO.

Bravely delivered! by my soul, I think
We both make good declaimers! Where did'st learn

That pretty speech. Philota?

PHILOTA.

Wilt thou leave me?

ROUSSO.

Pshaw! thou art less than courteous.
Leave thee? no!

I will not leave thee! Hark ye, my proud damsel,

I am not one with whom 'tis safe to trifle,

Thou knowest, or shalt know this; so, mark my words,

Long have I wooed thee fairly, would have won thee,

Yea, and endowed thee with both wealth and station;

Twice hast thou heard my proffer, twice with loathing

Spurned it, and me; I shall not woo thee thrice

With honeyed words; no, 'tis the strong arm now.

I am prepared for all; come on!

[He seizes Philota a second time, but enter on the instant Antonio, with the Monk Andreas leaning upon him.]

PHILOTA [*faintly*].

Saved! saved!

ANTONIO.

Ha, Rousso, I have heard it whispered oft

Amongst thy watchful brethren in this isle,

That underneath that smooth and flattering front

There lurked a mine of blackest villany! Faith! I denied it once; what shall I say

When next the public voice decries you, sir?

ROUSO.

A jest! I do assure you but a jest!
This cloak, which in your self-devoted
flight

To rescue the dear father, Andreas
(How glad I am to see his saintship
safe),

You dropped some furlongs from the
mountain's base,

I cast, in sportive fashion, on my person,
And deeming that Philota would rejoice
To hear that thou had'st so far braved
the force

O' th' treacherous elements, I called
upon her;

She did me the vast honor to confound
Your humble servant with Antonio,
And 'ere I was aware, sprang to my
arms,

With such a blinded ecstasy of rapture,
That I had wellnigh sunk into the earth.
From the mere stress of native modesty!
A jest, a jest, and nothing but a jest.

ANTONIO.

Such jesting may be dangerous, — be-
ware!

SCENE III.

[A year is supposed to have elapsed. The town of Sphakia after nightfall. Enter confusedly a band of Sphakiot soldiers, with Rousso amongst them. The streets are crowded with women, many of whom are heard lamenting the death of Antonio Melidori.]

ROUSO [*in a disguised voice*].

Why will ye clamor thus, ye foolish
jades?

Your handsome favorite, your renowned
commander,

Is no more dead than I am!

A WOMAN.

Say'st thou so?

Where then is Melidori?

ROUSO [*still disguising his voice*].

Would'st thou learn?

Women of Sphakia, your immaculate
captain,

He for whose welfare, upon bended
knees,

Ye nightly pray to heaven, whose name
your infants

Lisp in their very slumbers, hath be-
trayed us!

Hold! hear me out! I am no dubious
witness;

Thrice, whilst the battle raged along our
front,

I saw the traitor creeping like a dog
Between the Turkish outposts!

[Antonio appears in the rear, with a child in his arms.]

ANTONIO.

It is false!

Here is your leader, Sphakiotes; what
base slanderer

Dares to pronounce me traitor? I but
paused

To save this weeping innocent, whose
mother

Fell by some coward's sword!

ROUSO.

Ha, Sphakiotes, see,

The noble Melidori waxes tender,
Soft as a woman! he must love the
Moslem,

Who fosters thus their offspring! by the
saints

A lusty brat! He'll thrive, good friends,
believe me,

And grow betimes, to cut our infants'
throats!

ANTONIO.

Let him who speaks stand forth; I woud i
contum

My bold accuser. What! he clings to
the dark!

Fit place for lies and liars!

Friends, I scorn

To parley with this viper: there's a way,
One only way, to deal with reptiles,
crush them.

Thus, thus, and thus,

When they have crawled too near us;

[Stripping violently upon the earth.]

Till then, why let the ugly beasts hiss
on,

And spit their harmless venom.



BIRTHPLACE OF PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.
Charleston, S. C.



[Turning to the women.]

Mothers, wives,
Maidens of Sphakia, are there none
amongst ye
Ready to take this poor unfortunate?
Just for his sake, fair countrywomen,
list,
List to the blessed word: — “The merciful
Shall obtain mercy!”

ROUSSO.

Heed him not, I say,
But seize the infidel whelp, and let him
rock
On a steel bayonet! What! have we re-
pelled
The invading foe, exterminated wholly
His forces and his empire, that we dare
Cherish his cubs among us? — and for
what?
“Just for his sake, fair countrywomen,
— his,
And mercy’s!” Who showed mercy to
our children,
When the Turk ravaged Scio? The
young devil, —
Hear how he shrieks! ho! send him
down to hell!
Down to his father! he’s a grateful
spirit,
And thankful for small favors!

[The crowd begin to murmur, and move threateningly towards ANTONIO.]

ANTONIO.

Shame upon you!
Though the poor boy were fifty times a
Moslem,
I’ll rear him as my own; he shall not
perish;
Perchance, who knows, when I have died
for you,
For you, and Grecian liberty, this babe,
Reared as a Greek, may yet avenge my
death,
As none of you, false brethren, dare
avenge it!
Once more I say, — Mothers, wives,
maids of Sphakia,

Is there not one amongst ye to whose
tendence
I may commit this trembling casta-
way?

PHILOTA [veiled].

Give me the child, — I’ll nurture him
with love,
And gentlest usage.

ANTONIO [starting].

Heavens! what voice is that?
You here, Philota? I had hoped you
dwelt
Safely within the close heart of the
mountains!

PHILOTA.

The mountains are not safe.

ANTONIO.

Why then did’st thou
Keep such strict silence? Answer me,
Philota,
How hast thou lived. This peasant’s
dress —

PHILOTA.

Is fittest
For me, Antonio. — by my handiwork,
And daily labor. I now earn my bread, —
For was it meet an unknown peasant
girl
Should claim, as her betrothed, great
Melidori,
Captain of Sphakia?

ANTONIO.

O, thou generous heart!
But stay. — the rabble must not catch
our words;
Take thou the babe, — under the city-
walls
I’ll meet thee in the gloaming.

SCENE IV.

[A place under the city walls. — time, an hour
after sunset.]

ANTONIO, [embracing PHILOTA con-
strainedly].

How kind thou art!

PHILOTA.

I but obeyed your mandate!

ANTONIO.

Nay, why so cold? my troth is thine,

Philota, —

Dost thou remember?

PHILOTA.

Would'st thou have me do so?

Methought that dream was over, — by
thy wish.

ANTONIO.

By heaven! I never said so!

PHILOTA.

Yet thy heart,

Thy heart, Antonio, spake the keen de-
sire,

Although thy lips kept silence; — I have
learned

To read thy spirit like an open book,

And cannot be deceived; — all's changed
with us:

Never again, as in the time that's past,

Shall we, hand linked in hand, explore
the vales,

Or walk the shining hill-tops; thou hast
risen

Far, far above my level: a great man.

Among the greatest, — thou wert mad
t' espouse

A humble girl like me; I ask it not;

My love but burdens thy aspiring hopes,
So, I beseech thee, dwell no more upon
it:

Antonio, for thy welfare I would give

My soul's life; shall I then refuse to
yield

A personal joy, that thou may'st win
and wed

The immortal Virgin — Glory? Dream
it not!

Oh! dream it not!

ANTONIO.

Now, gracious God, forgive me!

It were presumption, should I kiss thy
feet.

Thou pure, unselfish woman! yet thy
words

Are true, too true, and I dare not gain-
say them.

One thing believe, Philota, I am
wretched,

Yes, far more so than thou art:

[After a pause.]

— Did'st thou know

The terrible life I lead in this dread war-
fare,

Through what an atmosphere of blood
and carnage

It is my doom to move, as through the
air

Of some plague-stricken city, thick with
curses;

Did'st know the numberless dangers,
that like demens

(Many unseen, — and therefore doubly
fearful),

Which hover 'round the soldier, hour by
hour

O'ershadowing life with the black gloom
of death;

Did'st know the coarse companions, the
rude manners

Of vile extortioners, bent alone on prey,
And personal profit, and the thousand
evils

Gendered of strife, and strife's unhal-
lowed passions.

O, thou would'st shrink from following
such base courses,

Even as an angel from the brink of hell!

PHILOTA.

Thou wrong'st my love, and hast de-
ceived thyself:

Where'er thou art, to me that place is
heaven:

Antonio, God alone, God and my soul
Know what I might, and would have
been to thee!

I would have shared thy fortunes, joined
my fate

For weal or woe, for honor or disgrace,
For life or death to thine: have tracked
thy steps,

(If need it were,) through seas of blood
and carnage,

Strengthened thy weakness, buoyed thy
sinking hopes,

Nor, at the worst, have shed one wo-
man's tear

To shake thy manhood. Had heaven
 blessed thy cause,
 I would have striven to make my spirit
 worthy
 To mount with thee; so, when the orbèd
 glory
 Shone like the fire of sunrise round thy
 brow,
 No man dare say that with that lustre
 mingled
 One blush of shame for Melidori's wife!
 This might have been, and this shall
 never be. [*Wildly.*]
 I' th' name of mercy, by thy mother's
 soul,
 And the dear past, I pray thee leave me
 now,
 While still thou lov'st me (dost thou
 not ?) a little.

ANTONIO.

And thou — and thou, Philota? —

PHILOTA.

I shall dwell
 In peace; [*aside*] ay! broken hearts are
 peaceful!

ANTONIO.

But where? —

PHILOTA.

What matter where, so that I live in
 peace?
 Grieve not, Antonio. In my humble
 station
 One thought shall bring content; — “he
 was not false,”
 No mortal maiden stole Antonio's heart!

ANTONIO.

Blessèd words!

'Tis true I love but thee!

PHILOTA.

Then do not sorrow.
 Love, I forgive thee; thou hast wronged
 me not.
 And for the child — ah, I shall dream it
 thine;
 Tend it as thine, and when the years
 have ripened
 That infant soul, 'tis mine to lead to
 virtue,
 I'll teach the boy how noble was the act

Whereby Antonio saved him; I'll be
 happy,
 Oh, trust me, Love! so very, very
 happy!

ANTONIO.

Then be it so, Philota. I would bless
 thee,
 But am not worthy; still, thou shalt be
 blessed.

PHILOTA.

And thou, too, if the Virgin hear my
 prayers;
 And now that we are friends, *but* friends,
 though firm ones,
 Beseech thee, list my tidings. There's
 a foe,
 A deadly, treacherous foe in thine own
 camp,
 And one who vows thy ruin; it is Rousso;
 Thou knowest how first his envious, bit-
 ter temper
 Was stung to hatred; since that time,
 thy will
 Hath often clashed with his; besides,
 thy fame
 In these fierce wars hath far o'ertopped
 his credit;
 So he has sworn thy death; the voice
 was his,
 That goaded on thy soldiers to rebellion;
 And, as I threaded my uncertain path-
 way,
 A short hour since, through the dark
 streets of Sphakia.
 I heard thy name in whispers; two dim
 forms
 (Men, as I knew by their hoarse tones,)
 conferred
 With hurried, stealthy gestures, and one
 sentence
 Startled me like a knell: — “His tomb
 is open.”
 A deep voice said; “Antonio's tomb is
 open!”
 Oh, then, beware. As lowly as thou
 deem'st me.
 I'll watch above thy safety; the soft dove
 May warn the eagle of the midnight
 spoiler!

ANTONIO.

And thy own life and safety ——

PHILOTA.

I am here
To spend them both for thee. But hark!
thy name
Is shouted by thy comrades in the valley.
The hour has come that parts us. Fare
thee well!

[She gives him her hand.]

ANTONIO.

'Twas not our wont to part in this cold
fashion;
Come, one more kiss, Philota! let me feel
We were indeed betrothed; one last, last
kiss! *[They embrace and part.]*

SCENE V.

[An apartment in the house of Affendouli, the Governor-General of Candia. Enter Antonio, and Affendouli, conversing.]

AFFENDOULI.

These private bickerings are the fruitful
cause
Of all disgrace and failure; let us end
them!

ANTONIO.

Most willingly! I have no feud with
any,
Saving one quarrel, forced upon me,
chief!

AFFENDOULI.

True, true! but even now a courier waits,
Charged with a special message of good
will,
From Rouso, and his brother, Anag-
nost;.
They say, "We plead for peace! all per-
sonal hate
Henceforth be quelled between us; we
would join
Our troop to Melidori's, and our banners
Wave side by side with his." Accept
their proffer!

ANTONIO.

I will!

AFFENDOULI.

To show thou art sincere, fail not to test
Their hospitality.

ANTONIO.

As how?

AFFENDOULI.

They give
A solemn feast of unity and friendship,
To which thou art invited. Go, I charge
thee.

ANTONIO.

Trust me, I shall be there, what day's
appointed
Whereon to hold this festival of love?

AFFENDOULI.

This very day; thou knowest the camp
of Rouso?

ANTONIO.

Ay! I'll be there anon!

[Exit Antonio. Enter, after a brief interval, Philota, with a hurried and anxious mien.]

PHILOTA.

Oh, pardon, pardon!
Most gracious Governor! but I come to
seek
Ant —— Ant ——, that is, the Captain
Melidori,
With tidings of grave import.

AFFENDOULI.

Ha!

Thou luckless messenger! he has de-
parted.
Gone ——

PHILOTA *[wildly]*.

Where, where?

AFFENDOULI.

To feast with Rouso.

PHILOTA *[rushing out]*.

Then is he lost! O merciful God, pro-
tect us!

SCENE VI.

[An open space in a wood, — tables arranged for a banquet, — Rouso, Anagnosti, Antonio Melidori, and their followers, discovered feasting.]

ANAGNOSTI.

A soldier's life forever! free to pass
In feast or fray! how glorious this wild
banquet
Compared to those dull, formal feasts of
old,

Held at the olive harvest! Speak, Antonio,
Give us thy thought upon it: what! art
silent?

ROSSO.

Urge him no more; perchance Antonio
pines
For the sweet quiet of that mountain
life,
Which thou hast called so dull; its days
of dream,
Its nights of warm voluptuous dalliance!

ANTONIO.

No, no, by heaven! those times are dead
to me;
They had their pleasures, but not one to
match
The keen delights of glory, the true
honor
Which follows patriot service.

ROSSO.

Gallant words,
Brave, and high-sounding; but for me
and mine,
We do not fight for shadows!

ANTONIO [*coldly*].

I'm at fault,
Not clearly comprehending, sir, your
meaning.

ROSSO.

Oh! thou dost well to speak of glory,
honors,
We know what rich rewards await thee,
chief,
When the war's ended; spoils, and wealth
and beauty.
But yesternorn, I saw thy winsome
lady,
The bride to be, old Affendouli's daughter.
Nay, shrink not, man, she is a lovely
maid,
Fair as her father's generous; what an
eye!
Half arch, half languishing; and what a
breast!
That heaves as 'twould burst outward to
the day,

And strike men mad with its white
panting passion!

No lovelier woman lives, unless, unless—
It be that poor young thing who doted
on thee,

Before the war, — what was her name?
Philota?

ANTONIO.

Thy thoughts run on fair damsels; let
us talk

Like soldiers, not like brain-sick boys in
love.

ROSSO.

With all my heart; only, one pledge to
thee,
And Affendouli's daughter!

ANTONIO.

I have borne
This jesting with the patience of a saint,
But now 'tis stretched to license. Prithee,
cease!

ROSSO.

God, how he winces! if Philota —

ANTONIO.

Villain!
Utter that sacred name again —

ROSSO [*rising suddenly and drawing
his dagger*].

Oh, ho!

Wilt fight, wilt fight! I'm ready for thee;
come.

ANTONIO [*aside*].

(He shall not trap me thus.) Thou art
my host;

'Twere shame, yea, bitter shame, this
brawl should end

In blows and bloodshed! when the time
befits,

[*To Rosso*].

Doubt not that I shall call thee to account

For this day's work; meanwhile I leave
a board

Where clownish insult poisons all your
cups!

[*As he is about to depart, Anagnosti approaches,
with an air of conciliation.*]

ANAGNOSTI.

Well spoken, noble captain, thou wert
wronged;

But Roussou is so hasty! He repents;
Let not this solemn feast of unity
Break up in discord.

ROUSSOU.

No, no, no, Antonio!
I do repent! Prithce embrace me, friend,
In sign of reconciliation.

[*Roussou approaches Melidori with an unsteady step; while in the act of embracing, he stabs him in the side. Philota rushes upon the scene, with a cry of agony, and throws herself beside Antonio, whose head she supports.*]

PHILOTA.

Too late! O God, too late! He faints,
he dies!

Why stare ye thus upon us, cruel men?
Wine, wine, another cup, how slow ye
move!

My scarf is drenched with blood,—ye
pitiless fools!

Will not a creature loan me wherewithal
To bind his wretched wound up? There,
'tis stanch'd,

And he revives! Antonio, speak to me,
I am Philota!

ANTONIO [*his mind wandering*].

Where hast thou been, my love, this
weary time?

Am I not true? I charge thee, heed
them not!

The girl is nothing to me; Roussou's
tongue,

His sharp false tongue first joined our
names together;

She loves another, and I love but thee;
Draw nearer, let me whisper. I have
dreamed,

Oh, such a dream! the valleys flowed
with blood.

And ruin compassed all our island round,
And every town was sacked, and, hark
ye, nearer!

I saw a mother murdered by a knave,
A coward knave, because she would not
yield

Her body to him; but I saved her child,

And here he is, a pretty, pretty boy!
Take him, Philota. Ah, my heart, my
heart!

It pains me sorely; 'twas a terrible
dream,

But now, thank Heaven, 'tis over! Thou
art pale;

What makes thee pale? Bear up, my
dearest love!

This morn we shall be wedded, and I
think

We will not part again. I had a foe,
His name is Roussou; but we are so

happy,

Let us forgive all foes; invite him thither,

PHILOTA [*weeping*].

He breaks my heart—

ANTONIO.

How keen the wind is!
Keen, keen, and chill; it was not wont
to blow

So coldly at this season: I am sick,
Yea, sick of very joy; but joy kills not;
My lids are heavy; I would sleep,
Philota.

Wake me at early dawn; I told my
mother,

That I would bring thee home, to-mor-
row morn.

[*He dies.*]

ALLAN HERBERT.

SCENE I.

[*The hall of a country house in Westmoreland, surrounded with portraits of the M. . . family. Allan Herbert, and Jocelyn, an old domestic, are seen standing before the likeness of a lady, young, and wonderfully fair.*]

HERBERT.

The canvas speaks!

JOCELYN.

Ay, sir, 'tis very like;
Was she not beautiful?

HERBERT.

Was; yes, and is;
She had not lost one bloom when late I
saw her.



"The canvas speaks."



JOCELYN.

Sir, she is dead!

HERBERT.

Ay, so they say, old man;
And yet I see her nightly,—in my
dreams;
I tell you that her cheek is round and
fair
As summer's fulness, that her eyes are
lustrous,
And she, a perfect presence clasped in
light!
Thus will she look, on resurrection
morning.

JOCELYN [*aside*].

Alas, poor gentleman! how many loved
her,
And loved her vainly! Pardon, sir, your
name?

HERBERT.

My name is Allan Herbert.

JOCELYN.

Herbert, Herbert!

Where have I heard that dainty name.
before? (*musings*)
Oh, now I have it; my young mistress,
sir,
She who is dead, was wont to read a
book
A delicate gold-edged volume, that I'm
sure
Bore some such name within it; she
would sit
Beneath yon grape vine trellis toward the
south
(This window, sir, commands it), and
for hours,
Nay, days, bend o'er her favorite pages;
once
She left the book behind her, and I saw
Its leaves were touched with tears.

HERBERT.

Where is it now?
That book your mistress loved? Let
me behold it!

JOCELYN.

In sooth, sir, I have never seen it since,

Or, if I have [*hesitating*], it lies beyond
our reach.

HERBERT.

What meanest thou?

JOCELYN.

I mean that while she lay
Decked for her burial, whilst I stood be-
side her,
Looking my last upon her tranqull fea-
tures,
The robe of death was fluttered by the
wind,
A low sad wailing wind, that swept aside
The drapery for a moment, and I marked
The glimmer of the gold-edged pages
placed
Right on her bosom! Master, you are
pale,
You tremble; I have rudely touched the
spring
Of some deep-seated sorrow!

HERBERT.

Yes, old man;
A sorrow most unlike to common griefs,
That pass like clouds or shadows; mine
is mingled
With the dark hues of treachery and re-
morse;
A rayless, blank eclipse, through which
I wander.
Accursed and hopeless; sometimes in a
vision
Comes the sweet face of her I foully
wronged,
And stabs me with a smile!

JOCELYN.

Did'st wrong her, Sir?
Did'st wrong my lady?

HERBERT.

Lead me to the grave;
I know 'tis near at hand.

JOCELYN.

The grave! what grave?
Moreover, — if you wronged her —

HERBERT.

If I wronged her!
Why dost thou taunt me with it? thou
on earth
With Mercy still beside thee, — I — in
Hell?

JOCELYN.

Madman!

HERBERT.

I am not mad, my friend, but only
wretched;
Once more. I pray thee, show me where
she sleeps.

JOCELYN.

I must obey him; this way, — follow me.

SCENE II.

[A forest. — Deep in the shade a single
monument appears, covered with wild-flowers
and roses.]

HERBERT [alone].

'Tis fit she should be buried in this place
So fragrant and so peaceful; O, my love!
Thou hast grown dull of hearing! I may
call

'Till the lone echoes shiver with thy
name,

Thou wilt not heed me; dust, dust, dust
indeed!

And thou — more glorious than the
morning star;

More tender than the love-light of the
eve!

They tell me thou shalt rise again,
Christ's bride,

Not mine, most beautiful, yet changed;
Perchance I shall not know thee, or per-
chance,

The human love which made thine eyes
like heaven —

My heaven of hope and worship — shall
be lost

In some diviner splendor! all is
hushed,

No smallest whisper trembles gently up
From the deep grave to soothe me; 'tis
in vain

I agonize in thought. Eternal Nature!
She whom I once called "mother,"
wears an aspect

Callous and pitiless. I fain would solve
This terrible mystery that weighs down
my soul

With nightmare fancies. Let me die in
peace,

O God! and if I may not see her more
Through all the long eternities, nor hear
Her voice of tender pardon, let me rest
Next to some stream of Lethe, and re-
pose

In everlasting slumbers! —

[Enter JOCELYN.]

JOCELYN.

Come, let us hence! the darkness creeps
upon us;

See, Sir! there's not a spark of sunset
left

In all the waning West.

HERBERT.

Well, what of that!

I live in darkness, — the light burns my
spirit,

It mocks and tortures me! Begone, I
say.

And leave me to the dismal shade thou
fearest!

JOCELYN.

Good Sir, be counselled — stay not in
the wood;

Thine eye is troubled, and thy visage
weary; —

'Tis a rash venture!

HERBERT.

Sooth to say, I thank thee;
Thou could'st not serve long in the house-
hold blessed

By her most merciful presence, and not
catch

Some tenderness of temper; — take my
thanks!

Yet will I stay in this same dreary wood,
And watch until the night is overpast.

JOCELYN.

Thou'lt find it lonely.

HERBERT.

Oh, I have my thoughts,
A stirring company, that never slumber.

JOCELYN.

Why, worse and worse! I've heard, such
restless thoughts

Engender a sore sickness —

HERBERT.

Of the mind;

Yet is my case already desperate,
Past healing, and past comfort. Go thy
way.

Thou kind old man, thou canst not
shake my purpose,

But when the last star wanes before the
dawn,

Come back; my night will then be over-
past,

And my watch ended; till that hour,
farewell!

— • —

FROM THE CONSPIRATOR,

AN UNPUBLISHED TRAGEDY.

SCENE.

[A garden; Arnold De Malpas and Catharine
discovered walking slowly towards a summer-
house in the distance].

CATHARINE.

Art thou prepared to risk all this, De
Malpas?

DE MALPAS.

Ay! this, and more, if I but thought —
[Hesitating].

CATHARINE.

What, Arnold?

DE MALPAS.

If I but thought that when the strife was
over,

The feeble prince hurled down, the
throne secured,

She, for whose love I braved the people's
hate,

Malice of rulers, and the headsman's
axe,

Would deign to share with me that
perilous height.

CATHARINE.

She! Oh, thou hast a lady-love!

DE MALPAS.

Cruel! Wouldst thou put by my passion
thus,

With a feigned jest? Catharine, I stake
my all,

Manhood's strong hopes and purpose,
the heart's wealth,

And the mind's store of hard-bought
lore, my peace

Of conscience, and my soul's immortal
life,

To lift thee to the summit of thy wish;

(Oh! I have proved thee, and I know
thy thoughts),

And yet, thou feignest ignorance!

CATHARINE.

Dear De Malpas,

Forgive me! let us both throw by the
mask!

I hate the queen; even in our girlish
days,

She was my rival; her mild-mannered
arts

Stole suitors from me; the old priest, our
teacher,

Though I eclipsed her ever in the school,
And shamed her dullness with keen-
witted words

And quicker apprehension, shone on her
With sunny aspect, sleeked her golden
hair,

Fondled and soothed and petted, whilst
for me,

The apter scholar, he reserved harsh
looks,

And harsher tones; (well, the old fool is
dead!

In after time, some friend of holy church,
Some zealous friend, proved that his
saintship taught

Schism and heresy, and so—he perished!)

But for this queen, this Eleanor! our
souls

Nursed yearly a more fixed hostility;

We sat together at the knightly jousts,

And watched the conflict with high
beating hearts,

Flushed cheeks, and fluttering pulses;
 she from fear,
 I with the mounting heat of martial
 blood,
 Thrilled with the music of the battle's
 roar,
 The ring of mighty lances on steel helmets,
 Clangor of shields, and neighing of wild
 steeds:
 One morn my knight was victor; as he
 placed
 The crown of gems and laurel on my
 brow,
 Methought that I was born to be a queen,
 Not the brief ruler of a festal throng,
 But 'stablished kingdoms, and a host of
 men
 Bound to my sway forever!

DE MALPAS.

A true thought!
 O, noble Catharine! thy aspiring spirit
 Fires my purpose, and gives wings to
 action;
 Thy rival hath sped past thee in the
 race,
 But she shall fall midway; the blinded
 monarch
 Walks on the brink of an abysmal deep,
 And soon shall topple over; then, a victor,
 (Not from the conflict with half-blunted
 spears,
 In friendly tournament), but the tumult
 fierce
 Of revolution, and the crash of states,
 Shall set a weightier crown about thy
 brows,
 And hail thee ruler,—not of festal
 throngs,
 But 'stablished kingdoms, and a host of
 men
 Bound to thy sway forever!

DE MALPAS.

Speak, Bolton! what say these, my faith-
 ful friends,
 Touching my present life?

BOLTON.

Why, Master Arnold,
 I' sooth they're much divided; some as-
 sert,
 That thou art moonstruck; that some
 morbid fancy,
 Whether of love or pride, hath seized
 upon thee;
 Others, that thou hast simply lost thy
 trust
 In man and in thyself; and others still,
 That thou hast sunk to base, inglorious
 ease,
 Urging the languid currents of the blood
 With fiery spurs of sense; a few there
 are,
 Few, but most faithful, who at dead of
 night
 In secret conclave, with low-whispered
 words
 And pallid faces glancing back aghast,
 Speak of a monstrous wrong, which
 thou —

DE MALPAS.

(Starting up, and seizing Bolton.)

Unhappy wretch! therein thou speak'st
 thy doom!
 That prying, curious spirit is thy fate.
(Stabs him suddenly.)
 Did I not warn thee of it?

BOLTON.

Oh! I die!

Yet my soul swells and lightens; all the
 future
 Flashes before me like a revelation.
 Arnold De Malpas! thou shalt gain thine
 end!
 The aged king shall fall, the throne be
 thine!
 But, as thou goest to claim it, as thy
 foot
 Presses the royal dais (mark my words)!
 A bolt shall fall from heaven, sudden,
 swift,
 Even as thy blow on me, thou'lt writhe
 i' the dust,
 Down-trodden by the hostile heel of
 thousands,

Whilst she, for whom thou'st turned
conspirator,

Smiling, shall gaze from out her palace
doors,

And wave her broidered scarf, and join
the music

Of her low witching laughter to the
sneers

Of courtly parasites; "De Malpas bore
His honors bravely, did he not, my
lords ?

Now, by our lady, 'tis a grievous fall!"

"Yet pride, thou know'st, sweet Catharine,"—

"Ay, ay, ay!"

"Prithee, Francisco, wilt thou dance to-
night?"

DE MALPAS.

What, fool! wilt prate forever? Hence,
I say,

And entertain the devil with thy dream-
ings!

[Stabs him again.]

DE MALPAS.

Thou hast been to court, Bernaldi, hast
thou not?

BERNALDI.

Ay! all the forenoon!

DE MALPAS.

Didst thou see the lady,
Catharine of Savoy, whose miraculous
beauty

Hath set all Spain aflame?

BERNALDI.

I did, my cousin,
But, I am bold to speak it, liked her not;
Her beauty is the beauty of the serpent,
Masking a poisonous spirit; there's no
depth

Of womanly nature in her gleaming
eyes,

Falsest when most they flatter; men have
said

She owns the Borgia's blood; I know not
that,

But, by St. Mark! she owns their temper,
cousin!

EXPERIENCE IN POVERTY.

A. How bitterly you speak!

B. I have good warrant.

A. Well, for my part, I hold your creed
is false,

Uncharitable, monstrous! I have seen
The world, sir; studied men and man-
ners in it;

And though no doubt some selfishness
and craft

May evermore be found by those who
seek them,

Peering too closely underneath the
mask

Of multiform conventions, yet, by heaven,
The world's a fair, good, reasonable
world

To all who follow reason! Your high
fancies,

Whose goal is vague impossibility,
Of course must miss their mark! We
live not, sir,

In Eden, or the golden age.

B. Right! right!

You talk as is most natural in one

To whom all life hath been a gay parade,
A frolic pastime!—to whom subtle for-
tune

Hath never turned her dark and lowering
front,

But round whose footsteps sowed with
golden showers

Obsequious knaves and sweet-tongued
servitors

Have fawned and lied and flattered, till
your days

Borne bravely onward over perfumed
tides

Passed like a steady bark 'twixt shores of
flowers,

You know the world! its men and modes
forsooth!

Wait, sir, until your purse grows lean as
mine,

And fate within the compass of one evil
(A gaunt and loathsome poverty), in-
cludes

All ills that flesh is heir to! disrespect.

From insolent curs that now you'd
hardly stoop
To soil your lordly boot with! studied
coldness
Of ancient friends whose easy faith declines
With your decreasing wine-butts! covert
sneers,
Or open insult from the gaudy throng
Of parasites, who breathe alone in sunshine!
Grief without balm, and pain that knows
not pity;
Dark days, and maddening midnights,
and the pang
Of outraged feeling, and the soul's despair:
Ay! wait, I say, until from depths like
these,
The lonely thunder growling overhead,
And misery like a cataract raging round
Your path of ruin, wild and desperate
eyes
Are lifted to the summits of past hope,
Receding ever with their shows of joy,
Less real than the mirage, or the domes
Which sunset builds on clouds of phantasy!
Wait till the fiend that's born of famished
hours
Shall grasp your hand in bony fellowship,
And lead you through the mist of ghastly
dreams,
Helpless and tottering, to the brink of
death!
Ha! ha! you shrink! the picture does
not please
Your dainty fancy! Well, soft optimist,
Confess there's somewhat you have still
to learn
Of this same fair, good, reasonable world!

THE TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

I'd have you use a wise philosophy,
In this, as in all matters, whereupon
Judgment may freely act; truth ever lies

Between extremes; avoid the spend-
thrift's folly
As you'd avoid the road of utter ruin;
For wealth, or at the least, fair competence,
Is honor, comfort, hope, and self-respect;
All, in a word, that makes our human
life
Endurable, if not happy: scorn the cant
Of sentimental Dives, wrapped in purple,
Who over jewelled wine-cups and rich
fare,
Affects to flout his gold, and prattles
loosely
Of sweet content that's found in poverty:
As for the miser, he's a madman simply.
One who the means of all enjoyment
holds,
Yet never dares enjoy: no, no, Anselmo,
Use with a prudent, but still liberal hand
That store the gods have given you; thus,
my friend,
'Twixt the Charybdis of a churlish mean-
ness.
And the swift Scylla of improvident
waste,
You'll steer your bark o'er smooth, in-
nocuous seas,
And reach at last a peaceful anchorage.

LOVE'S CAPRICES.

COME, sweetheart, hear me! I have
loved thee well,
God knoweth. Through all these years
my holiest thoughts,
Like those pure doves nurtured in an-
tique temples,
Have fluttered ever round thine image
fair,
And found in thee their shrine. No
tenderest hope
Of mine, which hath not warmed its
radiant wings
Within that heaven, thy presence, and
drank strength
And sunshine from it.

How hast thou responded?
Sometimes thine eyes, like Eden gates
unclosed,
Would pour such beams of sacred pas-
sion down,

That all my soul was flooded with its joy,
And I, methought, breathed as immor-
tals breathe,
A deathless light and ether. Then,
when most



"Come, sweetheart, hear me!"

I dreamed me happy, a strange change
would come,
Sudden as strange; some wind of cold
caprice,
Blowing, I knew not whence, an icy cloud
Upbore, and o'er the splendor of thy
brow,

Of late so frankly beautiful, there hung
Ominous shadows, crossed by gleams of
scorn;
Trifles as slight as eider-down have power
To move or sting thee, and a swarm of
humors,
Gendered of morbid fancy, buzz and hiss

About some vacant chambers of thy
mind,
By idle thoughts left open, making
harsh,
Rude discord, where, if healthful will
had sway,
Angels, perchance, might lift celestial
voices!

Love, love, thou wrong'st thyself, and
that sweet nature,
Sweet at the core, for all such small de-
spites,
Wherewith kind heaven endowed thee;
yet, beware!
Caprice, though frail its shafts, a poi-
soned barb
Hath bound on each; their points are
sharp to wound,
And the wounds rankle! Giants great
as Love
Have perished merely of an insect's
venom,
And who through all God's universe can
touch
Love's pulseless heart to warmth and
life again?

CREEDS.

FRIEND, 'mid the complex and unnum-
bered creeds
Which meet and jostle on this mortal
scene,
And sometimes fight à l'outrance, I
perceive
Some precious seed of truth ennobling all:
Encased, it may be, like the mummy's
wheat,
Locked in dead forms, yet waiting but a
breath
Of honest air, an inch of wholesome soil,
To bloom and flourish heavenward;
therefore, friend,
Walk hand in hand with clear-eyed
Charity,
And Faith sublime, though simple, like
a child's,

Who feels through densest midnight,
next his own,
The loving throb of a kind father's
heart.

THE UNIVERSALITY OF GRIEF.

I GRANT you that our fate is terrible,
Bitter as gall. What then? Will lam-
entation,
Childish complaint, everlasting wailings.
Grief, groans, despair, help to amend
our doom?
Glance o'er the world — the world is full
of pain
Akin to ours. If some dark spirit
touched
Our vision to miraculous clearness,
sights
Would meet our eyes, at which the cold-
est heart
Might weep blood-tears; there's not a
moment passes
Which doth not bear its load of agonies
Out to the dim Eternity beyond;
The primal curse of earth, with heavier
weight,
Descends on special victims; yet, bethink
you,
All sorrow hath its bounds, o'er which
there stands
That friend of misery, gentle-hearted
Death.
Balms of oblivion holds he, and the
realm
Wherein he rules hath murmurous caves
of sleep.

THE PENITENT.

THOU see'st yon woman with the grave
pelisse
Lined with dark sables? Is she not de-
vout?
Her soul is in the service, and her eyes
Are dim with weeping, — weeping for
the follies

Of a misguided youth; thus saith the world,
 But I, who know her ladyship, know this:
 She weeps that youth itself, and the lost triumphs
 Which followed in its train; the scores of lovers
 Dead now, or married off; the rout, the joust,
 The sweet flirtations, merry carnivals,
 And — (oh! supremest memory of all!) —
 The banded serenaders 'neath the lattice,
 Lifting the voice of passion in the night;
 And one among the minstrels loved her well.
 But him she laughed to scorn, his heart was riven;
 She trampled on the purest pearl of love,
 And cast it to the dogs; well, God is just!
 She scorned his sacred gift, and so must walk,
 Henceforth a lonely woman on the earth!

DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

We might have been! ah, yes! we might have been
 Among the laurelled noblemen of thought,
 Who lift their species with them as they climb
 To deathless empire in the realm of gods;
 But some dark power — we will not call it Fate —
 We dare not call it Providence — hath seized
 The helm of our strange destinies, and steered
 Right onward to the breakers. All is lost!
 Hope's siren song of promise faints in sighs,
 And joy — (but she ne'er charmed us, save in days

Of dim-remembered childhood); — let it pass!
 Our lot's the lot of millions; for on life
 A blight is preying, and a mystic wrong
 Hath set our heartstrings to the tune of grief!

REWARD OF FICKLENESS.

ALTON.

You see that man with the quick eyes
 and brow,
 Too ponderous almost for his slender frame,
 His dark locks tinged with gray; you'd hardly think it,
 But he's a moral dandy, *dilettante*
 (As your Italians say), whose fickle taste
 Leads him, like some fastidious bee, from flower
 To flower of social pastime! A fair girl,
 Pretty and piquante, fills his heart to-day;
 On airy wings of sentiment he hovers
 Lovingly round her, feeds the beauteous creature
 On honeyed nothings in a tone so sweet,
 They seem the genuine fruit of a strong soul
 Nurtured by passion, and true adoration;
 Then on the morrow when he meets once more
 "That Cynthia of the minute," a cold crust
 Of iciest form and etiquette o'erspreads
 His words, look, bearing; the whole man is changed —
 As if a Tropic landscape, bright with sunlight,
 Had grown to frozen hardness in an hour: —
 A demon, fickle, trifling, and capricious
 O'errules his spirit always! with men likewise,
 It is his pride to play the same vile game!
 Why, sir, your patience would be taxed to count

His dupes within the year! he'll take a youth,
 Bright-minded, trusting, whom perchance he meets
 In casual fashion on the public square,
 Caress, solicit, flatter him—at length
 Bear the poor fool, elate and jubilant,
 To banquet at his own well-ordered board,
 Ply him with curious questions, draw him out
 To make display of all his raciest wit,
 And when, like a squeezed orange, all his sap's
 Exhausted,—faith! Sir Dainty down the wind
 Whistles his victim with a cool assurance,
 Which is the calm sublime of impudence!
 In fine, the man's a worn-out Epicurean,
 A ceaseless hunter after new sensations,
 To whom the world's a storehouse crammed with hearts
 And minds for his amusement! as for hearts,
 He'll toss 'em up, as jugglers toss their balls,
 Proud of his sleight of hand, his impish cunning,
 His matchless turns of quick dexterity!
 And if the baubles break, he's sore amazed
 That aught should be so brittle! yet thanks God
 The earth is full of these same delicate toys;
 And so he hurls the shattered plaything by,
 To re-assume his honest, juggling tricks,
 And charm his weary leisure-time with lies:
 A silken, soft, fair-spoken, dangerous knave.

MARCUS.
 Some day he'll find his match!

ALFON.
 Ay! you may swear to that;
 Some woman versed in every social art,

Some rare, majestic creature, whose rich beauty
 Will set his amorous senses in a blaze;
 Slowly around him she will draw the net
 Of fascinations, multiform and strange;
 Enchant his fancy with her regal wit,
 His taste with every charm of female guile,
 Inflame him with voluptuous blandishments,
 By turns, sooth, flatter, madden, vow she loves
 At one delicious moment, then the next
 As warmly swear she loathes him! by a spell
 Invisible, but potent as the sun,
 She'll lead him, fawning, quivering to her feet,
 And at the last, O! consummation just!
 When on the very brink of blest fruition,
 He hovers, arms outstretched, and soul aglow,
 She'll freeze to sudden marble, wave him off
 With such calm haughtiness of queenly scorn,
 Imperious, crushing, fatal, that, by heaven,
 I should not wonder if the terrible sting
 Of disappointment and deceived desires,
 Of baffled passion, wounded self-conceit,
 And hope so swiftly murdered by despair,
 Struck to the core of being, and this man
 Falser than hell to others, perished wholly,
 By his own pestilent trickery done to death!

CHARACTER.

1. He is a man whose complex character
 Few can decipher rightly; but for me
 I have found the key at last!

B. What make you of it ?
A. As mournful and as blurred a page,
 perchance,
 As ever pained the seeker after truth:
 Listen! this man, when like a factory
 slave
 I toiled for some bald pittance in the
 city,
 Came to me (unsolicited, remember),
 With words of cheer, and honeyed cour-
 tesies;
 His tone was soft as dulcet airs of May;
 His heart the very fount of sympathy!
 "What," said he, "shall you grind your
 genius here,
 Down to the last faint edge; waste your
 rich thoughts"
 (Mark you the subtle flattery of this
 language).
 "Upon a thankless, ignorant, brutal
 fool,
 Who plays the patron with the grace of
 Bottom,
 His ass's head from out your flowering
 fancies
 Grinning in dull and idiot self-applauses:
 By every gentle muse this shall not be!"
 Straightway, with hand caressing as a
 woman's,
 He led me from hard desk and stifling
 air,
 Forth to his bowery home amid the hills,
 There fed me, sir, on kindness, day by
 day,
 Until this starved and tortured spirit
 grew
 Healthy and hale again! No wish had I,
 He did not hasten blithely to forestall!
 He called me "brother," drew from shy
 reserves
 Of knowledge, feeling, poesy, full stores
 Of all my wealth—by heart or brain
 amassed—
 Ha! by Apollo! what rare times were
 those
 We spent in 'rapt communion with the
 bards
 Each worshipped, and what jovial laugh-
 ter shook

The flying night-winds, when our graver
 books
 Were cast aside, and he an artful mimic,
 A famed *raconteur*, many a humorous
 scene
 Enacted with such racines; of wit
 Despair itself had checked its tears—to
 smile;
 In brief, by every wile a man could
 use
 To knit his fellow's heart-strings to his
 own,
 He made me love him! other friends
 were gone
 Forlornly mouldering in far churchyard
 shades
 And therefore—undivided, ardent, sure,
 Affection centred all its warmth on
 him!

And now, when wholly his, I would have
 dared
 For him all danger (you will scarce be-
 lieve it),
 But suddenly, as sometimes on calm
 seas,
 The watcher from some lonely headland
 views
 A gallant bark sink swiftly in the deep,
 Dissolving like a vision—thus his friend-
 ship,
 Its glittering flags of promise flaunting
 still
 The tranquil sunlight, sunk before mine
 eyes
 And left me gazing like a man distraught
 Across the mocking solitude!

B. What more?
A. What more? Why, truly, sir, the
 tale is done.
 'Twas a sharp close, I grant you, to a
 dream
 Which rose so fairly; yet there's comfort
 in't!

B. Comfort!
A. Ay, ay! rare comfort in the thought
 That tho' my years should reach the
 utmost verge
 Of mortal life, I shall not dream again!

But pshaw! push on the bottle, 'tis the
last
Of a full bin that constant friend of
mine,
That loyal, noble, pure Samaritan,
Gave me, with vows of everduring love,
Three months ago at Christmas! Stay,
a toast:
"Fair health, long life, immortal honor
crown
The man who's constant only to—him-
self!"

MORALS OF DESPERATION.

THE man who's wholly ruined, sir, fears
nothing;
How can he when all's lost to him al-
ready?
There is a desperate gayety which comes
To buoy one up in such a strait as this:
Under whose spell, it is a sort of witch-
craft,
Men lose all sense of wrong, or rather
take
Wrong for their right, rejoicing even in
crime,
Faith, now, I'd hardly answer for my-
self,
If in some garden solitude, like this, sir,
At the hour of midnight (hark! the deep
church tower
Is tolling twelve), haply I chanced to
meet
A pompous millionaire, a man who stag-
gers
Under his golden burden, like a ship
Reeling 'neath too much canvass; I
should ease
My laboring comrade, thus and thus, of
all
His glittering superfluities: this ring
Is a brave diamond, and will serve me
bravely;
And ha! by Phoo! what a massive chain
Meanders like a manufacture Pterodis
Across your worship's vest; my tool, no
wonder

You grow asthmatic with a weight like
that
Pressed on your gasping lungs; I'll free
you from it;
And blessed saints! but here's a fair-knit
purse,
And fairly filled, too! Shame it were in
sooth
To keep this gift of your sweet para-
mour,
Therefore, behold me! I pour out this
coin;
O Jesu! what rich music! but the purse
Duly return you! haste, your worship,
haste,
Or else these itching palms will find fresh
work
About your silken doublet, and bright
hose,
Or those trussed points you needs must
clasp with jewels;
Ay, haste, and take you comfort in the
text
Which the wise Messer Salvatore Duomo
Dins in our each sacred Sabbath
morning,
That "blessed, three times blessed, are
the poor!"

THE CONDEMNED.

As in those lands of mighty mountain
heights,
The streams, by sudden tempests over-
charged,
Sweep down the slopes, bearing swift
ruin with them,
So I and all my fortunes were engulf'd
In sudden, swift, complete destruction;
The morning found me happy, rich,
contented,
But ere the sunset that black ruin
came,
And stared me in the face,

Sir, I had reach'd
A stage of middle line, when chains of
habit

cannot be broken, save by giant
wrenches,
When to be rudely hurled from life-long
grooves
Of thought and progress, leaves the
staunchest mind

Broken, amazed, despondent. What
had I,
A scholar, recluse, dreamer, thou may'st
say,
In common with the work-day world of
men ?



"Almighty Nature, the first law of God,
Perforce I followed."

Yet, goaded on by fierce necessity,
I sought work in the crowded haunts of
cities,
Thinking to draw on knowledge as a
bank,
Exhaustless, opulent, whereby all needs,
Not born of random, loose extrava-
gance,

Would be assuredly answered. Ah!
poor fool:
Too soon experience clove the shining
mist
Of hopeful fantasy, and like a wind,
Sullen at first and slow, but raised ere
long
To tempest-madness, rent the veil away

O'er which a steel-blue melancholy
 heaven
 Glared on me, like a mocking eye in
 death:
 Then came by turn mistrust, despon-
 dence, dread,
 And last, despair, with frenzy; the brute
 instincts,
 That sleep like tigers, jungled, in the
 blood,
 With hale or pampered bodies, at the
 sting
 Of loathsome famine, woke, and raged
 and tore,
 Till Conscience, whose fair seat is in the
 soul,
 Till Reason, whose deep life is in the
 brain,
 Lay silent, murdered. A mere animal
 thing —
 Hyena, tiger, wolf — whate'er thou
 wilt —
 I seized my prey and rent it. What to
 me
 The complex figments of your juggling
 laws?
 Nature with countless clamorous tongues
 cried out,
 "Thou hungerest, diest; snatch thy food
 from fate,
 Though 'twixt thee and the life-sustain-
 ing bread
 A hundred sleek, smooth, sneering ty-
 rants stand
 Laughing to scorn thine untold agonies!"
 Almighty Nature, the first law of God,
 I perforce I followed; the false codes of
 man
 Perforce I broke. And so, for this, for
this,
 Man's law that fain would run a tilt at
 God,
 Its puny weapon shivering like a reed,
 'Gainst the great bosses of Jehovah's
 buckler,
 Appoints me death. Well, well, I fear
 not death,
 Trusting that death, perchance, is but a
 night

Shorn of all morrow, a long, dreamless
 slumber,
 O'er which the ages, hoar and solemn
 nurses,
 Chant their majestic lullabies, that hold
 Spells of oblivion; either thus, or I,
 Whose life-sun rose in shadow, sets in
 blood,
 Shall find a nobler being in some star
 Beyond the silvery Pleiads.

Friend, thy hand;
 Alone of all earth's creatures do I love
 thee:
 Thee, and the little soft-eyed, pensive
 child,
 Thy fairy daughter. Strange! but when
 I drink
 Light from the founts of her large, seri-
 ous eyes,
 I seem to near a trembling, spiritual
 joy,
 To thrill upon the utmost verge and
 brink
 Of mystic revelations. Prithee, there-
 fore,
 Bring the fair child once more; I yearn
 to carry
 The dream of her sweet, pitiful, angel's
 face,
 To cheer the realm of shadows. Will
 she come?

— ♦ —
 ANTIPATHIES.

Love is no product of the obedient will.
 It hath its root in those deep sympa-
 thies,
 Mere ties of blood are powerless to con-
 trol;
 I love thee not because around thy heart
 An Arctic nature hath built up the ice
 Of thawless winter: vain it is to strive
 Against the law of just antipathies:
 The Tropic sunlight burns not at the
 Poles,
 Nor blooms the lustrous foliage of the
 East

Among the rocky, storm-bound Hebrides;
To all my gods thou art antipodal,
Therefore, again, good sir! I love thee
not.

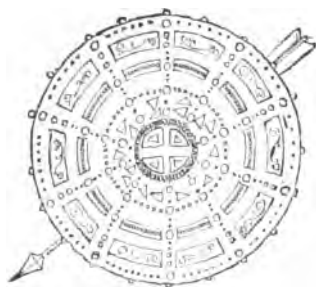


MISCONSTRUCTION.

How man misjudges man! the outward
seeming,
Gesture, or glance, or utterance that may
jar

Against some petty, pampered, poor conceit,
Unworthy, undefined, is straightway
made
To prove a vast obliquity of soul,
And shallow disputants, with ponderous
show
Of judgment that provokes the wise to
scorn,
Exhort the virtuous by the foul abuse
Which damns them to the level of their
speech.

POEMS OF THE WAR.



POEMS OF THE WAR.

1861-1865.

These poems are republished with no ill-feeling, nor with the desire to revive old issues; but only as a record and a sacred duty:—

"Fidelis ad urnam!"

MY MOTHER-LAND.

"Animis Opibusque Parati."

My Mother-land! thou wert the first to
fling

Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,
The first to front along thy neighboring
seas,

The imperious foeman's power;
But long before that hour,
While yet, in false and vain imagining,
Thy sister nations would not own their
foe,

And turned to jest thy warnings, though
the low,

Portentous mutterings, that precede the
throe

Of earthquakes, burdened all the omin-
ous air;

While yet they paused in scorn,
Of fatal madness born,
Thou, oh, my mother! like a priestess
bless'd

With wondrous vision of the things to
come,

Thou couldst not calmly rest
Secure and dumb—

But from thy borders, with the sounds of
drum

And trumpet rose the warrior-call,—
(A voice to thrill, to startle, to appall!)—

*"Prepare! the time grows ripe to meet
our doom!"*

Thy careless sisters frowned, or mocking
said:

"We see no threatening tempest over-
head,

Only a few pale clouds, the west wind's
breath

Will sweep away, or melt in watery
death."

*"Prepare! the time grows ripe to meet
our doom!"*

Alas! it was not till the thunder-boom
Of shell and cannon shocked the vernal
day,

Which shone o'er Charleston Bay,*
That startled, roused, the last scale fallen
away

From blinded eyes, our South, erect and
proud,

Fronted the issue, and, though lulled too
long,

Felt her great spirit nerved, her patriot
valor strong.

.

Death! What of death?—
Can he who once drew honorable breath
In liberty's pure sphere,
Foster a sensual fear,
When death and slavery meet him face
to face,

* Fort Sumter, March, 1861.

Saying: "Choose thou between us; here,
the grace
Which follows patriot martyrdom, and
there,
Black degradation, haunted by despair."

The very thought brings blushes to the
cheek!

I hear all 'round about me murmurs
run,

Hot murmurs, but soon merging into
one

Soul-stirring utterance — hark! the peo-
ple speak:

"Our course is righteous, and our aims
are just!

Behold, we seek

Not merely to preserve for noble wives
The virtuous pride of unpolluted lives,
To shield our daughters from the servile
hand,

And leave our sons their heirloom of
command,

In generous perpetuity of trust;

Not only to defend those ancient laws,
Which Saxon sturdiness and Norman
fire

Welded forevermore with freedom's
cause,

And handed scathless down from sire to
sire —

Nor yet our grand religion, and our
Christ,

Unsoiled by secular hates, or sordid
harms,

(Though these had sure sufficed

To urge the feeblest Sybarite to arms) —
But more than all, because embracing
all,

Ensuring all, self-government, the
boon

Our patriot statesmen strove to win and
keep,

From president Pinckney and the wise
Calhoun

To him, that gallant knight,

The youngest champion in the Senate
hall,

Who, led and guarded by a luminous
fate,

His armor, Courage, and his war-horse,
Right,

Dared through the lists of eloquence to
sweep

Against the proud Bois Guilbert of de-
bate!*

"There's not a tone from out the teem-
ing past,

Uplifted once in such a cause as ours,

Which does not smite our souls

In long reverberating thunder-rolls,

From the far mountain-steeps of ancient
story,

Above the shouting, furious Persian
mass,

Millions arrayed in pomp of Orient
powers,

Rings the wild war-cry of Leonidas

Pent in his rugged fortress of the rock;

And o'er the murmurous seas,

Compact of hero-faith and patriot bliss
(For conquest crowns the Athenian's

hope at last),

Come the clear accents of Miltiades,

Mingled with cheers that drown the
battlie-shock

Beside the wave-washed strand of Sala-
mis.

"Where'er on earth the self-devoted
heart

Hath been by worthy deeds exalted thus,
We look for proud exemplars; yet for

us

It is enough to know

Our fathers left us freemen; let us show
The will to hold our lofty heritage,

The patient strength to act our father's
part.

"Yea! though our children's blood
Rain 'round us in a crimson-swelling
flood,

* *See the Senatorial debate on "Foote's Resolution," in 1862.*

Why pause or falter? — that red tide
shall bear

The ark that holds our shrined liberty,
Nearer, and yet more near
Some height of promise o'er the ensan-
guined sea.

“ At last, the conflict done,
The fadeless meed of final victory won,
Behold! emerging from the rifted dark
Athwart a shining summit high in
heaven,

That delegated Ark!
No more to be by vengeful tempests
driven,

But poised upon the sacred mount,
whereat

The congregated nations gladly gaze,
Struck by the quiet splendor of the
rays

That circle freedom's blood-bought Ara-
rat!”

Thus spake the people's wisdom; unto
me

Its voice hath come, a passionate augury!
Methinks the very aspect of the world
Changed to the mystic music of its
hope.

For, lo! about the deepening heavenly
cope

The stormy cloudland banners all are
furled,

And softly borne above
Are brooding pinions of invisible love,
Distilling balm of rest and tender
thought

From fairy realms, by fairy witchery
wrought:

O'er the hushed ocean steal ethereal
gleams

Divine as light that haunts an angel's
dreams:

And universal nature, wheresoever
My vision strays — o'er sky, and sea, and
river —

Sleeps, like a happy child,
In slumber undefiled,

A premonition of sublimer days,

When war and warlike lays
At length shall cease,
Before a grand Apocalypse of Peace,
Vouchsafed in mercy to all human
kind —

A prelude and a prophecy combined!

— ♦ —
ODE.

[In honor of the bravery and sacrifices of the
soldiers of the South.]

With bayonets slanted in the glittering
light,

With solemn roll of drums,
With star-lit banners rustling wings of
might,

The knightly concourse comes!
The flower and fruit of all the tropic
lands,

The unsheathed brightness of their stain-
less brands

Blazing in courtly hands,
One glorious soul within those thousand
eyes,

One aim, one hope, one impulse from
the skies,

While silent, awed and dumb,
A nation waits the end in dread sur-
mise,

They come! they come!

The summer flaunts her vivid leaves
above

The unwonted scene,
The summer heavens embrace with
smiles of love

The hill-slopes green;
Far in the uppermost realms of silent
air

Peace sits enthroned and happy, but on
earth

The cymbals clash, and the shrill trum-
pets blare,

And Death, like some grim mower on
the plain,

Topped by the ripened grain,
Whets his keen scythe, and shakes it
fearfully!

Our serried lines march sternly to the
front,
Where decked as if they rose to celebrate
A joyous festal morn,
In glistening pomp and splendid blazonry,
Slow moving as in scorn
Of those weak bands that guard the pass
below,
Come gorgeous, flushed and proud, the
cohorts of the foe!

They wheel! deploy, are stationed, down
the cleft
Of the long gorge their signal thunders run!

A sullen answer echoes from our left
And the great fight's begun!
O! who shall picture the immortal
fray?

Our Southern host that day
Breasted the onset of the invading sea
With wills of adamant; but stern-
weighted strength,
Like waves by some infernal alchemy
Hardened, transformed to solid metal,
burning
At white heat as they struck, and aye
returning

Hotter and more resistless than before
(All flecked atop with foam of human
gore),
Pierced here and there our crumbling
ranks at length.

Which as a mountain shore,
Rock-ribbed and iron founded, still had
stood,
And outward hurled
In bloody sprayings, that tremendous
flood
Which, with wild charge and furious
brunt on brunt.
Had dashed against us like a fiery world!

Unceasing still poured on the fateful
tide,
And plumed victory ever seemed to ride
On the red billows of the northland war!
Our glory and pride

Had fallen,—fallen in the terrible
van,—

Like wine the life-streams ran;
“Back! back!” cried one (it was the
voice of Bee,
Lifted in wrath and bitter agony),
“We're driven backward!” unto whom
there came

An answer, like the rush of steady flame,
"Twixt ribs of iron, "We will give them
yet

The bayonet!
The sharp edge of the Southern bayonet!"

At which the other's face flushed up,
and caught

Light like a warrior-angel's, and he
sprang

To the front rank, while swift as passionate thought

Leaped forth his sword, and this high
summons rang:

“See! see! where fixed and grand,
Like a stone wall the braves of Jackson
stand!

Forward!” and on he rushed with
quivering breath,
On to his Spartan death!

Unceasing still poured down the fateful
tide,

And plumed victory ever seemed to ride
O'er the red billows of the northland
war!

When faint and far,
Far on our left there rose a sound that
thrilled

All souls, and even the battle's thunderous
pulse

(Or so we deemed) for briefest space
was stilled;

A sound, low hissing as a meteor-star,
But gathering depth of volume, till it
burst

In one great flamelike cheer,
That seemed to rend and lift the cloud
accurst.

The poisonous-clinging cloud
That wrapped us in its shroud,

While wounded men leaped on their feet
to hear,
And dying men upraised their eyes to
see
How on the conflict's lowering canopy,
Dawned the first rainbow hues of victory!

Have you watched the condor leap
From his proud Andean rock,
And with hurtling pinions sweep
On the valley-pasturing flock?
Have you watched an eygre vast
On the rude September blast
Roll adown with curvèd crest
O'er the low sands of the West?
O! thus and thus they came
(Four thousand men and more),
Hearts, faces, — all aflame,
And the grandeur of their wrath
Whirled the tyrant from their path
As the frightened rack is driven
By the unleashed winds in heaven;
Then, maddened, tossed about
In a reckless, hopeless rout,
The Northern army fled
O'er their dying and their dead,
And the Southern steel flashed out,
And their vengeful points were red
With the hot heart's tide that flowed
Where they sabred as they rode!
And the news sped on apace
(Where the Rulers, in their place,
Sat jubilant, one and all),
Till a shadow seemed to fall
Round their joyance like a pall,
And the inmost senate-hall
Pealed an echo of disgrace!
At the set of July's sun
They stood quivering and undone,
For the eagle standards waned and the
Southern "stars" had won!

Thus loomed serene and large
Upon that desperate contest's lurid
marge
Our orb of destiny; millions of hearts
Throb with bold exultation,
Till there starts

From mountain fastness, and from wav-
ing plain,
From wooded swamp and mist-encircled
main,
From hamlet, city, field,
And the rich midland weald,
The spirit of the antique hero time!
O! 'twas a sight sublime
To watch the upheaval of the popular
soul,
The stormy gathering, — the majestic roll
Upward of its wild forces, by the awe
Of Right and Justice steadied into law!
Faith lent our cause its heavenly consec-
ration!
Hope its omnipotent might!
And Fame stood ready, with her flowers
of light,
To crown alike the living and the dead,
While in the broadening firmament o'er-
head
We seemed to read the fiat of our fate,
"Ye are baptized, — a Nation!
Amongst the freest, free, — amongst the
mightiest, great!"
An ominous hush! and then the scat-
tered clouds
In the dark northern heaven
(Clouds of a deadlier strife),
Urged by the poison wind
Of rage and rapine, sullenly com-
bined,
Charged with the bolts of ruin! what
were shrouds,
Crimsoned with gore? the widowed
spirit riven?
The desecration of God's gift of life,
To that one thought (three fiery strands
uniting,
Hot from a Hadéan loom),
"Conquest!" "Revenge!" Suprema-
cy?" The blighting
Of untold promises, the grief, the gloom,
The desolate madness and the anguish
blind,
All spreading on and on
From murdered sire to subjugated son,
Were less than nothing to the arrogant
pride

Which treaties, compacts, honor, laws
defied,
And aimed above the wrecks of temple
and tower
To rear the symbols of its merciless
power!

Four deadly years we fought,
Ringed by a girdle of unfaltering fire,
That coiled and hissed in lessening cir-
cles nigher.

Blood dyed the Southern wave;
From ocean border to calm inland river,
There was no pause, no peace, no respite
ever.

Blood of our bravest brave
Drenched in a scarlet rain the western
lea,
Swelled the hoarse waters of the Tennes-
see,
Incarnadined the gulfs, the lakes, the
rills,
And from a hundred hills
Steamed in a mist of slaughter to the
skies,
Shutting all hope of heaven from mortal
eyes.

The Beaufort blooms were withered on
the stem;

The fair gulf city in a single night
Lost her imperial diadem:
And wheresoe'er men's troubled vision
sought,
They viewed MIGHT towering o'er the
humbled crest of RIGHT!

But for a time, but for a time, O
God!
The innate forces of our knightly blood
Rallied, and by the mount, the fen, the
flood,

Upraised the tottering standards of
our race.

O grand Virginia! though thy glittering
glaive
Lies sullied, shattered in a ruthless
grave,

How it flashed once! They dug their
trenches deep

(The implacable foe), they ranged their
lines of wrath;
But watchful ever on the imminent
path

Thy steel-clad genius stood;
North, South, East, West, — they strove
to pierce thy shield;
Thou would'st not yield!

Until, — unconquered, yea, unconquered
still,

Nature's weakened forces answered not
thy will,

And gored with wound on wound,
Thy fainting limbs and forehead sought
the ground;

And with thee the young nation fell, a
pall

Solemn and rayless, covering one and
all!

God's ways are marvellous; here we
stand to-day

Discrowned, and shorn, in wildest dis-
array,

The mock of earth! yet never shone the
sun

On sterner deeds, or nobler victories
won.

Not in the field alone; ah, come with
me

To the dim bivouac by the winter's sea;
Mark the fair sons of courtly mothers
crouch

O'er flickering fires; but gallant still, and
gay

As on some bright parade; or mark the
couch

In reeking hospitals, whereon is laid
The latest scion of a line perchance.

Whose veins were royal; close your
blurred romance,

Blurred by the dropping of a maudlin
tear,

And watch the manhood here;
That firm but delicate countenance,
Distorted sometimes by an awful pang,
Born in meek patience; when the trum-
pets rang

“To horse!” but yester-morn, that ar-
dent boy

Sprung to his charger, thrilled with hope
and joy

To the very finger-tips, and now he lies,
The shadows deepening in those falcon
eyes.

But calm and undismayed,
As if the death that chills him, brow and
breast.

Were some fond bride who whispered,
"Let us rest!"

Enough! 'tis over! the last gleam of hope
Hath melted from our mournful horo-
scope,

Of all, of all bereft,

Only to us are left

Our buried heroes and their matchless
deeds;

These cannot pass; they hold the vital
seeds

Which in some far, untracked, un-
visioned hour

May burst to vivid bud and glorious
flower.

Meanwhile, upon the nation's broken
heart

Her martyrs sleep. O! dearer far to her,
Than if each son, a wreathèd conqueror,

Rode in triumphant state

The loftiest crest of fate;

O! dearer far, because outcast and low,
She yearns above them in her awful woe.

One spring its tender blooms

Hath lavished richly by those hallowed
tombs;

One summer its imperial largess spread

Along our heroes' bed;

One autumn wailing with funereal blast,
The withered leaves and pallid dust

amassed

All round about them, till bleak winter
now

Hangs hoar-frost on the grasses, and the
bough

In dreary woodlands seems to thrill and
start,

Thrill to the anguish of the wind that
raves

Across those lonely desolated graves!

CHARLESTON.

CALMLY beside her tropic strand,

An empress, brave and loyal,

I see the watchful city stand,

With aspect sternly royal:

She knows her mortal foe draws near,

Armored by subtle science,

Yet deep, majestic, and clear,

Rings out her grand defiance.

Oh, glorious is thy noble face,

Lit up by proud emotion,

And unsurpassed thy stately grace,

Our warrior Queen of Ocean!

First from thy lips the summons came,

Which roused our South to action.

And, with the quenchless force of
flame,

Consumed the demon, Faction;

First, like a rush of sovereign wind,

That rends dull waves asunder,

Thy prescient warning struck the blind,

And woke the deaf with thunder;

They saw, with swiftly kindling eyes,

The shameful doom before them,

And heard, borne wild from Northern
skies,

The death-gale hurtling o'er them:

Wilt thou, whose virgin banner rose,

A morning star of splendor,

Quail when the war-tornado blows,

And crouch in base surrender?

Wilt thou, upon whose loving breast

Our noblest chiefs are sleeping,

Yield thy dead patriots' place of rest

To scornful alien keeping?

No! while a life-pulse throbs for fame,

Thy sons will gather round thee,

Welcome the shot, the steel, the flame,

If honor's hand hath crowned thee.

Then fold about thy beauteous form

The imperial robe thou wearest,

And front with regal port the storm

Thy foe would dream thou fearest;

If strength, and will, and courage fail

To cope with ruthless numbers,

And thou must bend, despairing, pale,
 Where thy last hero slumbers,
 Lift the red torch, and light the fire
 Amid those corpses gory,
 And on thy self-made funeral pyre,
 Pass from the world to glory.

—♦—
STUART.

A CUP of your potent "mountain dew,"
 By the camp-fire's ruddy light;
 Let us drink to a spirit as leal and true
 As ever drew blade in fight,
 And dashed on the foeman's lines of
 steel,
 For God and his people's right.

By heaven! it seems that his very name
 Embodies a thought of fire;
 It strikes on the ear with a sense of flame,
 And the life-blood boundeth higher,
 While the pulses leap and the brain ex-
 pands,
 In the glow of a grand desire.

Hark! in the day-dawn's misty gray,
 Our bugles are ringing loud,
 And hot for the joy of a coming fray,
 Our souls wax fierce and proud,
 As we list for the word that shall launch
 us forth,
 Like bolts from the mountain-cloud.

We list for the word, and it comes at
 length,
 In a strain so mighty and clear,
 That we rise to the sound with an added
 strength,
 And our hearts are glad to hear,
 And a stir, like the breath of the boding
 storm
 Thrills through us, from van to rear.

Then, with the rush of the whirlwind
 freed,
 We rush, by a secret way,
 And merry on sabre, and helmet, and
 steel,

Do the autumn sunbeams play,
 And the devil must sharpen his keenest
 wits,
 To rescue "his own" to-day.

Ho, ye who dwell in the fertile vales
 Of the pleasant land of Penn,
 Who feast on the fat of her fruitful
 dales,

How little ye dream or ken
 That the southern Murat has bared his
 brand,
 That the Stuart rides again.

"Close up, close up! we have travelled
 long,
 But a jovial night's in store.
 A night of wassail, and wit, and song,
 In yon cosy town before.
 Quick, sergeant! spur to the front in
 haste,
 And knock at the mayor's door."

Behold, he comes with a ghost-like
 grace,
 And his knee-joints out of tune;
 And the cold, cold sweat runs down his
 face,
 'T' the light of the autumn moon,
 While his husky voice, like an ancient
 croon's,
 Dies in a hollow croon.

He cannot speak: but his buxom dame,
 With her trembling daughters nigh,
 Shrieks out, "Oh, honor their virgin
 fame,
 Pass the poor maidens by."
 (Whereon, with a grievous heave and
 sob,
 She paused in her speech — to cry.)

"Rise up! we leave to the churlish brood
 Our vengeance hath sought ere now,
 The fame which springs from the ruth-
 less mood
 That crimson a woman's brow;
 For sons are we of a kindly race,
 And bound by a knightly vow.

"Rise up! we war with the strong alone;
For where was the caitiff found,
To sport with an outraged woman's
moan,

Where the southern trumpets sound?

"Enough! while I speak of the past, my
lad,

There's coming — (hush! lean thee
near!) —

There's coming a raid that shall drive
them mad,

And cover their land with fear;
And you and I, by the blessing of
God,

Ay, you and I shall be there."



"They arose with the sun, and caught life
from his light."

BEYOND THE POTOMAC.

THEY slept on the field which their valor
had won,
But arose with the first early blush of
the sun,
For they knew that a great deed re-
mained to be done,
When they passed o'er the river.

They arose with the sun, and caught life
from his light,
Those giants of courage, those Anaks in
fight,
And they laughed out aloud in the joy
of their might,
Marching swift for the river.

On, on! like the rushing of storms
 through the hills;
 On, on! with a tramp that is firm as
 their wills;
 And the one heart of thousands grows
 buoyant, and thrills,
 At the thought of the river.

Oh, the sheen of their swords! the fierce
 gleam of their eyes!
 It seemed as on earth a new sunlight
 would rise,
 And, king-like, flash up to the sun in
 the skies,
 O'er their path to the river.

But their banners, shot-scarred, and all
 darkened with gore,
 On a strong wind of morning streamed
 wildly before,
 Like wings of death-angels swept fast to
 the shore,
 The green shore of the river.

As they march, from the hillside, the
 hamlet, the stream,
 Gaunt throngs whom the foemen had
 manacled, teem,
 Like men just aroused from some ter-
 rible dream,
 To cross sternly the river.

They behold the broad banners, blood-
 darkened, yet fair,
 And a moment dissolves the last spell
 of despair,
 While a peal, as of victory, swells on the
 air,
 Rolling out to the river.

And that cry, with a thousand strange
 echoings, spread,
 Till the ashes of heroes were thrilled in
 their bed,
 And the deep voice of passion surged up
 from the dead,
 "Ay, press on to the river!"

On, on! like the rushing of storms
 through the hills,
 On, on! with a tramp that is firm as
 their wills;
 And the one heart of thousands grows
 buoyant and thrills,
 As they pause by the river.

Then the wan face of Maryland, hag-
 gard and worn,
 At this sight lost the touch of its aspect
 forlorn,
 And she turned on the foemen, full-
 statured in scorn,
 Pointing stern to the river.

And Potomac flowed calmly, scarce
 heaving her breast,
 With her low-lying billows all bright in
 the west,
 For a charm as from God lulled the
 waters to rest
 Of the fair rolling river.

Passed! passed! the glad thousands
 march safe through the tide;
 Hark, foeman, and hear the deep knell
 of your pride,
 Ringing weird-like and wild, pealing up
 from the side
 Of the calm-flowing river.

'Neath a blow swift and mighty the ty-
 rant may fall;
 Vain, vain! to his gods swells a desolate
 call;
 Hath his grave not been hollowed, and
 woven his pall.
 Since they passed o'er the river?

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.

YEA! since the need is bitter,
 Take down those sacred bells,
 Whose music speaks of hallowed joys,
 And passionate farewells!

But ere ye fall dismantled,

Ring out, deep bells! once more:
And pour on the waves of the passing
wind

The symphonies of yore.

Let the latest born be welcomed

By pealings glad and long,
Let the latest dead in the churchyard
bed
Be laid with solemn song.

And the bells above them throbbing,
Should sound in mournful tone,
As if, in grief for a human death,
They prophesied their own.

Who says 'tis a desecration
To strip the temple towers,
And invest the metal of peaceful notes
With death-compelling powers?

A truce to cant and folly!
Our people's ALL at stake,
Shall we heed the cry of the shallow
fool,
Or pause for the bigot's sake?

Then crush the struggling sorrow!
Feed high your furnace fires,
And mould into deep-mouthed guns of
bronze,
The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks no common vengeance,
No transient war eclipse,
Will follow the awful thunder-burst
From their adamant lips.

A cause like ours is holy,
And it useth holy things;
While over the storm of a righteous
strife,
May shine the angel's wings.

Where'er our duty leads us,
The grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of war may hold
The Eucharist of prayer.

THE SUBSTITUTE.

[THE crime of McNeill, perpetrated in one of our Western States, has now met with the reprobation of Christendom. But at the time the following verses — cast, as the reader will perceive, in a partly dramatic mould — were composed, *ten* Confederates had been hastily executed by order of a Federal commander, on a charge afterwards proven to be false; and *one* of the unfortunate victims (a mere youth) voluntarily sacrificed his life to rescue his friend, a man advanced in years and with a large family.

In the poem this latter individual is represented as unaware of the youth's resolve until it has been executed.

Between the first and second parts of the piece, about *twenty-four hours* are supposed to have elapsed.]

PART I.

[PLACE — *A Federal Prison — A Confederate chained, and a Visitor, his Friend.*]

“How say'st thou? die to-morrow?
Oh! my friend!

The bitter, bitter doom!
What hast thou done to tempt this
ghastly end —
This death of shame and gloom?”

“What done? Do tyrants wait for
guilty deeds,
To find or prove a crime —
They, who have cherished hatred's fiery
seeds:
Hot for the harvest-time?

“A sneer! a smile! vague trifles light as
air —
Some foolish, false surmise —
Lead to the harrowing drama of despair
Wherein — the victim dies!

“And I shall perish! Comrade, heed
me not!
For thus my tears must start —
Not for the misery of my blasted lot,
But hers who holds my heart!

“And theirs, the flowers that wreath
my humble hearth
With roseate blush and bloom.

To-morrow eve, they stand alone on
earth,
Beside their father's tomb!

"There's Blanche, my serious beauty,
lithè and tall,
With pensive eyes and brow —
There's Kate, the tenderest darling of
them all,
Whose kisses thrill me now!

"There's little Rose, the sunshine of our
days —
A tricky, gladsome sprite —
How vividly come back her winsome
ways,
Her laughers, and delight!

"And my brave boy — my Arthur! Did
his arm
Second his will and brain,
I should not groan beneath this iron
charm,
Clasping my chains in vain!

"Oh, Christ! and hath it come to this?
Will none
Ward off the ghastly end?
And yet methinks I heard the voice of
one
Who called the old man — Friend!

"May all the curses caught from deepest
hell
Light on the blood-stained knave
Who laughs to hear the patriot's funeral
knell,
Blaspheming o'er his grave!

"Away! Such dreams are madness!
My pale lips
Had best besiege Heaven's ear,
But in the turmoil of my mind's eclipse,
No thought, no wish is clear.

"Dear friend, forgive me! Sorrow,
frenzy, ire —
My bosom's raging guests —
By turn have whelmed me in their floods
of fire,
Fierce passions, swift unrests.

"And now, farewell! The sentry's
warning hand,
Taps at my prison bars.
We part, but not forever! There's a
land,
Comrade, beyond the stars!"

"Yea!" said the youth, and o'er his
kindling face
A saint-like glory came,
As if some prescient Angel, breathing
grace,
Had touched it into flame.

PART II.

[PLACE — *The same Prison.* PERSONS — *Confederate Prisoner, together with McNeil and the Jailer.*]

The hours sink slow to sunset! Suddenly
Rose a deep, gathering hum;
And o'er the measured stride of soldiery
Rolled out the muffled drum!

The prisoner started! crushed a stifling
sigh,
Then rose erect and proud!
Scorn's lightning quivering in his stormy
eye,
'Neath the brow's thunder-cloud!

And girding round his limbs and stal-
wart breast
Each iron chain and ring,
He stood sublime, imperial, self-pos-
sessed —
And haughty as a king!

The "dead march" wails without the
prison gate
Up the calm evening sky;
And ruffian jestings, born of ruffian hate,
Make loud, unmeet reply!

The hired bravoës, whose pitiless features
pale
In front of armed men,
But whose *magnanimous* courage will
not quail
Where none can strike again!

"The flowers that wreath my humble hearth
With roseate blush and bloom."





The "dead march" wails without the
prison wall,

Up the calm evening sky:
And timed to the dread dirge's rise and
fall,
Move the fierce murderers by!

They passed; and wondering at his doom
deferred,

The captive's lofty fire
Sank in his heart, by torturing memories
stirred

Of husband, and of sire!

But hark! the clash of bolt and opening
door!

The tramp of hostile heel!
When lo! upon the darkening prison
floor,
Glared the false hound — McNeil.

And next him, like a bandog scenting
blood,

Roused from his drunken ease,*
The grimy, low-browed jailer glowering
stood,
Clanking his iron keys.

"Quick! jailer! strike yon rebel's fetters
off,

And let the old fool see
What ransom [with a low and bitter
scoff],

What ransom sets him free."

As the night traveller in a land of foes
The warning instinct feels,

That through the treacherous dimness
and repose

A shrouded horror steals.

So, at these veiled words, the captive's
soul

Shook with a solemn dread,
And ghostly voices, prophesying dole,
Moaned faintly overhead.

His limbs are freed! his swarthy, scowl-
ing guide

Leads through the silent town,

Where from dim casements, black with
wrathful pride,
Stern eyes gleam darkly down.

They halted where the woodland
showered around

Dank leaflets on the sod,
And all the air seemed vocal with the
sound

Of wild appeals to God.

Heaped, as if common carrion, in the
gloom,

Nine mangled corpses lay —
All speechless now — but with what
tongues of doom
Reserved for judgment day.

And near them, but apart, one youthful
form

Pressed a fair upland slope,
O'er whose white brow a sunbeam flicker-
ing warm,
Played like a heavenly hope.

There, with the same grand look which
yester-night

That face at parting wore,
The self-made martyr in the sunset light
Slept on his couch of gore.

The sunset waned; the wakening forest
waved,

Struck by the north wind's moan,
While he, whose life this matchless death
has saved
Knelt by the corse — alone.



BATTLE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR,

APRIL 7, 1863.

Two hours, or more, beyond the prime
of a blithe April day,

The Northmen's mailed "Invincibles"
steamed up fair Charleston Bay;
They came in sullen file, and slow, low-
breasted on the wave,

Black as a midnight front of storm, and
silent as the grave.

A thousand warrior-hearts beat high as
 these dread monsters drew
 More closely to the game of death across
 the breezeless blue,
 And twice ten thousand hearts of those
 who watch the scene afar,
 Thrill in the awful hush that bides the
 battle's broadening star.

Each gunner, moveless by his gun, with
 rigid aspect stands,
 The reedy linstocks firmly grasped in
 bold, untrembling hands,
 So moveless in their marble calm, their
 stern, heroic guise,
 They look like forms of statued stone
 with burning human eyes!

Our banners on the outmost walls, with
 stately rustling fold,
 Flash back from arch and parapet the
 sunlight's ruddy gold —
 They mount to the deep roll of drums,
 and widely echoing cheers,
 And then, once more, dark, breathless,
 hushed, wait the grim cannon-
 eers.

Onward, in sullen file, and slow, low-
 glooming on the wave,
 Near, nearer still, the haughty fleet glides
 silent as the grave,
 When shivering the portentous calm o'er
 startled flood and shore,
 Broke from the sacred Island Fort the
 thunder wrath of yore!*

The storm has burst! and while we speak,
 more furious, wilder, higher,
 Dart from the circling batteries a hundred
 tongues of fire;
 The waves gleam red, the lurid vault of
 heaven seems rent above —
 Fight on, oh, knightly gentlemen! for
 faith, and home, and love!

* Fort Moultrie.

There's not, in all that line of flame, one
 soul that would not rise,
 To seize the victor's wreath of blood,
 though death must give the
 prize;
 There's not, in all this anxious crowd
 that throngs the ancient town,
 A maid who does not yearn for power to
 strike one foeman down!

The conflict deepens! ship by ship the
 proud Armada sweeps,
 Where fierce from Sumter's raging breast
 the volleyed lightning leaps,
 And ship by ship, raked, overborne, 'ere
 burned the sunset light,
 Crawls in the gloom of baffled hate be-
 yond the field of fight!

CHARLESTON AT THE CLOSE OF 1863.

WHAT! still does the mother of treason
 uprear
 Her crest 'gainst the furies that darken
 her sea,
 Unquelled by mistrust, and unblanched
 by a fear,
 Unbowed her proud head, and un-
 bending her kneec,
 Calm, steadfast and free!

Ay! launch your red lightnings! blas-
 pheme in your wrath!
 Shock earth, wave, and heaven with
 the blasts of your ire;
 But she seizes your death-bolts yet hot
 from their path,
 And hurls back your lightnings and
 mocks at the fire
 Of your fruitless desire!

Ringed round by her brave, a fierce cir-
 clet of flame
 Flashes up from the sword-points that
 cover her breast;
 She is guarded by love, and enhaloed by
 fame,

And never, we swear, shall your foot-
steps be pressed,
Where her dead heroes rest.

Her voice shook the tyrant, sublime from
her tongue
Fell the accents of warning! a prophet-
ess grand —
On her soil the first life notes of liberty
rung,
And the first stalwart blow of her
gauntleted hand
Broke the sleep of her land.

What more? she hath grasped in her
iron-bound will
The fate that would trample her honors
to earth;
The light in those deep eyes is luminous
still
With the warmth of her valor, the
glow of her worth,
Which illumine the earth.

And beside her a knight the great Bayard
had loved,
“Without fear or reproach,” lifts her
banner on high;
He stands in the vanguard majestic, un-
moved,
And a thousand firm souls when that
chieftain is nigh,
Vow “’tis easy to die!”

Their words have gone forth on the fet-
terless air,
The world’s breath is hushed at the
conflict! Before
Gleams the bright form of Freedom, with
wreaths in her hair —
And what though the chaplet be crim-
soned with gore —
We shall prize her the more!

And while Freedom lures on with her
passionate eyes
To the height of her promise, the
voices of vore

From the storied profound of past ages
arise,
And the pomps of their magical music
outpour
O’er the war-beaten shore!

Then gird your brave empress, O heroes!
with flame
Flashed up from the sword-points that
cover her breast!
She is guarded by Love and enhaloed by
Fame,
And never, stern foe! shall your foot-
steps be pressed
Where her dead martyrs rest!



SCENE IN A COUNTRY HOSPITAL.

HERE, lonely, wounded and apart,
From out my casement’s glimmering
round,
I watch the wayward bluebirds dart
Across yon flowery ground;
How sweet the prospect! and how fair
The balmy peace of earth and air.

But, lowering over fields afar,
A red cloud breaks with sulphurous
breath,
And well I know what gory star,
Is regnant in his house of death:
Yet faint the conflict’s gathering roll,
To the fierce tempest in my soul.

I, who the foremost ranks had led,
To strike for cherished home and land.
Groan idly on this torturing bed,
With broken frame and palsied hand,
So nerveless, ’tis a task to scare,
The insects fluttering round my hair.

O God! for one brief hour again,
Of that grim joy my spirit knew,
When foemen’s life-blood poured like
rain,
And sabres flashed and trumpets blew.
One hour to smite, or smitten die
On the wild breast of victory!

It may not be; my pulses beat
 Too feebly, and my heart is chill.
 Death, like a thief with stealthy feet
 Draws nigh to work his ruthless will;
 Hope, Honor, Glory, pass me by,
 But *he* stands near with mocking eye!

Ay, smooth the couch!—pour out the
 draught.

That, haply, for a season's space,
 Hath power to charm his fatal shaft,
 And warn the death-damps off my face,
 A blest reprieve!—a wondrous boon,
 Thank Heaven! this—all—ends with
 me soon.

—◆—
VICKSBURG.—A BALLAD.

For sixty days and upwards,
 A storm of shell and shot
 Rained round us in a flaming shower,
 But still we faltered not.
 "If the noble city perish."
 Our grand young leader said.
 "Let the only walls the foe shall scale
 "Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
 The eye of heaven waxed dim;
 And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
 O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
 Arose a hissing tumult,
 As if the fiends in air
 Strove to engulf the voice of faith
 In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
 There was trembling on the marts,
 While the tempest raged and thundered,
 'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;
 But the Lord, our shield, was with us,
 And ere a month had sped,
 Our very women walked the streets
 With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gambolled,
 Their faces purely raised,
 Just for a wondering moment,
 As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,

Then turned with silvery laughter
 To the sports which children love,
 Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive
 thought
 That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
 From scores of flame-clad ships,
 And about us, denser, darker,
 Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
 Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
 Like a type of doom and ire,
 Whence shot a thousand quivering
 tongues
 Of forked and vengeful fire.

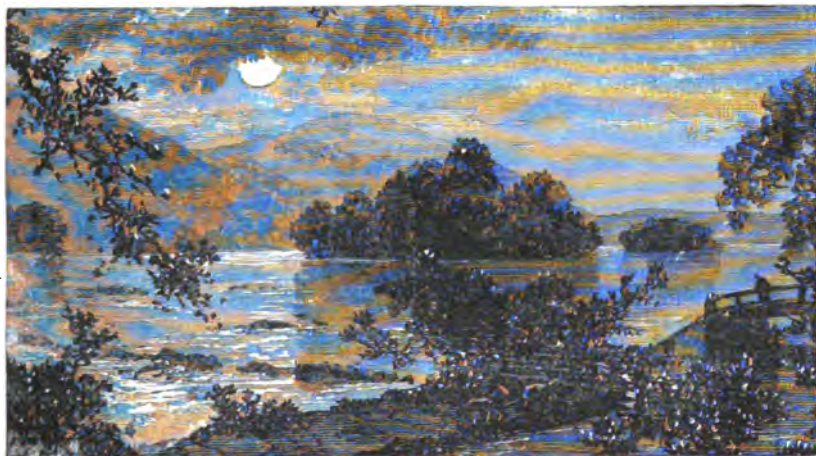
But the unseen hands of angels
 Those death-shafts warned aside,
 And the dove of heavenly mercy
 Ruled o'er the battle tide;
 In the houses ceased the wailing,
 And through the war-scarred marts
 The people strode, with step of hope,
 To the music in their hearts.

—◆—
THE LITTLE WHITE GLOVE.

THE early springtime faintly flushed the
 earth,
 And in the woods, and by their favorite
 stream
 The fair, wild roses blossomed modestly,
 Above the wave that wooed them: there
 at eve,
 Philip had brought the woman that he
 loved,
 And told his love, and bared his burning
 heart.
 She, Constance, — the shy sunbeams
 trembling oft.
 Through dewy leaves upon her golden
 hair, —
 Made him no answer, tapped her pretty
 foot,
 And seemed to muse: "To-morrow I
 depart,"
 Said Philip, sadly, "for wild fields of
 war;

Shall I go girt with love's invisible
mail,
Stronger than mortal armor, or, all
stripped
Of love and hope, march reckless unto
death?"

A soft mist filled her eyes, and over-
flowed
In sudden rain of passion, as she
stretched
Her delicate hand to his, and plighted
troth,



"And by their favorite stream,
The fair, wild roses blossomed modestly
Above the wave that wooed them,"

With lips more rosy than the sun-bathed
flowers;
And Philip pressed the dear hand fer-
vently,
Wherefrom in happy mood, he gently
drew
A small white glove, and ere she guessed
his will,
Clipped lightly from her head one golden
curl,
And bound the glove, and placed it next
his heart.

"Now I am safe," cried Philip; "this
pure charm
Is proof against all hazard or mischance.
Here, yea, unto this self-same spot I vow
To bring it stainless back; and you shall
wear

This little glove upon our marriage
eve."
And Constance heard him, smiling
through her tears.
Another springtime faintly flushed the
earth,
And in the woods, and by their favorite
stream,
The fair, wild roses blossomed modestly
Above the wave that wooed them: there
at eve
Came a pale woman with wild, wander-
ing eyes,
And tangled, golden ringlets, and weak
steps
Tottering towards the streamlet's rip-
pling marge,
She seemed phantasmal, shadowy, like
the forms

By moonlight conjured up from a place
 of graves;
 There, crouching o'er the stream, she
 laved and laved
 Some object in it, with a strained regard.
 And muttered fragments of distempered
 words,
 Whereof were these: "He vowed to
 bring it back,
 The love-charm that I gave him — my
 white glove —
 Stainless and whole. He has not kept
 his oath!
 Oh, Philip, Philip! have you cast me off,
 Off, like this worthless thing you send
 me home,
 Tattered and mildewed? Look you!
 what a rent,
 Right through the palm! It cannot be
 my glove;
 And look again; what horrid stain is
 here?
 My glove; you placed it next your heart,
 and swore
 To keep it safe, and on this self-same
 spot,
 Return it to me on our marriage eve;
 And now — and now — I *know* 'tis not
 my glove, —
 Yet Philip, sweet! it was a cruel jest,
 You surely did not mean to fright me
 thus?
 For hark you! as I laved the loathsome
 thing,
 To see what stain defiled it — (do not
 smile,
 I feel that I am foolish, foolish, Phil-
 ip) —
 But, God of Heaven! I dreamed that
 stain was *blood*!"

◆

STONEWALL JACKSON.

THE fashions and the forms of men
 decay,
 The seasons perish, the calm sunsets die,
 Ne'er with the *same* bright pomp of
 cloud or ray

To flush the golden pathways of the sky;
 All things are lost in dread eternity, —
 States, empires, creeds, the lay
 Of master poets, even the shapes of
 love,
 Bear ever with them an invisible shade,
 Whose name is Death; we cannot breathe
 nor move,
 But that we touch the darkness, till dis-
 mayed,
 We feel the imperious shadow freeze our
 hearts,
 And mortal hope grows pale and flutter-
 ing life departs.
 All things are lost in dread eternity,
 Save that majestic virtue which is given
 Once, twice, perchance beneath our
 earthly heaven,
 To some great soul in ages: O! the lie,
 The base, incarnate lie we call the world,
 Shakes at his coming, as the forest
 shakes,
 When mountain storms, with bannered
 clouds unfurled,
 Rush down and rend it; sleek conven-
 tion drops
 Its glittering mass, and hoary, cob-
 webbed rules
 Of petty charlatans or insolent fools
 Shrink to annihilation, — Truth awakes,
 A morning splendor in her fearless
 eyes,
 Touching the delicate stops
 Of some rare lute which breathes of
 promise fair,
 Or pouring on the covenanted air
 A trumpet blast which startles, but
 makes strong,
 While ancient Wrong,
 Driven like a beast from his deep-cav-
 erned lair,
 Grows gaunt, and inly quakes,
 Knowing that retribution draws so near!

Whether with blade or pen
 Toil these immortal men,
 Theirs is the light supreme, which *genius*
 wed
 To a clear spiritual dower.

Hath ever o'er the aroused nations shed
 Joy, faith, and power;
 Whether from wrestling with the god-
 like thought,
 They launch a noiseless blessing on
 mankind,
 Or through wild streams of terrible car-
 nage brought,
 No longer crushed and blind,
 Trampled, dishevelled, gored,
 They proudly lift, where kindling soul
 and eye
 May feast upon her beauty as she stands
 (Girt by the strength of her invincible
 bands),
 And freed through keen redemption of
 the sword,
 Thy worn, but radiant form, victorious
 Liberty!

We bow before this grandeur of the
 spirit;

We worship, and adore
 God's image burning through it ever-
 more;

And thus, in awed humility to-night,*
 As those who at some vast cathedral
 door

Pause with hushed faces, purified de-
 sires,

We contemplate his merit,
 Who lifted failure to the heights of fame,
 And by the side of fainting, dying right,
 Stood, as Sir Galahad pure, Sir Lance-
 lot brave,

The quick, indignant fires
 Flushing his pale brow from the passion-
 ate mind

No strength could quell, no sophistry
 could bind,

Until that moment, big with mystic doom
 (Whose issue sent

O'er the long wastes of half a conti-
 nent

Electric shudders through the deepening
 gloom),

When in his knightly glory "Stonewall"
 fell,
 And all our hearts sank with him; for we
 knew
 Our staff, our bulwark broken, the fine
 clew
 To freedom snapped, his hands had
 held alone,
 Through all the storms of battle over-
 blown, —
 Lost, buried, mouldering in our hero's
 grave.

O soul! so simple, yet sublime!
 With faith as large, and mild
 As that of some benignant, trustful
 child,
 Who mounts to heaven on bright, eth-
 eral stairs

Of tender-worded prayers, —
 Yet strong as if a Titan's force were
 there

To rise, to act, to suffer, and to dare, —
 O soul! that on our time

Wrought, in the calm magnificence of
 power

To ends so noble, that an antique light
 Of grace and virtue streamed along thy
 way,

Until the direst hour
 Of carnage caught from that immaculate
 ray

A consecration, and a sanctity!
 Thou art not dead, thou nevermore canst
 die,

But wide and far,
 Where'er on Christian realms the morn-
 ing star

Flames round the spires that tower
 towards the sky, —

Thy name, a household word,
 In cottage homes, by palace walls, is
 heard,
 Breathed with low murmurs, reveren-
 tially!

Even as I raise this faltering song to
 one,
 Who now beyond the empires of the sun,

* This Ode was originally written to be deliv-
 ered before a Southern patriotic association.

Looks down perchance upon our mourn-
ful sphere,
With the deep pity of seraphic eyes,
Fancy unveils the future, and I see
Millions on millions, as year follows year,
Gather around our warrior's place of rest
In the green shadows of Virginian hills;
Not with the glow of martial blazonry,
With trump and muffled drum,
Those pilgrim millions come,
But with bowed heads, and measured
footsteps slow,
As those who near the presence of a
shrine,
And feel an air divine,
All round about them blandly, sweetly
brow,
While like dream-music the faint fall of
rills,
Lapsing from steep to steep,
The wood-dove 'plaining in her covert
deep,
And the long whisperings of the ghostly
pine
(Like ocean-breathings borne from tides
of sleep),
With every varied melody expressed
In Nature's score of solemn harmonies,
Blends with a feeling in the reverent
breast
Which cannot find a voice in mortal
speech,
So deep, so deep it lies beyond the reach
Of stammering words,—the pilgrims
only know
That slumbering, O! so calmly there,
below
The dewy grass, the melancholy trees,
Moulders the dust of him,
By whose crystalline fame, earth's scar-
let pomps grow dim,
The crowned heir
Of two majestic immortalities,
That which is earthly, and yet scarce of
earth,
Whose fruitful seeds
Were his own grand, self-sacrificing
deeds,
And that whose awful birth

Flowered into instant perfectness sub-
lime,
When done with toil and time,
He shook from off the raiments of his
soul,
The weary conflict's desecrating dust,
For stern *revellés*, heard the angels
sing,
For battle turmoils found eternal calm,
Laid down his sinless sword to clasp the
palm,
And where vast heavenly organ-notes
outroll
Melodious thunders, 'mid the rush of
wing,
And flash of plume celestial, paused in
peace,
A rapture of ineffable release
To know the long fruition of the just!

—◆—
SONNETS.

I.

ON THE CHIVALRY OF THE PRESENT
TIME.

Ah! foolish souls and false! who loudly
cried
"True chivalry no longer breathes in
time."
Look round us now; how wondrous, how
sublime
The heroic lives we witness; far and
wide,
Stern vows by sterner deeds are justified;
Self abnegation, calmness, courage,
power,
Sway with a rule august, our stormy
hour,
Wherein the loftiest hearts have wrought
and died —
Wrought grandly, and died smiling.
Thus, oh God,
From tears, and blood, and anguish, thou
hast brought
The ennobling act, the faith-sustaining
thought —
'Till in the marvellous present, one may
see

A mighty stage, by knight and patriots trod,
Who had not shunned earth's haughtiest
chivalry.

II.

ELLIOTT IN FORT SUMTER.

AND high amongst these chiefs of iron
grain,
Large-statured natures, souls of Spartan
mien,
Superbly brave, inflexibly serene,
Man of the stalwart hope, the sleepless
brain.
Well dost thou guard our fortress by the
main!
And what, though inch by inch old
Sumter falls,
There's not a stone that forms those
sacred walls,
But holds a tongue, which shall not
speak in vain!
A tongue that tells of such heroic mood,
Such nerved endurance, such immaculate
will,
That after times shall hearken and grow
still,
With breathless admiration, and on thee
(Whose stern resolve our glorious cause
made good).
Confer an antique immortality!

—◆—
OUR MARTYRS.

I AM sitting alone and weary,
By the hearth of my darkened room,
And the low wind's *miserere*,
Makes sadder the midnight gloom.
"There's a nameless terror nigh me —
There's a phantom spell on the air,
And methinks, that the dead glide by me,
And the breath of the grave's in my
hair!"

'Tis a vision of ghastly faces,
All pallid and worn with pain,
Where the splendor of manful graces
Shines dim thro' a scarlet rain:—

In a wild and weird procession
They sweep by my startled eyes,
And stern with their Fate's fruition,
Seem melting in blood-red skies.

Have they come from the shores super-
nal;
Have they passed from the spirit's
goal,
'Neath the veil of the life eternal
To dawn on my shrinking soul?
Have they turned from the choiring
angels,
Aghast at the woe and dearth,
That war with his dark evangels
Hath wrought in the loved of earth?

Vain dream! amid far-off mountains
They lie where the dew mists weep,
And the murmur of mournful fountains
Breathes over their painless sleep;
On the breast of the lonely meadows
Safe, safe, from the despot's will,
They rest in the starlit shadows,
And their brows are white and still,

Alas! for our heroes perished!
Cut down at their golden prime,
With the luminous hopes they cherished,
On the height of their faith sublime!
For them is the voice of wailing
And the sweet blush-rose departs.
From the cheeks of the maidens paling
O'er the wreck of their broken hearts.

And alas! for the vanished glory
Of a thousand household spells!
And alas! for the tearful story
Of the spirit's fond farewells!
By the flood, on the field, in the forest,
Our bravest have yielded breath,
Yet the shafts that have smitten the
sorest,
Were launched by a viewless death.

Oh, Thon! that hast charms of healing,
Descend on a widowed land,
And bind o'er the wounds of feeling,
The balms of thy mystic hand;

Till the lives that lament and languish,
Renewed by a touch divine,
From the depths of their mortal anguish,
May rise to the calm of Thine.

—◆—
FORGOTTEN.

FORGOTTEN! Can it be a few swift
rounds
Of Time's great chariot wheels have
crushed to naught
The memory of those fearful sights and
sounds,
With speechless misery fraught —
Wherethro' we hope to gain the Hesperian height,
Where Freedom smiles in light?

Forgotten! scarce have two dim autumns
velled
With merciful mist those dreary burial
sods,
Whose coldness (when the high-strung
pulses failed,
Of men who strove like gods)
Wrapped in a sanguine fold of senseless
dust
Dead hearts and perished trust!

Forgotten! While in far-off woodland
dell,
By lonely mountain tarn and murmur-
ing stream,
Bereaved hearts with sorrowful passion
swell —
Their lives one ghastly dream
Of hope outwearied and betrayed desire,
And anguish crowned with fire!

Forgotten! while our manhood cursed
with chains,
And pilloried high for all the world to
view,
Writhes in its fierce, intolerable pains,

Decked with dull wreaths of rue,
And shedding blood for tears, hands
waled with scars,
Lifts to the dumb, cold stars!

Forgotten! Can the dancer's jocund feet
Flash o'er a charnel-vault, and maid-
ens fair
Bend the white lustre of their eyelids
sweet,
Love-weighed, so nigh despair,
Its ice-cold breath must freeze their
blushing brows,
And hush love's tremulous vows?

Forgotten! Nay: but all the songs we
sing
Hold under-burdens, wailing chords of
woe;
Our lightest laughter's sound with hollow
ring,
Our bright wit's freest flow,
Quavers to sudden silence of affright,
Touched by an untold blight!

Forgotten! No! we cannot all forget,
Or, when we do, farewell to Honor's
face,
To Hope's sweet tendance, Valor's un-
paid debt,
And every noblest Grace,
Which, nursed in Love, might still be-
ginly bloom
Above a nation's tomb!

Forgotten! Tho' a thousand years should
pass,
Methinks our air will throb with mem-
ory's thrills,
A conscious grief weigh down the falter-
ing grass,
A pathos shroud the hills,
Waves roll lamenting, autumn sunsets
yearn
For the old time's return!

LEGENDS AND LYRICS.



LEGENDS AND LYRICS.

1865-1872.

DAPHLES.

AN ARGIVE STORY.

ONCE on the throne of Argos sat a
maid,

Daphles the fair; serene and unafraid
She ruled her realm, for the rough folk
were brought

To worship one they deemed divinely
wrought

In beauty and mild graciousness of
heart:

Nobles and courtiers, too, espoused her
part,

So that the sweet young face all thronged
to see,

Glanced from her throne-room's silken
canopy.

(Broidered with leaves, and many a
snow-white dove),

Rosily conscious of her people's love.

Only the chief of a far frontier clan,

A haughty, bold, ambitious nobleman,

By law her vassal, but self-sworn to be
From subject-tithe and tribute boldly
free,

And scorning most this weak girl-sover-
eign's reign,

Now from the mountain fastness to the
plain

Summoned his savage legions to the
fight, —

Wherein he hoped to wrench the imperial
might

From Daphles, and confirm his claim
thereto.

But Doracles, the insurgent chief, could
know

Naught of the secret charm, the subtle
stress

Of beauty wed to warm unselfishness,
Which, in her hour of trial, wrapped the
Queen

Safely apart in golden air serene
Of deep devotion, and fond faith of
those

The steadfast hearts betwixt her and her
foes.

The oldest courtier, schooled in state-
craft guile,

Some loyal fire at her entrancing smile
Felt strangely kindled in his outworn
soul;

Far more the warrior youths her soft
control

Moulded to noble deeds, till all the land,
Aroused at Love's and Honor's joint
command,

Bristled with steel and rang with sounds
of war.

Still rashly trusting in his fortunate star,
This arrogant thrall who fain would
grasp a crown,

Backed by half-barbarous hordes,
marched swiftly down

'Twixt the hill ramparts and the West-
ern Sea.

First, blazing homesteads greet him,
whence did flee

The frightened hinds through fires them-
selves had lit

'Mid the ripe grain, lest foes should reap
of it;

Or here and there, some groups of aged
folk,

Women and men bent down beneath the
 yoke
 Of cruel years and babbling idiot speech.
 "Methinks," cried Doracles, "our arms
 will reach
 The realm's unshielded heart; for lo! the
 breath,
 The mere hot fume of rapine and of
 death
 Which flames before our legions like a
 blight
 Withers this people's valor and their
 might."

 The fifes played shriller; the wild
 trumpet's blast
 Smote the great host and thrilled them
 as it passed;
 While clashing shields, and spears which
 caught the morn,
 And splendid banners in strong hands
 upborne,
 And plumed helms, and steeds of match-
 less race,
 And in the van that clear, keen eagle
 face
 Of Doracles, firm set on shoulders tall,
 Squared like a rock, and towering o'er
 them all,
 With all the pomp and swell of martial
 strife,
 Woke the burnt plains and bleak de-
 files to life.
 So phalanx after phalanx glittering filed
 Firm to the front: their haughty leader
 smiled
 To see with what a bold and buoyant air
 The lowliest footman marched before
 him there,
 Till his proud head he lifted to the sun,
 And his heart leaped as at a victory won
 That self-same hour, o'er which bright-
 hovering shone
 The steadfast image of an ivory throne.

 But the Queen's host by skilful cham-
 pions led,
 Its powers meanwhile concentrated to a
 head,

Lay, an embattled force with wary
 eye,
 Ready to ward or strike whene'er the
 cry
 Of coming foemen on their ears should
 fall,
 Nigh the huge towers which guard the
 capital.

 Not long their watch: one bluff October
 day,
 There rose a blare of trumpets far away,
 And sound of thronging hoofs which
 muffled came,
 Borne on the wind, like the dull noise of
 flame
 Half stifled in dense woodlands; then
 the wings
 Of the Queen's host, as each swift section
 flings
 The imperial banner proudly fluttering
 out,
 Spread from the royal centre. Hark! a
 shout,
 As from those thousand hearts in one
 great soul
 Sublimely fused, rose thunder-deep, to
 roll,
 In wild acclaim, far down the quivering
 van;
 And wilder still the heroic tumult ran
 From front to rear, when through her
 palace gate,
 Daphles, in unaccustomed martial state,
 A keen spear shimmering in its silver
 hold,
 And on her brow the Argive crown of
 gold,
 Flashed like a sunbeam on her warriors'
 sight.
 Girt by her generals, on a neighboring
 height
 She reined her Lybian courser, while the
 air
 Played with the bright waves of her
 meteor hair,
 And on her lovely April face the tide
 Of varied feeling — now a jubilant
 pride

In those strong arms and stronger hearts
 below,
 And now a prescient fear did ebb and
 flow,
 Its sensitive heaven transforming mo-
 mentally.
 But soon the foeman's cohorts, like a
 sea,
 With waves of steel, and foam of snow-
 white plumes,
 Slowly emerged from out the forest
 glooms,
 In splendid pomp and antique pageantry.
 An ominous pause! And then the
 trumpets high
 Sounded the terrible onset, and the field
 Rocked as with earthquake, and the
 thick air reeled
 With clangors fierce from echoing hill to
 hill.

Bloody but brief the contest! All the
 skill
 Of Doracles against the steadfast will
 Planted by love in faithful hearts that
 day
 Frothed like an idle tide that slips away
 From granite walls! His knights their
 furious blows
 Discharged on what seemed statues
 whose repose
 Was iron, or their fated coursers hurled
 On spears unbent as bases of a world!
 Meanwhile the whole dread scene did
 Daphles view
 With anguished, tearless eyes. But
 when she knew
 The victory hers, down the hill-slopes
 she urged
 Her restless steed, where still but faintly
 surged
 The last worn waves of tumult; there
 her bands
 Of conquering captains she with fervent
 hands
 And o'erfraught swelling breast did
 proudly greet;
 Yet her pale face was touched with pity
 sweet

While the chained rebels passed her
 worn and sore
 With ghastly wounds, and shivering in
 their gore.
 But when, untamed, uncowed, in 'midst
 of these,
 The grand, defiant form of Doracles
 Rose like a god disrowned, her wan
 cheeks flushed,
 And through her heart a quick, hot tor-
 rent rushed
 Of undefined, mysterious sympathy.
 Viewing that haughty brow, that unbent
 knee,
 "O kingly head!" she thought, "too
 well I know
 How bitter-keen to him the signal blow
 This day hath dealt! O kingly resolute
 eyes,
 Shrining the sov'ran soul! 'twere surely
 wise
 To change their glance of cold vindictive
 gloom
 To grateful light, and make what seemed
 a doom
 Heavy as death, the clouded path to
 fame,
 Lordship, and honor!" Ah, but pity
 came
 To crown admiring kindness with a
 flame
 Of subtler life; for he, the vanquished
 one,
 On whom that day his fate's malignant
 sun
 Had set in storms, that night would
 slumber, kissed
 By a fair phantom girt with golden
 mist,
 A new-born delicate love, but dimly
 guessed
 Even in the pure depths of the maiden
 breast,
 Whence the sweet sylph had 'scaped her
 unaware.
 But when the evening silence drew
 anear,
 And round about the borders of the
 world

The second night since that great contest furl'd
 Its brooding shades, the young Queen, all alone,
 Paused by the dungeon floor whereon were thrown,
 At listless length, the limbs of Doracles.
 "How, how," she murmured, "may I best appease
 His stricken pride, or touch to tender calm
 His fevered honor? with what healing balm
 Allay the smart wherewith his spirit groans?"
 Perplexed, and yearning, on the dismal stones
 Without the prison door she walked apart,
 Love, doubt, and shame, all struggling in her heart,
 Till the large flood of mingled love and woe
 Rose to her snowy eyelids and did flow
 In soft refreshing tears like spring-tide showers;
 Then, bright and blushing as the moss-rose bowers
 Of dewy May, she pushed the huge grate back,
 And through the dusky glooms, the shadows black
 Dawned glowingly! Next for a moment she
 Stood in a timid, strange uncertainty,
 Changing from rosy red to deathly white;
 When, as a Queen sustained by true love's right,
 She spake in mild, pure, steadfastness of soul:
 "I come, O Doracles, with no mean dole
 Of transient pity, but to show thee how
 Thy mistress would exalt the abased brow
 Of one who knows her not!" There-with she freed
 His fettered limbs, or yet his brain could heed

Or comprehend her mercy's cordial scope:
 His soul had shrunk too low for dreams of hope,
 Such swift misfortunes smote him: still, when all
 The Queen's fair meaning on his mind did fall,
 The locked and frozen sternness of his look
 Broke up, as breaks the death-cold wintry brook
 Its icy spell at noonday; yet his face
 Was lighted not by thankful, reverent grace,
 But flashed an evil triumph where he stood
 Spurning his unloosed chains. In such base mood,
 One cager foot pressed on the dungeon stair,
 "What terms," he asked, "O Queen, demand'st thou here?
 I pledge thee faith!" Silent were Daphles' lips,
 And all her gentle hopes by swift eclipse
 Were darkened. With a deathly smile she signed
 The chief farewell, as one who scorned to bind
 Her mercy with set terms. He turned to go,
 Self-centred, callous, dreaming not how low
 Her heart had sunk at each cold, shallow word
 With which his barren nature, faintly stirred
 By ruth, or love, or pardon, dared repay
 Her matchless mercy. On his unchecked way
 He turned to go, when, with one shuddering sob,
 And deep-drawn, plaintive breath, which seemed to rob
 Life of its last dear hope, the Queen sank down,
 Wrapped in a death-like trance. With sullen frown,

And many a muttered oath, he raised
 her form,
 Frail now as some pale lily by the storm
 Wind-blown and beaten; for at woman's
 love
 He could but vaguely guess, and no poor
 dove
 Pierced by the woodman's shaft was less
 to him
 Than this fair spirit struggling in the
 dim
 And tortured twilight of unshared de-
 sire;
 Nor could he part the pure romantic fire
 Of such high passion from the lukewarm
 flame
 That feebly burns in sordid hearts and
 tame,
 Not of love's heat, but vacant flattery's
 born,
 To feed his pride, yet stir the latent
 scorn
 Of that rough manhood such hard na-
 tures know.
 Waked from her trance, with wandering
 eyes and slow
 The Queen looked round, but dimly con-
 scious yet,
 'Till at last her faltering glance was set
 On Doracles, to whom—that he might
 see
 How a soft ruth to love's intensity
 Had strangely grown—she laid her deep
 heart bare:
 Then, with a sweet but nobly queen-like
 air,
 She said, "O Doracles, in just return
 For all this love and pity, which did
 yearn
 To lift thee fallen, and to find thee, lost,
 And slowly sickening underneath the
 frost
 Of bleak despair, I well might ask of
 thee
 Thy heart, with all its rarest freight in
 fee,
 Save that I feel my virgin fame and life
 Must count as pure, when thou hast
 made me wife,

Though but a wife in state and name
 alone.
 Behold, O chief! I proffer, too, my
 throne,
 Not as thy freedom's sole condition
 given,
 But that men's eyes and scornful
 thoughts be driven
 Away from what in me may seem as
 ill,
 If—if—perchance, thou shouldst reject
 me still."
 At which hard word she droops her head,
 and sighs,
 While patient tears bedew her downcast
 eyes.
 Now, with sly semblance of a soul at
 ease,
 Her liberal proffer crafty Doracles
 Freely embraced. They passed the
 prison-bound,
 And that same day with silver-ringing
 sound
 Of trump and cymbal, the state heralds
 cried
 Abroad through all the city, far and
 wide,
 The Queen's vast pardon; whereupon
 her court,—
 Nobles and dames,—each quaintly gor-
 geous sport,
 Known in the old time, bold or debon-
 air,
 With feasts, and mimic strifes, and pa-
 geants rare,
 Did hold in honor of their sovereign's
 choice;
 A choice none there would question!
 - Not a voice,
 Gentle or simple, but was raised to bless,
 And pray the kindly gods for happiness
 And peace on both! Meanwhile the
 thrall made king,
 Albeit a secret anger still would wring
 His thankless soul, in princely fashion
 took
 The general homage, nor by word or
 look

Betrayed the festering consciousness
 within:
 So gracious seemed he, Daphnes' hopes
 begin
 To wake, and whisper fond, sweet, fool-
 ish words
 Close to her heart, that flutters like a
 bird's
 Wooed in the spring-dawn: yet, alas!
 alas!
 For joy that dies, and dreamy hopes that
 pass
 To nothingness! In 'midst of this, her
 trust,
 Came a swift blow which smote her to
 the dust;
 News that her ingrate love had basely
 fled,
 Whither none knew. Scarce had this
 shaft been sped
 From fate's unerring bow, than swift
 again
 Hurtled a second steeped in poisoned
 pain;
 For now the whole dark truth came
 sternly out:
 Leagued with her bitterest foes, a savage
 rout
 Of mountain-robbers o'er the frontier
 land,
 He unto whom she proffered heart and
 hand,
 Kingdom and crown, had bared his
 treacherous blade,
 And of the great and just gods unafraid,
 Upreared his standard 'neath the blood-
 red star,
 And raised once more the incarnate
 curse of war!
 So from that day all gladness left the
 heart
 Of broken Daphnes; she would muse
 apart
 From court and friends, her once blithe
 footsteps slow,
 Her once proud head bowed down, and
 such wild woe
 Couched in the clouded depths of mourn-
 ful eyes

That few could mark her misery but
 with sighs
 Deep almost as her own. At last, she
 wrote
 (For still her soul hailed, watery and re-
 mote,
 One beam of hope) a missive tender-
 sweet,
 Charmed with such pathos, to her deli-
 cate feet
 It might have lured a spirit, nigh to
 death,
 And straight imbued with warm compa-
 sionate breath
 A heart as cold as spires of Arctic
 ice!
 Ah, futile hope! Ah, fond and vain de-
 vice!
 Not all the pleading eloquence of wrong,
 Veiling its wounds, and golden-soft as
 song
 Trilled by the brown Sicilian nightin-
 gales,
 In dusky nooks of melancholy vales,
 Could melt the granite will of Doracles.
 Each tender line she sent him did but
 tease
 And sting his obdurate temper into
 hate,
 As if the deep harmonious terms that
 wait
 On truest love, were wasp-like, poisoned
 things:
 Her timorous hints, her sweet imagin-
 ings,
 Far thoughts, and dreams evanishing,
 but high,
 Filled with the maiden dews of sanctity.
 He crushed, as one might crush in mad-
 dened hours
 The fairest of the sisterhood of flowers;
 No further answer made he than could
 be
 Couched in brief terms of cold discour-
 esy,
 Holding *all* love—the noblest love on
 earth—
 Of lesser moment than an insect's birth,

Buzzing its life out 'twixt the dawn and dark.

That letter stifled the last healthful spark
Of the Queen's flickering reason, turned
her wit

To wild and errant courses, sadly lit
By wandering stars, and orbs of fantasy.
Deeming that she full soon must sink
and die,

Daphles, still true to that one dominant
thought

And firm affection which such ill had
brought,

Summoned her learned scribes and bade
them draw

After strict form and precedents of law,
Her solemn testament; whereby she gave
Her throne to Doracles, whene'er the
grave

Closed o'er her broken heart and hum-
bled head.

But now her chiefs and nobles, hard be-
stead

By circumstance, and dreading much
lest he,

The renegade, and rebel, who did flee
From love to league with license, yet
should sway

The honored Argive sceptre, on a day
Called forth to solemn council and debate
Lords, liegemen, ministers, to save the
state

From threatened tyranny and upstart
rule:

Thereto the wan Queen, powerless now
to school

Features or mind to subjugation meet,
Came weakly tottering; in her lofty seat
She sank bewildered, listless; all could
mark

Beneath her languid eyes the hollows
dark,

And — save that sometimes as she slowly
turned

Her wasted form, the fires of fever
burned,

Death's prescient blazon, on each sunken
cheek —

Her face was pallid as a cold white streak

Of wintry moonlight on Siberian snows;
Her quivering mouth and chill con-
tracted brows

Bespoke an inward torture, while from
all

The shrewd debate within that council
hall

Her dim thoughts wandered vaguely,
lost and dumb.

But when her pitying maidens round her
came,

And gently strive on her drooped head to
place

The self-same laurel garland which did
grace

Her warm, white temples on that morn-
of strife

And woeful victory, her sick brain seemed
rife

Once more with memories; in her hand
she pressed

The half-dead wreath, and o'er her
flowing vest

Strewed the plucked leaves those aimless
fingers tore

Unwittingly; which on the marble
floor,

Down fluttering, one by one, lay blurred
and dead,

Like the sere hopes her withered heart
had shed,

Smitten of love; for now she touched
the close

Of the soul's dreamy autumn, and the
snows

Of winter soon would clasp her eyelids
cold.

Yea, soon, too soon! for while her fin-
gers fold

The garland loosely, and in fitful grief
She still would strip the circlet, leaf by
leaf,

Till now one-half the wreath is plucked
and bare,

She lifts her dim eyes, hearkening, as
though 'ware

Of mystic voices calling on her name;
Therewith her cheek, whence the quick,
fevered flame

Had quite pulsed out, with one last
quiver, she
Drops on the cushioned dais, passively;
For death, more kind than love, hath
brought her peace.

Long was it ere her stricken realm could
cease
To mourn for Daphnes; yet her burial
rites,
With all their mournful pomp, their
sombre sights
Funereal, scarce were passed, when her
last will,
Despite its humbling terms, which ran-
kled still
In all men's minds, her faithful courtiers
sent,
With news of that most sudden, sad
event
Which made him king, to restless Dor-
acles.
What reaked he then that to its bitterest
lees
A pure young soul had quaffed of mis-
ery's cup,
And after, death's? "My star," he
thought, "flames up,
Fronting the heights of empire! All is
well!"
Thereon, impelled by keen desire to
dwell
In his new realm, with reckless haste he
rode
From town to town, till now the grand
abode.
The palace of the royal Argive race,
Did rise before him in its lofty place,
O'erlooking leagues of golden fields and
streams,
Fair hills and shadowy vineyards, by
great teams
Of laboring oxen rifled morn by morn,
Till the bared, tremulous branches swung
forlorn
'Gainst the red flush of autumn's sunset
sky.
Housed with rich state therein, full re-
gally

The king his sovereign life and course
began,
Striving at one swift bound to reach the
van
Of princely fame; his rare magnificence
Of feasts, shows, pageants, and high
splendors, whence
The wondering guests all dazzled went
their way,
Grew to a world-wide proverb for dis-
play
And costly lavishness. Yet one there
was
O'er whose gray head these days of pomp
did pass
Like purpling shadows o'er the faded
grass:
Wit touched him not to smiles, gay mu-
sic's flow
Fell powerless on his closed heart's secret
woe,
While at their feasts silent he sat, and
grim.
Ofttimes the king a cold glance cast on
him,
As one who marred their mirthful rev-
elry.
And in the boisterous spring-tide of their
glee
Rose like a boding phantom! More and
more
He felt a vague, dim trouble at the core
Of his rude nature stirred, when'er he
saw
Phorbas draw near; something akin to
awe.
If not to dread, for this old man did
stand
Chiefest of Daphnes' mourners in her
land,
As chief of her life's friends, ere that
black doom
Stole from her heart its joy, her cheek
its bloom.
Just where the mellowed rays of noon-
day light
Streamed through the curtained gloom,
obscurely bright,



Which wrapped the great art-galleries
richly round,
There hung, 'mid many a stately por-
trait, bound
In frames of costly ivory, carved and
wrought,
A picture, which the king's eyes oft had
sought
With anxious wonder; for day following
day
Would Phorbas, mutely sorrowing, make
delay
Going or coming from the council-hall
To view that muffled mystery on the
wall.
Over it flowed a veil of silvery hue,
With here and there fine threads of gold
shot through
The delicate woof; and whoso chanced
to turn
A glance thereon, would feel his spirit
burn
To pierce the jealous veil whose folds
might hide
Some priceless marvel. Now, at high
noontide
Of one calm autumn day, the king again
Met Phorbas — his worn features drawn
with pain,
And in his eyes the sharp salt-rheum of
age —
Still poring on the picture! "Thou a
sage!"
Sneered Doracles, "yet idly bent, for-
sooth,
On vapping fancies?" Then, more
harsh, "The truth!
The truth, old man! What strong spell
drags thee here?
(Some charm, methinks, 'twixt passion
and despair:)
Morn after morn, forcing thine eyes to
stray
O'er yon blank mystery? Prythee,
Phorbas, say
What image lurks beneath that glimmer-
ing shroud?
Perchance the last king's? Well! am I
less proud

And princely wise than he? Or art thou
bold
To deem *me* all unworthy to behold
My brave forerunner?" Thereupon he
knit
His rugged brows, the while his soul was
lit
To keen, impatient wrath. With trem-
bling hands —
But not for fear — Phorbas unloosed the
bands,
Studded with diamond points. which
clasped the veil
Close to its place. The startled prince
grew pale,
As there, in all her fresh young grace,
did shine
The face of Daphles, with a smile di-
vine,
Into arch dimples rippling joyfully!
Some faintly-pensive memory seemed to
vie
With deeper feelings, in the low, quick
tone
Wherewith the king spake, whispering
to his own
Half-wakened heart, — "Certes, it could
not be,
That she, who owned the glorious face I
see,
Bright with all brightness of a young
delight,
Yet pined and withered 'neath the fatal
night
Of starless grief!" To which, "Thy
pardon, sire,"
The old man said, "but ere my life's
low fire
Hath quite gone out, I fain would free
my soul
Of that which long hath borne me care
and dole;
So, sovereign lord, list to the tale I tell!"
And therewithal did Phorbas deem it
well
To show how Daphles' darkened life did
wane;
How love, first touched by doubt, soon
changed to pain,

And, last, blank desolation, whose wild stress
 Wrecked and made bare her perfect loveliness,
 O'erwhelming wit with beauty. "Still," said he,
 "O sire! to her last hour most tenderly
 She spake of thee, her twilight reason set
 On the sole thought, '*My love may love me yet* :
For man's love comes with knowledge, so I deem,
Slow-hearted man's!' Ah, heaven! she could not dream,
 But *thy* name filled her dreams. When madness stole
 Like a dread mist about her, and her soul,
 Wound in its viewless cerement-folds accursed — "
 "Madness!" the king cried in a sharp outburst
 Of wild amazement: "madness! I have known
 The mad impatience of a will o'ergrown,
 When sternly thwarted in its fiery zeal,
 But dreamed not how these fairy creatures feel,
 These soft, frail-natured women, if, perchance,
 Love turn on them a cold or lukewarm glance
 Of brief denial!" Then the impatient red,
 In a swift flood, — but not of anger, — spread
 O'er the king's face; convulsed it seemed, and stern.
 But when from garrulous Phorbas he did learn
 How the queen's laurel wreath half bare became,
 The hot blood ebbed, and o'er its waning flame
 Coursed the first tear his warrior-soul had shed.
 Nor could he rouse again the lute-head

Of ruder thoughts, but, thickly muttering, laid
 On the fair portrait of the sovereign maid
 A reverent hand; from 'midst the painted dome
 Of the great gallery forth he bore it home
 Unto the secret chamber of his rest;
 There next his couch he placed the beauteous guest;
 There feasted on its sweetness; and since naught
 Of public import now did claim his thought,
 No fierce war threatened, no shrewd treaties pressed,
 Strangely the picture mastered him; it grew,
 As days, then weeks, and seasons, o'er him flew,
 A part, an inmost essence of all life,
 Which touched to joy or thrilled to shuddering strife
 The soul's deep-seated issues: yet, at last,
 Stronger the fierce strife waxed; the bliss was passed;
 And, wheresoe'er the king went, night or day,
 One haunting phantom barred his doomed way!

But ere he reached the worst wild stage of woe,
 Through many a change of passion, swift or slow,
 The king passed downward, nearing treacherous death;
 And thus it happened, our old-world legend saith:

The more he gazed on Daphiles' blooming face,
 All flushed with happy youth and Hebe grace,
 The more her marvellous image seemed alive;
 He saw, or dreamed he saw, the warm blood strive,

In ruddier tide, with conscious hues to
 dye
 Her lovely brow and swanlike neck, or
 vie
 With Syrian roses on her cheeks of
 flame;
 The more he gazed, the more her lips
 became
 Instinct with timorous motion, till a
 sigh.
 New-born of honeyed love unwittingly,
 Seemed hovering like a murmurous fairy-
 bee
 About their rich, half-parted comeli-
 ness:
 What slight breath softly stirs the truant
 tress,
 Which like a waif of sunset light did
 rest
 In wandering golden lustre on her
 breast?
 And what dear thought her bosom gra-
 cially
 Heaves into gentle billows, like a sea
 Moon-kissed, and whispering? Thus
 the king would task
 Long hours with doting questions, when
 the mask
 Of dull state forms and ceremonial
 play
 With wearied brain and hand was cast
 away,
 And he a dead maid's crafty image
 turned
 To breathing life, and blissful love that
 burned
 From her wild pulses and fond heart to
 his,
 And on her mouth he pressed a bride-
 groom's kiss.

 Then the sweet spell was broken; con-
 science spoke;
 And in her burning depths pale memory
 woke.
 Even in that gentle shape his cold self-
 will
 Had strangely turned, and wrought him
 direful ill;

Distempered, moody, sometimes high
 distraught
 With ceaseless pressure of one harrow-
 ing thought,
 He grew, and hapless thrills of lonely
 pain;
 Her picture, imaged on his heart and
 brain,
 Ruled all his tides of being, as the moon
 Draws changeful seas; now in a clear
 high noon
 Of memories bitter-sweet his soul would
 swim,
 Anon to sink in turbulent gulfs and dim
 Of wild regret, or as the dead to lie
 Locked in a mute, life-withering leth-
 argy.
 Creator sweet of all his fortunes high,
 Oh, that in Hades she could hear his
 cry
 Remorseful, and come back in pitying
 guise
 To ease his grief and calm his tortured
 sighs!
 A thousand, thousand times this wild
 desire
 Would wake, and surge through all his
 veins like fire:
 Followed, alas, too soon, by such deep
 sense
 Of powerless will, and mortal impotence,
 As in red hurry up from soul to cheeks
 Runs rioting, and ever harshly seeks
 To drag them into gaunt, gray lines of
 care!
 Months sped eventless, with his dark
 despair
 Grown darker; till, one sad November
 morn,
 Set to the rhythmic wail of winds for-
 lorn,
 They found, just where the morning's
 shadowy gloom
 Had gathered deepest in the prince's
 room,
 His prostrate body, cold and turned in
 part
 Upwards,—the blade's hilt glittering
 o'er his heart,

Where his own mad right arm had sent
it home.
Beneath him, in soft-tinted, fadeless
bloom,
Beneath him smiled the portrait he had
torn
Madly from off the wall, his wan face
borne
Next the clear brightness of that life-
like one
For whose fair sake he lay, at last un-
done;
But whose glad smile, could *she* have
lived that hour,
Had waned and withered inward, like a
flower
The storm-wind blights, at stern re-
venge, like this,
Of love's cold scorn and passion's unpaid
kiss.

—◆—
ÆTHRA.

It is a sweet tradition, with a soul
Of tenderest pathos! Harken, love! —
for all
The sacred undercurrents of the heart
Thrill to its cordial music:

Once, a chief,
Philantus, king of Sparta, left the stern
And bleak defiles of his unfruitful
land —

Girt by a band of eager colonists —
To seek new homes on fair Italian
plains.

Apollo's oracle had darkly spoken:
"Where'er from cloudless skies a
plenteous shower
Outpours, the Fates decree that ye should
pause

And rear your household deities!"
Racked by doubt

Philantus traversed with his faithful
band

Full many a bounteous realm; but still
defeat

Darkened his banners, and the strong-
walled towns

His desperate sieges grimly laughed to
scorn!

Weighed down by anxious thoughts, one
sultry eve

The warrior—his rude helmet cast
aside —

Rested his weary head upon the lap
Of his fair wife, who loved him ten-
derly;

And there he drank a generous draught
of sleep.

She, gazing on his brow all worn with
toil

And his dark locks, which pain had
silvered over

With glistening touches of a frosty
rime,

Wept on the sudden bitterly; her
tears

Fell on his face, and, wondering, he
woke.

"O blest art thou, my *Æthra*, my *clear
sky*,"

He cried exultant, "from whose pitying
blue

A heart-rain falls to fertilize my fate:
Lo! the deep riddle's solved—the gods
spake truth!"

So the next night he stormed Tarentum,
took

The enemy's host at vantage, and o'er-
threw

His mightiest captains. Thence with
kindly sway

He ruled those pleasant regions he had
won, —

But dearer even than his rich demesnes
The love of her whose gentle tears un-
locked

The close-shut mystery of the Oracle!

—◆—
RENEWED.

WELCOME, rippling sunshine!

Welcome, joyous air!

Like a demon shadow

Flies the gaunt despair!

Heaven, through heights of happy
calm,
Its heart of hearts uncloses,
To win earth's answering love in
balm,
Her blushing thanks — in roses!

Voices from the pine-grove,
Where the pheasant's drumming,
Voices from the ferny hills
Alive with insect humming;

Voices low and sweet
From the far-off stream,
Where two rivulets meet
With the murmur of a dream;
Voices loud and free
From every bush and tree,
Of sportive forest bards outpouring songs
of gladness;
But over them still
With its passionate trill,
The mock-bird's jocund madness!



"Voices low and sweet
From the far-off stream,"

Deep down the swampy brake
Even the poison-snake,
Uncoiled and basking in the noontide
splendor,
May feel, perchance on this auspicious
day
(All dark clouds rolled away),
'Through his stagnant blood,
Warmed by the sunlight flood
A faint, far sense,
Coming he knows not whence,
Of dim intelligence,—
The thinnest conscious thrill that human
is, and tender!

Look! where on luminous wing
The ether's stately king,

The lone sea-eagle, circling proud and
slow,
Towers in the sapphire glow;
From out whose dazzling beam,
His resonant scream;
Heard even here,—a note of fierce
desire,—
Hushes to silent awe the sylvan choir,
Till bird and note in airy deeps up-
drawn
Are melting toward the dawn!

And hear! O! hear!
No longer wildly terrible and drear,
But as if merry pulses timed their
beating,
The frolic sea-waves near,

Dancing along like happy maidens
playing

When blithe love goes "a-Maying,"
And wreaking on the shore their pant-
ing blisses

In coy impulsive kisses;
Whilst he — poor dullard — cannot catch
nor hold them,
Nor in his massive, earthen arms en-
fold them,

The laughing virgin waves, so archly,
swiftly fleeting!

This subtle atmosphere,
So magically clear,

Melts, as it were upon my eager lip;
From some invisible goblet of delight
Idly I sip and sip

A wine so warm and golden
(From some enchanted bin the wine
was stolen),

A wine so sweet and rare,
Methinks a nobler birth
Illuminates the earth.

And in my heart I hear a fairy singing;
Yet well I know 'tis but my soul renewed,
Reborn and bright,
From grief and grief's malignant soli-
tude!

Yet well I know, Joy is the Ganymede,
Who in my yearning need,
Turns to a cordial rich the balmy air;
And 'tis but Hope's, divinest Hope's
return,

Which makes my inmost spirit throb
and burn,

And Hope's triumphant song,
So sweet and strong,

That all creation seems with that weird
music ringing!

— ◆ —
*KRISHNA AND HIS THREE HAND-
MAIDENS.*

AND where he sat beneath the mystic
stars,

Nigh the twin founts of Immortality.
That feed fair channels of the Stream
of Trance. —

To Krishna once his three handmaidens
came,

Asking a boon: "O king! O lord!" they
said,

"Test thou thy servants' wisdom; long
in dreams,

Born of the waters of thy Stream of
Trance,

Have we, thy fond handmaidens wan-
dered free.

And lapped in airiest wreaths of fantasy:
Now would we, viewless, bearing each
some gift

From thee, our father, seek the world of
man.

The world of man and pain, which
whoso leaves

Better or brighter, for thy gift bestowed
Most worthily, shall claim thy just re-
ward,

The Crown of Wisdom!" Krishna
heard, and gave

To each one tiny drop of diamond dew,
Drawn from the founts that feed the
Stream of Trance,

Wherewith, on waftage of miraculous
winds,

Breathing full south, they sought the
world of man,

The world of man and pain, that shrank
in drought,

Palsied and withered, like an old man's
face

Death-smitten.

And the first handmaiden saw
A monarch's fountain, sparkling in the
waste,

Glowing and fresh, though all the land
was sick,

Gasping for rain, and famished thou-
sands died:

"O brave," she said, "O beautiful
bright waves!

Like calls to like;" and so her dewdrop
glanced,

And glittered downward as a fairy star
Loosed from a tress of Cassiopeia's hair,
Down to the glorious fountain of the king

Over the passionless bosom of the
 sea,
 The Indian Sea, cerulean, crystal-clear,
 And calm, the second handmaid, hovering,
 viewed —
 Far through the tangled sea-weed and
 cool tides
 Pulsing 'twixt coral branches — the wide
 lips
 Of purpling shells that yearned to clasp
 a pearl:
 So where the oyster, blindly reared,
 awaits
 Its priceless soul — she lets the dewdrop
 fall,
 Thenceforth to grow a jewel fit for
 courts,
 And shine on swanlike necks of haughty
 queens!

But Krishna's third handmaiden scarce
 had felt
 The fume from parchèd plains that made
 the air
 As one vast caldron of invisible fire,
 Than casting downward pitiful eyes, she
 saw,
 Crouched in the brazen cere of that red
 heat,
 A tiny bird — a poor, weak, suffering
 thing
 (Its bright eyes glazed, its limbs convulsed
 and prone), —
 Dying of thirst in torture: "Ah, kind
 Lord
 Krishna," his handmaid murmured,
 "speed thy gift,
 Best yielded here, to soothe, perchance
 to save
 The lowliest mortal creature cursed with
 pain!"
 Gently she shook the dewdrop from her
 palm
 Into the silent throat that thirst had
 sealed,
 Soon silent, sealed no more, — for, lo!
 the bird
 Fluttered, arose, was strengthened, and
 through calms

Of happy ether, echoing fair and far,
 Rang the charmed music of the nightingale.

And so, where crowned beneath the
 mystic stars,
 Nigh the twin founts of immortality,
 Krishna, the father, saw what ruth was
 hers,
 And, smiling, to his wise handmaiden's
 rule
 Gave the great storm-clouds and the
 mists of heaven,
 Till at her voice the mighty vapors
 rolled
 Up from the mountain-gorges, and the
 seas,
 And cloudland darkened, and the grateful
 rain,
 Burdened with benedictions, rushed and
 foamed
 Down the hot channels, and the foliaged
 hills,
 And the frayed lips and languid limbs
 of flowers:
 And all the woodland; laughed, and
 earth was glad!

— ♦ —

UNDER THE PINE.

TO THE MEMORY OF HENRY TIMROD.

THE same majestic pine is lifted high
 Against the twilight sky,
 The same low, melancholy music grieves
 Amid the topmost leaves,
 As when I watched, and mused, and
 dreamed with him,
 Beneath these shadows dim.

O Tree! hast thou no memory at thy
 core
 Of one who comes no more?
 No yearning memory of those scenes
 that were
 So richly calm and fair,
 When the last rays of sunset, shimmering
 down,
 Flashed like a royal crown?

And he, with hand outstretched and
 eyes ablaze,
 Looked forth with burning gaze,
 And seemed to drink the sunset like
 strong wine,
 Or, hushed in trance divine,
 Hailed the first shy and timorous glance
 from far
 Of evening's virgin star?

O Tree! against thy mighty trunk he
 laid
 His weary head; thy shade
 Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of
 sleep:
 It brought a peace so deep
 The unquiet passion died from out his
 eyes,
 As lightning from stilled skies.

And in that calm he loved to rest, and
 hear
 The soft wind-angels, clear
 And sweet, among the uppermost
 branches sighing:
 Voices he heard replying
 (Or so he dreamed) far up the mystic
 height,
 And pinions rustling light.

O Tree! have not his poet-touch, his
 dreams
 So full of heavenly gleams,
 Wrought through the folded dullness of
 thy bark,
 And all thy nature dark
 Stirred to slow throbbings, and the flut-
 tering fire
 Of faint, unknown desire?

At least to me there sweeps no rugged
 ring
 That girds the forest-king
 No immemorial stain, or awful rent
 (The mark of tempest spent),
 No delicate leaf, no lithe bough, vine-
 o'ergrown,
 No distant, flickering cone,

But speaks of him, and seems to bring
 once more
 The joy, the love of yore;
 But most when breathed from out the
 sunset-land
 The sunset airs are bland,
 That blow between the twilight and the
 night,
 Ere yet the stars are bright;

For then that quiet eve comes back to
 me,
 When, deeply, thrillingly,
 He spake of lofty hopes which vanquish
 Death;
 And on his mortal breath
 A language of immortal meanings hung,
 That fired his heart and tongue.

For then unearthly breezes stir and
 sigh,
 Murmuring, "Look up! 'tis I:
 Thy friend is near thee! Ah, thou
 canst not see!"
 And through the sacred tree
 Passes what seems a wild and sentient
 thrill —
 Passes, and all is still! —

Still as the grave which holds his tran-
 quil form,
 Hushed after many a storm, —
 Still as the calm that crowns his marble
 brow,
 No pain can wrinkle now, —
 Still as the peace — pathetic peace of
 God —
 That wraps the holy sod,

Where every flower from our dead min-
 strel's dust
 Should bloom, a type of trust, —
 That faith which waxed to wings of
 heavenward might
 To bear his soul from night, —
 That faith, dear Christ! whereby we
 pray to meet
 His spirit at God's feet!

~A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS~

O FRESH, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her
subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through
the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms
with sweet, faint undertune
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps
the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a lan-
guor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on
its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings
they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a
rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her
dreary din and jars, —
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from
the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought
me on her subtle wings of balm,

For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a
dull and soulless calm!



IN THE MIST.

MORE fearful grows the hillside way,
The gloom no softening breeze hath
kissed!

I glance far upward to the day,
But scarce can catch one faltering ray
From out the mist!

Ah, heaven! to think youth's morning
prime,

All flushed with rose and amethyst,
Its tender loves, its hopes sublime,
Should shrink to this dull twilight-time
Of cold and mist!

No tranquil evening hour descends,
When peace with memory holds her
tryst,

But doubt with prescient terror blends,
And grief her mournful curfew sends
Along the mist!

Weird shapes and wild, stalk strangely
by,

And say, what bodeful voices hissed
Where yonder blasted pine-trunks lie?
What mystic phantoms shuddering fly
Far down the mist?

Dark omens all! they bid me stay,
Unsheathe resolve, pause, strive, re-
sist

That poisonous charm which haunts my
way;

Alas! the fiend, more bold than they,
Still rules the mist!

And now from gulfs of turbulent gloom
A torrent's threatening thunder;—
list!

That ravening roar! that hungry boom!
Down, down I pass to meet my doom
Within the mist!

A SUMMER MOOD.

"Now, by my faith a gruesome mood, for summer!" — THOMAS HEYWARD (1597).

AH, me! for evermore, for evermore

These human hearts of ours must
yearn and sigh,

While down the dells and up the mur-
murous shore

Nature renews her immortality.

The heavens of June stretch calm and
bland above,

June roses blush with tints of Orient
skies,

But we, by graves of joy, desire, and
love,

Mourn in a world which breathes of
Paradise!

The sunshine mocks the tears it may
not dry,

The breezes — tricky couriers of the
air —

Child-roisterers winged, and lightly flut-
tering by —

Blow their gay trumpets in the face
of care;

And bolder winds, the deep sky's pas-
ionate speech,

Woven into rhythmic raptures of de-
sire,

Or fugues of mystic victory, sadly reach
Our humbled souls, to rack, not raise
them higher!

The field-birds seem to twit us as they
pass

With their small blisses, piped so clear
and loud;

The cricket triumphs o'er us in the grass,
And the lark, glancing beamlike up
the cloud,

Sings us to scorn with his keen rhapso-
dies;

Small things and great unconscious
tauntings bring

To edge our cares, whilst we, the proud
and wise,
Envy the insect's joy, the birdling's
wing!

And thus for evermore, till time shall
cease,

Man's soul and Nature's — each a sep-
arate sphere —

Revolve, the one in discord, one in
peace.

And who shall make the solemn mys-
tery clear?

MIDNIGHT.

The Moon, a ghost of her sweet self,
And wading through a watery cloud,
Which wraps her lustre like a shroud,
Creeps up the gray, funereal sky,
Wearily! how wearily!

The Wind, with low, bewildered wail
A homeless spirit, sadly lost,
Sweeps shuddering o'er the pallid
frost,
And faints afar, with heart-sick sigh,
Drearly! how drearily!

And now a deathly stillness falls
On earth and heaven, save when the
shrill,

Malignant owl o'er heath and hill
Smites the wan silence with a cry,
Eerily! how eerily!

THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre
eve comes down!

And wearily, how wearily, the seaward
breezes blow!

But place your little hand in mine — so
dainty, yet so brown!

For household toil hath worn away its
rosy-tinted snow;



"The Moon, a ghost of her sweet self, . .
Creeps up the gray, funereal sky,
Wearily! how wearily."



But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
 And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
 Than all dear things of earth,
 As I watch the pensive gloaming,
 And my wild thoughts cease from
 roaming,
 And birdlike furl their pinions close be-
 side our peaceful hearth:
 Then rest your little hand in mine, while
 twilight shimmers down, —
 That little hand, that fervent hand, that
 hand of bonny brown, —
 The hand that holds an honest heart,
 and rules a happy hearth.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's
 voices rise!

And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny
 footsteps fall!

But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for
 there our nestling lies,
 Snug in the cradle at your side, the
 lovellest far of all;

And she looks so arch and airy,
 So softly pure a fairy, —
 She scarce seems bound to earth;
 And her dimpled mouth keeps
 smiling,

As at some child fay's beguiling.
 Who flies from Ariel realms to light her
 slumbers on the hearth.

Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and
 smooth the bright locks down!

But, little hand, — but, trembling hand,
 — but, hand of bonny brown,
 Stay, stay with me! — she will not flee,
 our birdling on the hearth.

Oh, flittingly, how flittingly, the parlor
 shadows thrill,

As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem
 to pulse and pass!

And solemn sounds are on the wind that
 sweeps the haunted hill,
 And murmurs of a ghostly breath from
 out the graveyard grass.

Let me feel your glowing fingers
 In a clasp that warms and lingers
 With the full, fond love of earth,

Till the joy of love's completeness
 In this flush of fireside sweetness,
 Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine,
 outpoured beside the hearth.
 So steal your little hand in mine, while
 twilight falters down, —
 That little hand, that fervent hand, that
 hand of bonny brown, —
 The hand which points the path to
 heaven, yet makes a heaven of
 earth.

SONNETS.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HILL.

ON a steep hillside, to all airs that blow,
 Open, and open to the varying sky,
 Our cottage homestead, smiling tran-
 quilly,
 Catches morn's earliest and eve's latest
 glow;

Here, far from worldly strife, and
 pompous show,
 The peaceful seasons glide serenely by,
 Fulfil their missions, and as calmly die,
 As waves on quiet shores when winds
 are low.

Fields, lonely paths, the one small glim-
 mering rill

That twinkles like a wood-fay's mirth-
 ful eye,

Under moist bay-leaves, clouds fantas-
 tical

That float and change at the light
 breeze's will, —

To me, thus lapped in sylvan luxury,
 Are more than death of kings, or
 empires' fall.

NOVEMBER.

WITHIN the deep-blue eyes of Heaven a
 haze

Of saddened passion dims their tender
 light,

For that her fair queen-child, the Sum-
 mer bright,

Lies a wan corpse amidst her mouldering
bays:
The sullen Autumn lifts no voice of
praise
To herald Winter's cold and cruel
night,
But winds foreboding fill the desolate
night,
And die at dawning down wild wood-
land ways:
The sovereign sun at noonday smileth
cold,
As through a shroud he hath no power
to part,
While huddled flocks crouch listless
round their fold;
The mock-bird's dumb, no more with
cheerful dart
Upsoars the lark through morning's
quivering gold,
And dumb or dead, methinks, great
Nature's heart!

SYLVAN MUSINGS. — IN MAY.

COUCHED in cool shadow, girt by
billowy swells
Of foliage, rippling into buds and
flowers,
Here I repose o'erfanned by breezy
bowers, —
Lulled by a delicate stream whose
music wells
Tender and low through those luxuriant
dells,
Wherefrom a single broad-leaved chest-
nut towers; —
Still musing in the long, lush, languid
hours, —
As in a dream I heard the tinkling
bells
Of far-off kine, glimpsed through the
verdurous sheen,
Blent with faint bleatings from the dis-
tant croft, —
The bee-throngs murmurous in the
golden fern,
The wood-doves veiled by depths of
flickering green, —

And near me, where the wild "queen
fairies" * burn,
The thrush's bridal passion, warm and
soft!

POETS.

SOME thunder on the heights of song,
their race
Godlike in power, while others at their
feet
Are breathing measures scarce less
strong and sweet
Than those which peal from out that
loftiest place;
Meantime, just midway on the mount,
his face
Fairer than April heavens, when storms
retreat,
And on their edges rain and sunshine
meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender
grace;
But where the slopes of bright Parnassus
sweep
Near to the common ground, a various
throng
Chant lowlier measures, — yet each tune-
ful strain
(The silvery minor of earth's perfect
song)
Blends with that music of the topmost
steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master min-
strels reign!

SONNET.

BEHOLD! how weirdly, wonderfully
grand
The shades and colors of yon sunset sky!
Rare isles of light in crimson oceans lie,
Whose airy waves seem rippling, bright
and bland.
Up the soft slopes of many a mystic
strand, —

* "Queen fairy," the name given popularly
to an exquisite Southern wild flower.

While luminous capes, and mountains
towering high
In golden pomp and proud regality,
O'erlook the frontier of that fairy land,
But now, in transformations swift and
strange
The vision changes! Castles glittering
fair,

And sapphire battlements of loftiest
range
Commingle with vast spire and gorgeous
dome,
Round which the sunset rolls its purpling
foam,
Girding this transient Venice of the
air.



"Upvelled in yonder dim ethereal sea,
Its airy towers the work of phantom spells,
A viewless belfry tolls its wizard bells."

THE PHANTOM BELLS.

UPVEILED in yonder dim ethereal sea,
Its airy towers the work of phantom
spells,
A viewless belfry tolls its wizard bells,
Pealed o'er this populous earth perpet-
ually.
Some hear, some hear them not; but
aye they be

Laden with one strange note that sinks
or swells,
Now dread as doom, now gentle as fare-
wells,
Time's dirge borne ever toward eternity.
Each hour its measured breath sobs out
and dies,
While the bell tolls its requiem,—
"Passing, past,"—
The sole sad burden of their long refrain.

Still, with those hours each pang, each
pleasure flies,
Brief sweet, brief bitter, — all our days
are vain,
Knolled into drear forgetfulness at last.

THE LIFE-FOREST.

IN springtime of our youth, life's pur-
pling shade,
Foliage and fruit, do hang so thickly
round,
We seem glad tenants of enchanted
ground,
O'er which for aye dream-whispering
winds have played.
Then summer comes, her full-blown
charm is laid
On all the forest aisles; from bound to
bound
Floats woodland music, and the silvery
sound
Of fountains babbling to the golden
glade.
Next, a chill breath, the breath of Au-
tumn's doom
Strips the fair sylvan branches, one by
one,
Till the bare landscape broadens to our
view;
Behind, black tree boles blot the twilight
blue,
Before, unfoliated, bald of light and
bloom,
Our pathway darkens towards the dark-
ening sun!

CLOUD FANTASIES.

WILD, rapid, dark, like dreams of threat-
ening doom,
Low cloud-racks scud before the level
wind;
Beneath them, the bare moorlands,
blank and blind,
Stretch, mournful, through pale lengths
of glimmering gloom;
Afar, grand mimic of the sea waves'
boom,

Hollow, yet sweet as if a Titan pined
O'er deathless woes, yon mighty wood,
consigned
To autumn's blight, bemoans its
perished bloom;
The dim air creeps with a vague shud-
dering thrill
Down from those monstrous mists the
sea-gale brings,
Half formless, inland, poisoning earth
and sky;
Most from yon black cloud, shaped like
vampire wings
O'er a lost angel's visage, deathly-still,
Uplifted toward some dread eternity.

SONNET.

I FEAR thee not, O Death! nay, oft I pine
To clasp thy passionless bosom to mine
own,
And on thy heart sob out my latest
moan,
Ere lapped and lost in thy strange sleep
divine;
But much I fear lest that chill breath of
thine
Should freeze all tender memories into
stone, —
Lest ruthless and malign Oblivion
Quench the last spark that lingers on
love's shrine:
O God! to moulder through dark, date-
less years,
The while all loving ministries shall
cease,
And time assuage the fondest mourner's
tears!
Here lies the sting! — this, *this* it is to die!
And yet great nature rounds all strife
with peace,
And life or death, each rests in mystery!

SONNET.

OF all the woodland flowers of earlier
spring,
These golden jasmines, each an air-hung
bower.

Meet for the Queen of Fairies' tiring
hour,
Seem loveliest and most fair in blossom-
ing;
How yonder mock-bird thrills his fer-
vid wing
And long, lithe throat, where twinkling
flower on flower
Rains the globed dewdrops down, a dia-
mond shower,
O'er his brown head poised as in act to
sing;
Lo! the swift sunshine floods the flowery
urns,
Girding their delicate gold with match-
less light,
Till the blent life of bough, leaf, blossom,
burns;
Then, then outbursts the mock-bird clear
and loud,
Half-drunk with perfume, veiled by ra-
diance bright,
A star of music in a fiery cloud!

— ♦ —
FIRE-PICTURES.

O! THE rolling, rushing fire!
O! the fire!
' How it rages, wilder, higher,
Like a hot heart's fierce desire,
Thrilled with passion that appalls us,
Half appalls, and yet enthalls us,
O! the madly mounting fire!

Up it sweepeth, — wave and quiver, —
Roaring like an angry river, —
O! the fire!
Which an earthquake backward turneth,
Backward o'er its riven courses,
Backward to its mountain sources,
While the blood-red sunset burneth,
Like a God's face grand with ire,
O! the bursting, billowy fire!

Now the sombre smoke-clouds thicken
To a dim Plutonian night; —
O! the fire!
How its flickering glories sicken,

Sicken at the blight!
Pales the flame, and spreads the vapor,
Till scarce larger than a taper,
Flares the waning, struggling light:
O! thou wan, faint-hearted fire,
Sadly darkling,
Weakly sparkling,
Rise! assert thy might!
Aspire! aspire!

At the word, a vivid lightning,
Threatening, swaying, darting, bright-
ening,
Where the loftiest yule-log towers, —
Bursts once more,
Sudden bursts the awakened fire;
Hear it roar!
Roar, and mount high, high, and higher,
Till beneath,
Only here and there a wreath
Of the passing smoke-cloud lowers, —
Ha! the glad, victorious fire!

O! the fire!
How it changes,
Changes, ranges
Through all phases fancy-wrought,
Changes like a wizard thought;
See Vesuvian lavas rushing
'Twixt the rocks! the ground asunder
Shivers at the earthquake's thunder;
And the glare of Hell is flushing
Startled hill-top, quaking town;
Temples, statues, towers go down,
While beyond that lava flood,
Dark-red like blood,
I behold the children fleeing
Clasped by many a frenzied hand;
What a flight, and what a meeting,
On the ruined strand!

O! the fire!
Eddying higher, higher, higher
From the vast volcanic cones;
O! the agony, the groans
Of those thousands stifling there!
"Fancy," say you? but how near
Seem the anguish and the fear!
Swelling, turbulent, pitiless fire:

'Tis a mad northeastern breeze
 Raving o'er the prairie seas;
 How, like living things, the grasses
 Tremble as the storm-breath passes,
 Ere the flames' devouring magic
 Coils about their golden splendor,

And the tender
 Glory of the mellowing fields
 To the wild destroyer yields;
 Dreadful waste for flowering blooms,
 Desolate darkness, like the tomb's,
 Over which there broods the while,
 Instead of daylight's happy smile,
 A pall malign and tragic!

Marvellous fire!

Changing, ranging
 Through all phases fancy-wrought,
 Changing like a charmed thought;
 A stir, a murmur deep,
 Like airs that rustle over jungle-reeds,
 Where the gaunt tiger breathes but half
 asleep;

A bodeful stir, —
 And then the victim of his own pure
 deeds,

I mark the mighty fire
 Clasps in its cruel palms a martyr-saint,
 Christ's faithful worshipper;
 One mortal cry affronts the pitying day,
 One ghastly arm uplifts itself to heav-
 en —

When the swart smoke is riven, —
 Ere the last sob of anguish dies away,
 The worn limbs droop and faint,
 And o'er those reverend hairs, silvery
 and hoary,

Settles the semblance of a crown of
 glory.

Tireless fire!

Changing, ranging
 Through all phases fancy-wrought,
 Changing like a Protean thought;
 Here's a glowing, warm interior,
 A Dutch tavern, rich and rosy
 With deep color, — sill and floor
 Dazzling as the white seashore,
 Where within his armchair cozy

Sits a toper, stout and yellow,
 Blinking o'er his steamy bowl;
 Hugely drinking,
 Slyly winking,
 As the pot-house Hebe passes,
 With a clink and clang of glasses;
 Ha! 'tis plain, the stout old fellow —
 As his wont is — waxes mellow,
 Nodding 'twixt each dreamy leer,
 Swaying in his elbow chair.
 Next to one, — a portly peasant, —
 Pipe in hand, whose swelling cheek,
 Jolly, rubicund, and sleek,
 Puffs above the blazing coal;
 While his heavy, half-shut, eyes
 Watch the smoke-wreaths evanescent,
 Eddying lightly as they rise,
 Eddying lightly and aloof
 Toward the great, black, oaken roof!

Dreaming still, from out the fire
 Faces grinning and grotesque,
 Flash an eery glance upon me:
 Or, once more, methinks I sun me
 On the breadths of happy plain
 Sloping towards the southern main,
 Where the inmost soul of shadow
 Wins a golden heat,
 And the hill-side and the meadow
 (Where the vines and clover meet,
 Twining round the virgins' feet,
 While the natural arabesque
 Of the foliage grouped above them
 Droops, as if the leaves did love them,
 Over brow, and lips, and eyes)
 Gleam with hints of Paradise!

Ah! the fire!
 Gently glowing,
 Fairly flowing,

Like a rivulet rippling deep
 Through the meadow-lands of sleep,
 Bordered where its music swells,
 By the languid lotos-bells,
 And the twilight asphodels;
 Mingled with a richer boon
 Of queen-lilies, each a moon,
 Orbed into white completeness;
 O! the perfume! the rare sweetness



"Countless courtesans glimmer,
Glow and darken, wane and shimmer, . . .
By mysterious currents stirred
Of great winds."



Of those grouped and fairy flowers,
 Over which the love-lorn hours
 Linger, — not alone for them,
 Though the lotos swings its stem
 With a lulling stir of leaves, —
 Though the lady-lily waves,
 And a silvery undertune
 From some mystic wind-song grieves
 Dainty sweet amid the bells
 Of the twilight asphodels;
 But because a charm more rare
 Glorifies the mellow air,
 In the gleam of lifted eyes,
 In the tranquil ecstasies
 Of two lovers, leaf-embowered,
 Lingering there,
 Each of whose fair lives hath flowered,
 Like the lily-petals finely,
 Like the asphodel divinely.

Titan arches!

Titan spires!

Pillars whose vast capitals
 Tower toward Cyclopean halls,
 And whose unknown bases pierce
 Down the nether universe;
 Countless coruscations glimmer,
 Glow and darken, wane and shimmer,
 'Twixt majestic standards, swooping, —
 Like the wings of some strange bird
 By mysterious currents stirred
 Of great winds, — or darkly drooping,
 In a hush sublime as death,
 When the conflict's quivering breath
 Sobs its gory life away,
 At the close of fateful marches,
 On an empire's natal day:
 Countless coruscations glimmer,
 Glow and darken, wane and shimmer,
 Round the shafts, and round the walls,
 Whence an ebon splendor falls
 On the scar-seamed, angel bands, —
 (Desolate bands!)

Grasping in their ghostly hands
 Weapons of an antique rage,
 From some lost, celestial age,
 When the serried throngs were hurled
 Blasted to the under world:
 Shattered spear-heads, broken brands,

And the mammoth, moonlike shields,
 Blazoned on their lurid fields,
 With uncouth, malignant forms,
 Glowing, wild,
 Like the huge cloud-masses piled
 Up a Heaven of storms!

Ah, the faint and flickering fire!

Ah, the fire!

Like a young man's transient ire,
 Like an old man's last desire,
 Lo! it falters, dies!

Still, through weary, half-closed lashes,
 Still I see.

But brokenly, but mistily,

Fall and rise,

Rise and fall,

Ghosts of shifting fantasy;
 Now the embers, smouldered all,
 Sink to ruin; sadder dreams
 Follow on their vanished gleams;
 Wailingly the spirits call,
 Spirits on the night-winds solemn,
 Wraiths of happy Hopes that left me;
 (Cruel! why did ye depart?)
 Hopes that sleep, their youthful riot
 Merged in an awful quiet,
 With the heavy grief-moulds pressed
 On each pallid, pulseless breast,
 In that graveyard called THE HEART,
 Stern and lone.

Needing no memorial stone,

And no blazoned column:

Let them rest!

Let them rest!

Yes, 't is useless to remember
 May-morn in the mirk December;
 Still, O Hopes! because ye were
 Beautiful, and strong, and fair,
 Nobly brave, and sweetly bright,

Who shall dare

Scorn me, if through moistened lashes,
 Musing by my hearthstone blighted,
 Weary, desolate, benighted, —
 I, because those sweet Hopes left me,
 I, because my fate bereft me,

Mourn my dead,

Mourn, — and shed

Hot tears in the ashes?

AN ANNIVERSARY.

O LOVE, it is our wedding day!

This morn,—how swift the seasons
flee!—

A virgin morn of cloudless May,

You gave your loyal hand to me,
Your dainty hand, clasped sweet and sure
As Love's sweet self, for evermore!

O Love, it is our wedding-day,

And memory flies from now to then;
I mark the soft heat-lightning play
Of blushes o'er your cheek again,
And shy but fond foreshadowings rise
Of tranquil joy in tender eyes.

O Love, it is our wedding-day;

The very rustling of your dress,
The trembling of your arm that lay
On mine, with timorous happiness,
Your fluttered breath and faint foot-
fall,—

Ah, sweet, I hear, I see them all!

O Love, it is our wedding-day,

And backward Time's strange current
rolls,
Till life's and love's auspicious May
Once more is blooming in our souls,
And larklike, swell the songs of hope,
Your blissful bridal horoscope.

O Love, it is our wedding-day,—

Yet say, did those fair hopes but sing,
Lapped in the tuneful morn of May,
To die or droop on faltering wing,
When noontide heats and evening
chills
Made pale the flowers and veiled the
hills?

O Love, it is our wedding-day,

And none of those glad hopes of
youth,
Thrilled to its height, outpoured a lay
To match our future's simple truth:
Though deep the joy of vow and shrine,
Our wedded calm is more divine!

O Love, it is our wedding-day!

Life's summer, with slow-waning
beam,
Tints the near autumn's cloud-land gray
To softness of a fairy dream.
Whence peace by musing pathos kissed,
Smiles through a veil of golden mist.

O Love, it is our wedding-day;

The conscious winds are whispering
low
Those passionate secrets of the May
Fraught with your kisses long ago;
Warm memories of our years remote
Are trembling in the mock-bird's throat.

O Love, it is our wedding-day,—

And not a thrush in woodland bowers,
And not a rivulet's silvery lay,
Nor tiny bee-song 'mid the flowers,
Nor any voice of land or sea,
But deepens love to ecstasy!

Our wedding-day! The soul's noontide!

In these rare words at watchful rest
What sweet, melodious meanings hide
Like birds within one balmy nest,
Each quivering with an impulse strong
To flood all heaven and earth with song!

FROM THE WOODS.

WHY should I, with a mournful, mor-
bid spleen,

Lament that here, in this half-desert
scene,

My lot is placed?

At least the poet-winds are bold and
loud,—

At least the sunset glorifies the cloud,
And forests old and proud

Rustle their verdurous banners o'er the
waste.

Perchance 'tis best that I, whose Fate's
eclipse

Seems final,—I, whose sluggish life-
wave slips

Languid away,—

Should here, within these lowly walks,
 apart
 From the fierce throbbings of the pop-
 ulous mart,
 Commune with mine own heart,
 While Wisdom blooms from buried
 Hope's decay.

Nature, though wild her forms, sus-
 tains me still;
 The founts are musical, — the barren
 hill
 Glows with strange lights;
 Through solemn pine-groves the small
 rivulets fleet
 Sparkling, as if a Naiad's silvery feet
 In quick and coy retreat,
 Glanced through the star-gleams on calm
 summer nights;

And the great sky, the royal heaven
 above,
 Darkens with storms or melts with
 hues of love;
 While far remote,
 Just where the sunlight smites the
 woods with fire,
 Wakens the multitudinous sylvan
 choir;
 Their innocent love's desire
 Poured in a rill of song from each har-
 monious throat.

My walls are crumbling, but immortal
 looks
 Smile on me here from faces of rare
 books:
 Shakspeare consoles
 My heart with true philosophies; a
 balm
 Of spiritual dews from humbler song
 or psalm
 Fills me with tender calm,
 Or through hushed heavens of soul Mil-
 ton's deep thunder rolls!

And more than all, o'er shattered
 wrecks of Fate,
 The relics of a happier time and state,
 My nobler life

Shines on unquenched! O deathless
 love that lies
 In the clear midnight of those passion-
 ate eyes!
 Joy waneth! Fortune flies!
 What then? Thou still art here, soul of
 my soul, my Wife!



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

LET the world roll blindly on!
 Give me shadow, give me sun,
 And a perfumed eve as this is:
 Let me lie,
 Dreamfully,
 When the last quick sunbeams shiver
 Spears of light athwart the river,
 And a breeze, which seems the sigh
 Of a fairy floating by,
 Coyly kisses
 Tender leaf and feathered grasses;
 Yet so soft its breathing passes,
 These tall ferns, just glimmering o'er me,
 Blending goldenly before me,
 Hardly quiver!

I have done with worldly scheming,
 Mocking show and hollow seeming!
 Let me lie
 Idly here,
 Lapped in lulling waves of air,
 Facing full the shadowy sky.
 Fame! — the very sound is dreary, —
 Shut, O soul! thine eyelids weary,
 For all nature's voices say,
 "'Tis the close — the close of day,
 Thought and grief have had their sway:"
 Now Sleep bares her balmy breast, —
 Whispering low
 (Low as moon-set tides that flow
 Up still beaches far away;
 While, from out the lucid West,
 Flutelike winds of murmurous breath
 Sink to tender-panting death),
 "On my bosom take thy rest;
 (Care and grief have had their day!)
 'Tis the hour for dreaming,
 Fragrant rest, elysian dreaming!"

*CAMBYSES AND THE MACROBIAN
BOW.*

ONE morn, hard by a slumberous stream-
let's wave,
The plane-trees stirless in the unbreath-
ing calm,
And all the lush-red roses drooped in
dream,
Lay King Cambyses, idle as a cloud
That waits the wind,—aimless of thought
and will,—
But with vague evil, like the lightning's
bolt
Ere yet the electric death be forged to
smite,
Seething at heart. His courtiers ringed
him round,
Whereof was one who to his comrades'
ears,
With bated breath and wonder-archèd
brows,
Extolled a certain Bactrian's matchless
skill
Displayed in bowcraft: at whose mar-
vellous feats,
Eagerly vaunted, the King's soul grew
hot
With envy, for himself erewhile had been
Rated the mightiest archer in his realm.
Slowly he rose, and pointing southward,
said,
"Seest thou, Prexaspes, yonder slender
palm,
A mere wan shadow, quivering in the
light,
Topped by a ghastly leaf-crown? Pri-
thee, now,
Can this, thy famous Bactrian, standing
here,
Cleave with his shaft a hand's breadth
marked thereon?"
To which Prexaspes answered, "Nay,
my lord;
I spake of feats compassed by mortal
skill,
Not of gods' prowess." Unto whom,
the King:—
"And if myself, Prexaspes, make essay.

Think'st thou, wise counsellor, I too
should fail?"

"Needs must I, sire,"—albeit the court-
ier's voice

Trembled, and some dark prescience
bade him pause,—

"Needs must I hold such cunning more
than man's;

And for the rest, I pray thy pardon,
King,

But yester-eve, amid the feast and dance,
Thou tarried'st with the beakers over-
long."

The thick, wild, treacherous eyebrows of
the King,

That looked a sheltering ambush for ill
thoughts

Waxing to manhood of malignant acts,
These treacherous eyebrows, pent-house
fashion, closed

O'er the black orbits of his fiery eyes,—
Which, clouded thus, but flashed a dead-
lier gleam

On all before him: suddenly as fire,
Half choked and smouldering in its own
dense smoke,

Bursts into roaring radiance and swift
flame,

Touched by keen breaths of liberating
wind,—

So now Cambyses' eyes a stormy joy
Stormily filled; for on Prexaspes' son,
His first-born son, they lingered,—a fair
boy

('Midmost his fellow-pages flushed with
sport),

Who, in his office of King's cupbearer,
So gracious and so sweet were all his
ways,

Had even the captious sovereign seemed
to please;

While for the court, the reckless, revel-
ling court,

They loved him one and all:

"Go," said Cambyses now, his voice a
hiss,

Poisonous and low, "go, bind my dainty
page

To yonder palm-tree; bind him fast and
sure,
So that no finger stirreth; which being
done,
Fetch me, Prexaspes, the Macrobian
bow."

Thus ordered, thus accomplished, fast
they bound
The innocent child, the while that mam-
moth bow,
Brought by the spies from Ethiopian
camps,
Lay in the King's hand; slowly, sternly
up,
He reared it to the level of his sight,
Reared, and bent back its oaken massive-
ness
Till the vast muscles, tough as grape-
vines, bulged
From naked arm and shoulder, and the
horns
Of the fierce weapon groaning, almost
met,
When, with one lowering glance askance
at him, —
His doubting satrap, — the King coolly
said,
"Prexaspes, look, my aim is at the
heart!"

Then came the sharp twang and the
deadly whirr
Of the loosed arrow, followed by the dull,
Drear echo of a bolt that smites its mark;
And those of keenest vision shook to
see
The fair child fallen forward across his
bonds,
With all his limbs a-quivering. Quoth
the King,
Clapping Prexaspes' shoulder, as in glee,
"Go thou, and tell me how that shaft
hath sped!"
Forward the wretched father, step by
step,
Crept, as one creeps whom black Hadëan
dreams,
Visions of fate and fear unutterable,

Draw, tranced and rigid, towards some
definite goal
Of horror; thus he went, and thus he
saw
What never in the noontide or the night,
Awake or sleeping, idle or in toil,
'Neath the wild forest or the perfumed
lamps
Of palaces, shall leave his stricken sight
Unblasted, or his spirit purged of woe.

Prexaspes saw, yet lived; saw, and re-
turned
Where still environed by his dissolute
court,
Cambyses leaned, half scornful, on his
bow:

The old man's face was riven and white
as death;
But making meek obeisance to his King,
He smiled (ah, *such* a smile!) and feebly
said.

"What *am* I, mighty master, what am I,
That I durst question my lord's strength
and skill?"

His arrows are like arrows of the god,
Egyptian Horus, — and for proof, — but
now,

I felt a child's heart (once a child was
mine,

'Tis my Lord's now and Death's), all
mute and still,
Pierced by his shaft, and cloven, ye
gods! in twain!"

Then laughed the great King loudly, till
his beard

Quivered, and all his stalwart body
shook

With merriment; but when his mirth
was calmed,

"Thou art forgiven," said he, "forgiv-
en, old man;

Only when next these Persian dogs shall
call

Cambyses drunkard, rise, Prexaspes,
rise!

And tell them how, and to what purpose,
once,

Once, on a morn which followed hot and
 wan
 A night of monstrous revel and de-
 bauch,
 Cambyzes bent this huge Macrobian
 bow."

—◆—
BY THE AUTUMN SEA.

FAIR as the dawn of the fairest day,
 Sad as the evening's tender gray,
 By the latest lustre of sunset kissed,
 That wavers and wanes through an am-
 ber mist,

There cometh a dream of the past to me,
 On the desert sands, by the autumn sea.

All heaven is wrapped in a mystic veil,
 And the face of the ocean is dim and
 pale,
 And there rises a wind from the chill
 northwest,

That seemeth the wail of a soul's unrest,
 As the twilight falls, and the vapors
 flee

Far over the wastes of the autumn sea.

A single ship through the gloaming
 glides

Upborne on the swell of the seaward
 tides;

And above the gleam of her topmost
 spar

Are the virgin eyes of the vesper-star
 That shine with an angel's ruth on me,
 A hopeless waif, by the autumn sea.

The wings of the ghostly beach-birds
 gleam

Through the shimmering surf, and the
 curlew's scream

Falls faintly shrill from the darkening
 height;

The first weird sigh on the lips of Night
 Breathes low through the sedge and the
 blasted tree,

With a murmur of doom, by the autumn
 sea.

Oh, sky-enshadowed and yearning main,
 Your gloom but deepens this *human*
 pain;

Those waves seem big with a nameless
 care,

That sky is a type of the heart's despair,
 As I linger and muse by the sombre lea.
 And the night shades close on the au-
 tumn sea.

—◆—
THE WIFE OF BRITTANY.

[Suggested by the Frankeleins's Tale of
 Chaucer.]

PROEM.

TRUTH wed to beauty in an antique
 tale,

Sweet-voiced like some immortal night-
 ingale,

Trills the clear burden of her passionate
 lay,

As fresh, as fair as wonderful to-day
 As when the music of her balmy tongue
 Ravished the first warm hearts for whom
 she sung.

Thus, when the early spring-dawn buds
 are green,

Glistening beneath the sudden silvery
 sheen

Of glancing showers; while heaven with
 bridegroom-kiss

Wakens the virgin earth to bloom and
 bliss,

Enamored breathing and soft raptures
 born

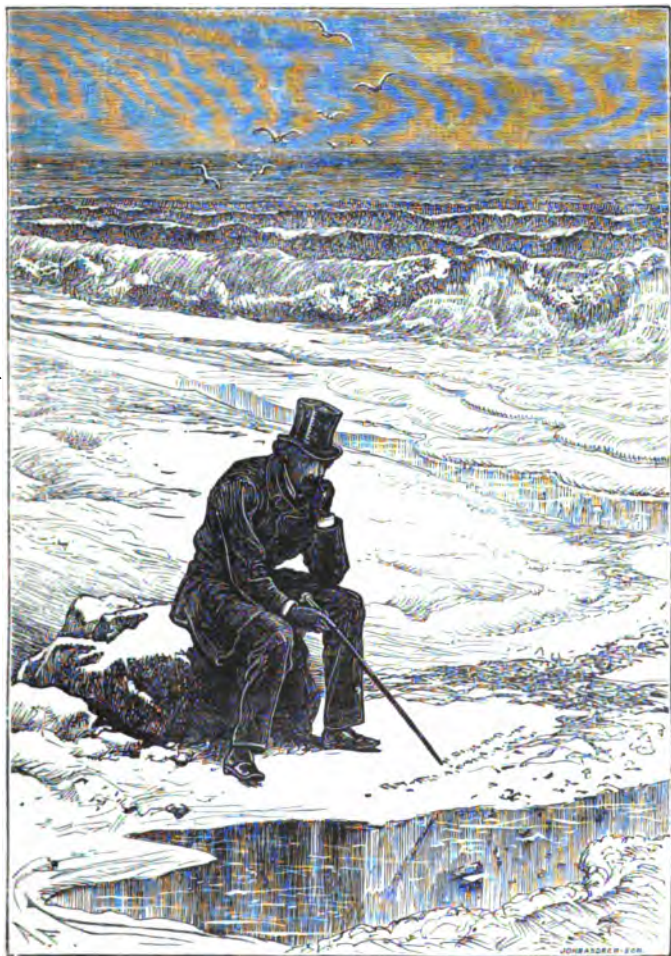
About the roseate footsteps of the morn,
 An old-world song, whose breezy music
 pours

Through limpid channels 'twixt en-
 charmed shores,

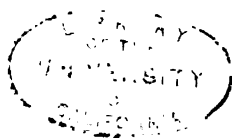
Steals on me wooingly from that far
 time

When tuneful Chaucer wrought his
 lusty rhyme

Into rare shapes and fancies and delight,
 For May winds blithely blew, and haw-
 thorn flowers were bright.



"There cometh a dream of the past to me,
On the desert sands by the autumn sea."



O brave old poet! genius frank and bold!
 Sustain me, cherish and around me fold
 Thine own hale, sun-warm atmosphere of song,
 Lest I, who touch thy numbers, do thee wrong;
 Speed the deep measure, make the meaning shine
 Ruddy and high with healthful spirit wine,
 Till to attempered sense and quickening ears
 My strain some faint harmonious echo bears
 From that rich realm wherein thy cordial art
 Throbbled with its pulse of fire 'gainst youthful England's heart.

THE STORY.

WHERE the hoarse billows of the north-land Sea
 Sweep the rude coast of rockbound Brittany,
 Dwelt, ages since, a knight whose warrior-fame
 Might well have struck all carpet-knights with shame;
 Vowed to great deeds and princely manhood, he
 Burgeoned the topmost-flower of chivalry;
 Yet gentle-hearted, nursed one delicate thought
 Fixed firm in love: with anxious pain he sought
 To serve his lady in the noblest wise,
 And many a labor, many a grand enterprise
 He wrought ere that sweet lady could be won.
 She was a maiden bright-aired as the sun,
 And graceful as the tall lake-lilies are
 Flushed 'twixt the twilight and the vesper-star;

But born to such rare state and sovereignty,
 He hardly durst before her bend the knee
 In passion's ardor and keen heart distress;
 Still, at the last, his loyal worthiness
 And mild obeisance, his observance high
 Of manly faith, firm will, and constancy
 Aroused an answering pity to his sighs,
 Till pity, grown to love, beamed forth from genial eyes.

Thus with pure trust, and cheerful calm accord,
 She made this gentle suitor her soul's lord;
 And he, that thence their happy fates should stray
 Through pastures beauteous as the fields of May,
 Swore of his own free mind to use the right
 Her mercy gave him, with no churlish might,
 Nor e'er in wanton freaks of mastery,
 Ire-bred perverseness, or sharp jealousy.
 Vex the clear-flowing current of her days.
 She thanked him in a hundred winning ways:
 "And I," she said, "will be thy loyal wife;
 Take here my vows, my solemn troth for life."

On a June morning, when the verdurous woods
 Flushed to the core of dew-lit solitudes,
 Murmured almost as with a human feeling,
 Tenderly, low, to frolic breezes stealing
 Through dappled shades and depths of dainty fern,
 Crushed here and there by some low-whimpering burn,

These twain were wedded at a forest
shrine.

O saffron-vested Hymen the divine!
Did aught of gloom or boding shadow
weigh

Upon thy blushing consciousness that
day?

No! thy frank face breathed only hope
and love;

Earth laughed in wave and leaf, all
heaven was fair above.

Home to the land wherein the knight
was born

Blithely they rode upon the morrow-
morn,

Not far from Penmark; there they lived
in ease

And solace of matured felicities,
Until Arviragus whose soul of fire
Not even fruition of his love's desire
Could fill with languorous idlesse, cut
the tie,

Which bound to silken dalliance sud-
denly,

Sailing the straits for England's war-
torn strand,

There ampler bays to pluck from victo-
ry's "red right hand."

But Iolene, fond Iolene, whose heart
Can beat no longer, lonely and apart
From him she loves, save with a sicken-
ing stress

Of fear o'erwrought and brooding ten-
derness,

Mourns for his absence with soul-weary-
ing plaint,

Slow, pitiful tears and midnight mur-
murings faint,

And thus the whole world sadly sets at
naught.

Meanwhile her friends, who guess what
canker-thought

Preys on her quiet, with a mild essay
Strive to subdue her passion's torturing
sway:

"Beware! beware, sweet lady, thou wilt
slay

Thy reason! nay thy very life's at stake!
By love, and love's dear pleadings, for
his sake

Who yearns to clasp thee scathless to
his breast,

We pray thee, soothe these maddening
cares to rest!"

Even as the patient graver on a stone.
Laboring with tireless fingers, sees anon
The shape embodying his rare fancies
grow

And lighten, thus upon her stubborn woe
Their tireless comforts wrought, until a
trust,

Clear-eyed and constant, raised her
from the dust

And ashy shroud of sorrow; her despair
Gave place to twilight gladness and soft
cheer

'Confirmed ere long by letters from her
love:

"Dear Iolene!" he wrote, "thou tender
dove

That tremblest in thy chilly nest at
home,

Prithee embrace meek patience till I
come.

Lo, the swift winds blow freshening o'er
the sea,

From out the sunset isles I speed to rest
with thee!"

The knight's ancestral home stood grim
and tall

Beyond its shadowy moat and frowning
wall;

It topped a gradual summit crowned
with fir,

Green murmurous myrtle, and wild
juniper,

Fronting a long, rude, solitary strand,
Whereon the earliest sunbeam, like a

hand

Of tremulous benediction, rested bland,
And warmly quivering; o'er the wave-
worn lea

Gleamed the broad spaces of the open
sea.

Now often, with her pitying friends
 beside,
 She walked the desolate beach and
 watched the tide,
 Forth looking through unconscious tears
 to view
 Sail after sail pass shimmering o'er the
 blue;
 And to herself, oft-times, "Alas!" said
 she,
 "Is there no ship, of all these ships I see,
 Will bring me home my lord? Woe, woe
 is me!
 Though winds blow fresh, and sea-birds
 skim the main,
 Thou still delay'st, my liege! Ah, *will*
 thou come again?"

Sometimes would she, half-dreaming, sit
 and think,
 Casting her dark eyes downward from
 the brink;
 And when she saw those grisly rocks
 beneath,
 Round which the pallid foam, in many
 a wreath
 White as the lips of passion, faintly
 curled,
 Her thoughts would pierce to the drear
 under-world,
 'Mid shipwrecks wandering, and
 bleached bones of those
 O'er whom the unresting ocean ebbs and
 flows;
 And though the shining waters hushed
 and deep,
 Might slumber like an innocent child
 asleep,
 From out the North her prescient fancy
 raised
 Huge ghostlike clouds, and spectral
 lightnings blazed
 I' th' van of phantom thunder, and the
 roar
 Of multitudinous waters on the shore,
 Heard as in dreadful trance its billowy
 swells
 Blent with the mournful tone of far
 funereal bells!

Her friends perceiving that this seaside
 walk,
 Though gay and jovial their unstudied
 talk,
 But dashed her dubious spirits, kindly
 took
 And led her where the blossom-bordered
 brook
 Babbled through woodlands, and the
 limpid pool
 Lay crouched like some shy Naiad in
 the cool
 Of mossy glades; or when a tedious
 hour
 Pressed on her with its dim, lethargic
 power,
 They wooed her with glad games or
 jocund song,
 Till the dull demon ceased to do her
 wrong.

So, on a pleasant May morn, while the
 dew
 Sparkled on tiny hedgerow-flowers of
 blue,
 Passing through many a sun-brown orch-
 ard-field,
 They reach a fairy pleasaunce, which
 revealed
 Such prospects into breezy inland
 vales,
 The natural haunt of plaining nightin-
 gales,
 Such verdant, grassy plots, through
 which there rolled
 A gleeful rivulet glimpsing sands of
 gold,
 And winding slow by clumps of plumed
 pines,
 Rich realms of bay, and gorgeous jas-
 mine-vines,
 That none who strayed to that fair
 flowery place
 Had paused in wonder if its sylvan
 grace,
 Embodied, beauteous, with an arch em-
 brace
 Had stopped, and smiling, kissed them
 face to face.

A buoyant, blithesome company were
 they,
 Grouped round the pleasaunce on that
 morn of May;
 Wit, song, and rippling laughter, and
 arch looks
 That might have lured the wood-gods
 from their nooks,
 Echoed and flashed like dazzling arrows
 tipped
 With amorous heat; and now and then
 there slipped
 From out the whirling ring of jocund
 girls,
 Wreathing white arms and tossing wan-
 ton curls,
 Some maiden who with momentary mien
 Of coy demureness bent o'er Iolene,
 And whispered sunniest nothings in her
 ear.

First 'mid the brave gallants assembling
 there
 Aurelian came, a squire of fair degree,
 Tall, vigorous, handsome, his whole air
 so free,
 Yet courteous, and such princely sweet-
 ness blent
 With every well-timed, graceful compli-
 ment,
 That sooth to speak, where'er Aurelian
 went,
 To turbulent tilt-yard and baronial hall,
 Sporting afield or at high festival,
 Favor, like sunshine, filled his heart and
 eyes.

Thus nobly gifted, high-born, opulent,
 wise,
 One hidden curse was his: for troublous
 years,*
 Secretly, swayed in turn by hopes and
 fears,

* We are to suppose that Aurelian had seen Iolene previous to her marriage, and that circumstances had prevented his becoming intimate with her, or in any way prosecuting his suit honestly and frankly.

And all unknown to her, his heart's
 desire,
 This youth had loved with wild, deliri-
 ous fire,
 The lonely, sad, unconscious Iolene.
 He durst not show how love had brought
 him teen,
 Nor prove how deep his passion's inward
 might;
 Thinking, half maddened, on her absent
 knight;
 Save that the burden of a love-lorn
 lay
 Would somewhat of his stifled flame
 betray,
 But in those vague complainings poets
 use,
 When charging Love with outrage and
 abuse
 Of his all-potent witchery. "Ah," said
 he,
 "I love, but ever love despondently;
 For though one vision haunts me, and I
 burn
 To hold that dream incarnated, I yearn
 In vain, in vain; love breathes no bland
 return!"

Thus only did Aurelian strive to show
 What pangs of hidden passion worked
 below
 The surface calmness of his front serene;
 Unless perhaps he met his beauteous
 Queen,
 Scarce brightening at the banquet or the
 dance;
 When, with a piercing yet half-piteous
 glance,
 His eyes would search, then strangely
 shun her face,
 As one condemned, who fears to sue for
 grace.

But on this self-same day, when home-
 ward bound,
 Her footsteps sought the loneliest path
 that wound
 Through tangled copses to the upland
 ground

An! orchard close, — her fair companions kissed
With tearful thanks, and all kind friends
dismissed, —

Aurelian, who the secret pathway knew,
Through the dense growth and shrouded
foliage drew
Near the pale Queen, the lady of his
dreams:

The evening's soft, pathetic splendor
streams

O'er her clear forehead and her chestnut
hair,

All glorified as in celestial air;
But the dark eyes a wistful light confessed,

And some soft murmuring fancies heaved
her breast

Benignly, like enamored tides that rise
And sink melodious to the west wind's
sighs.

He gazed, and the long passion he had
nursed,

Impetuous, sudden, unrestrained, o'er-
burst

All bounds of custom and enforced re-
straint:

"O lady, hear me: I am deadly faint,
Yet wild with love! such love as forces
man

To beard conventions, trample on the
ban

Of partial laws, spurn with contemptuous
hate

Whate'er would bar or blight his bliss-
ful fate,

And in the feverous frenzy of his zeal,
Even from the shrinking flower he dotes
on, steal

Blush, fragrance, and heart-dew! For-
give! forgive!

What! have I dared to tell thee this, to
live

For aye hereafter in thy cold regard?

Yet veil thy scorn; nor make more cold
and hard

The anguished life now cowering at thy
feet."

As o'er a billowy field of ripened wheat
One sees perchance the spectral shadows
meet,

Cast by a darkened heaven whose lower-
ing lush

Broods, thunder-charged, above its gold-
en flush, —

So, a dark wonder, a sublime suspense,
Of gathering wrath at this wild inso-
lence,

Dimmed the mild glory of her brow and
lips;

Her beauty, more majestic in eclipse,
Shone with that awful lustre which of
old,

In the gods' temples and the fanes of
gold,

Blazed in the Pythia's face, and shook
her form

With throes of baleful prophecy; a
storm

She stood incarnate, in whose ominous
gloom

Throbbled the red lightning on the verge
of doom.

But as a current of soft air, unfelt
On the lower earth, is seen ere long to
melt

The up-piled surge of tempests slowly
driven

In scattered vapors through the deeps of
heaven,

Thus a serener thought tenderly played
Across her spirit; its portentous shade,

Big with unuttered wrath and meanings
dire,

Began with slow, wan pulsings to expire:
A far ethereal voice she seemed to
hear

Luting its merciful accents in her ear,
Subtly harmonious: "Yea," she thought,
"in truth,

A rage, a madness holds him, the poor
youth

Is drunk with passion! Shall I, deeply
blessed

By all love's sweets, its balm and trustful
rest.

Crush the less fortunate spirit! utterly
Blight and destroy him, *all for love of me?*

His hopes, if hopes he hath, must surely
die;

Still would I nip their blossoms tenderly,
With a slight, airy frost-bite of contempt.

God's mercy, good Sir Squire, art thou
exempt

Of courtesy as of reason? What weird
spell

Doth work this madness in thee and
compel

Thy nobler nature to such base des-
pites?

Forsooth, thou'lt blush some day the
flower of knights.

Should this thy budding virtue wax and
grow

To natural consummation! Come! thy
flow

Of weak self-ruth might shame the veri-
est child,

A six years' peevish urchin; whimpering
wild,

And scattering his torn locks, because
afar

He sees and yearns to clasp, but cannot
clasp, a star!"

She ceased, with shame and pity weigh-
ing down

Her dovelike lids demurely, and a
frown

Just struggling faintly with as faint a
smile

(For the mute trembling squire still
knelt the while)

Round the arch dimples of her rosy
mouth;

Whereon, in fitful fashion, like the
South

Which sweeps with petulant wing a fell
of bloom,

Then dies a heedless death 'mong gold-
en brooms

And lavish shrubbery, bricky the re-
sumes,

With quick-drawn breath, the courses
of her speech:

"Aurelian, rise! Behold'st thou yon-
der beach,

And the blue waves beyond? those
bristling rocks,

O'er which the chafed sea, in quick thun-
der-shoeks,

Leaps passionate, panting through the
showery spray.

Roaring defiance to the calm-eyed day?
Ah, well, fantastic boy! I blithely

swear
When yon rude coast beneath us rises
clear

(Down to the farthest bounds of wild
Bretaigne),

Of that black rampart darkening sky
and main,

I'll pay thy vows with answering vows
again,

And be—God save the mark!—thy
paramour."

Her words struck keen and deep, even
to the core

Of the rash listener's soul; they seemed
to be

More fatal in their careless irony
Than if the levin bolt, hurled from
above,

Had slain at once his manhood and his
love,

What more he felt in sooth 'twere vain
to tell;

He only heard her whispering, "Fare-
thee-well,

And Heaven assoil thee of all sinful sor-
row!"

Then with a grace and majesty which
borrow

Fresh lustrous sweetness from an inward
stress

And hidden motion of chaste gentle-
ness,

She glided like some beauteous cloud
apart;

Aurelian saw her pass with yearning
in his heart,

PART II.

Soul-epochs are there, when grief's pitiless storm
 O'erwhelms the amazed spirit; when the warm
 Exultant heart whose hopes were brave
 and high,
 Shrinks in the darkness withering all
 its sky:

Then, like a wounded bird by the rude
 wind
 Clutched and borne onward, tortured,
 reckless, blind.
 Too frail to struggle with that passionate
 blast,
 We take wild, wavering courses, and at
 last
 Are dashed, it may be, on the rocky
 verge,



"Those bristling rocks,
 O'er which the chafed sea, in quick thunder-shocks,
 Leaps passionate, panting through the showery spray."

Or hurled o'er the unknown and perilous
 surge
 Of some dark doom, when, bruised and
 tempest-tost,
 We sink in turbulent eddies, and are
 lost.
 Urged by a mood thus desperate, care-
 less what
 Thenceforth befell him, from that hate-
 ful spot,
 The scene of such stern anguish and de-
 spair,
 Aurelian rushed, he knew not, recked
 not, where.

All night he wandered in the forest drear,
 Till on the pale phantasmal front of morn
 The first thin flickering day-gleam
 glanced forlorn,
 Wan as the wraith of perished hopes,
 the ghost
 Of wishes long sustained and fostered
 most,
 Now gone for evermore. "O Christ!
 that I,"
 He muttered hoarsely, "might unsought
 for lie
 Here, in the dismal shadows and dank
 grass,
 And close my heavy eyelids, and so pass

With one brief struggle from the world
of men,
Never to grieve or languish, — never
again!

Never to sow live seeds of expectation
And joyous promise, to reap desolation;
But as the seasons fly, snow-wreathed, or
crowned

With odorous garlands, rest in the mute
ground,

Peaceful, oblivious, — a Lethéan cloud
Wrapped round my faded senses like a
shroud,

And all earth's turmoil and its juggling
show

Dead as a dream dissolved ten thousand
years ago!"

Long, long revolving his sad thoughts he
stood,

When gleefully from out the lightening
wood

Came the sharp ring of horn and echoing
steel;

A score of huntsmen, scouring at full
speed,

Flashed like a brilliant meteor o'er the
scene,

In royal pomp of glimmering gold and
green;

Whereat, with wrathful gestures, 'neath
the dome

Of the old wood he hastened towards his
home,

Where day by day he grew more woeful-
pale,

Calling on Heaven unheard to ease his
bale,

Among his kins-folk, many in hot haste,
To save an unknown wound with balms
mis-placed,

Came the squire's brother, Curio, — a
wise scribe,

Modest withal, and nobler than his tribe;
With heart as loving as his brain was
wise;

He could not see with cold, indifferent
eyes

Aurelian pass to madness or the grave,
While care and wit of man perchance
might save;

So, pondering o'er what seemed a des-
perate case,

At length there leapt into his kindling
face

The flush of a bright thought. "Fly
Heaven!" cried he,

"O brother, there may still be hope for
thee;

Therefore, take heart of grace, for what
I tell

Doubtless precludes a health-inspiring
spell;

And thou, released from this long, sor-
rowful blight,

Shalt feel the stir of joy, and bless the
morning light,

"Ten years — ten centuries sometimes
they would seem —

Passed idly o'er me like a mystic's
dream;

Ten years ago, when these dull locks
of mine

Flowed round broad shoulders with a
perfumed shine,

And life's clear glass o'erbrimmed with
purpling wine,

I met in Orleans a shrewd clerk-at-law,
One all his comrades loved, yet viewed
with awe,

To whom the deepest lore of antique
ages,

The stored secrets of old seers and
sages

In Greece, or Ind, or Araby, lay
bare;

From out the vacant kingdoms of the
air,

He could at will call forth a hundred
forms,

Hidous or lovely: the wild wrath of
storms;

The zephyr's sweetness: bird, beast,
wave, obeyed

The hushful signs his slender wand
controlled,

At whose weird touch men sick in flesh
or brain

Became their old, bright, hopeful selves
again.

Aurelian, rise! shake off this vile disease,
And ride with me to Orleans; an' it
please

God and our Lady, we may chance to
meet

Mine ancient comrade, who with deftest
feat

Of magic skill may cut the Gordian knot
That long hath bound, and darkly binds
thy lot."

"But," said Aurelian, with a listless
turn

Of his drooped head, and wandering
eyes that burn

With a quick feverish brilliance, "dost
thou speak

Of thine own knowledge, when thou
bid'st me seek

This rare magician? Hast thou looked
on aught

Of all the mighty marvels he hath
wrought?"

"Yea! I bethink me how, one summer's-
day,

He led me through the city gates, away
To the dark hollows 'neath a lonely hill:
So hushed the noontide, and so breath-
less-still

The drowsy air, the voice of one far
stream

Came like thin whispers murmuring in
a dream;

The blithesome grasshopper, his sense
half closed

To all his verdurous luxury, reposed
Pendent upon the quivering, spearlike
grain;

Steeped in the mellow sunshine's noise-
less rain,

All Nature slept; alone the matron
wren,

From the thick coverts of her thorny
den,

Teased the hot silence with her twitter-
ing low:

My inmost soul accordant, seemed to
grow

Languid and dumb within that mystic
place.

At length the Wizard's hand across my
face

Was waved with gentle motion; a vague
mist

Flickered before me, on a sudden kissed
To warmth and glory by an influence
bright;

The strangest glamour hovered o'er my
sight,

Wherethrough I saw, methought, a
palace proud,

Crowned by a lightning-veined thunder-
cloud,

Whose wreaths of vapory darkness
gleamed with eyes

Of multitudinous shifting fantasies;
Its pinnacles like diamond spars out-
shone

The starry splendors of an orient
zone;

And, leading towards its lordly entrance,
rose

Through slow gradations to its marbled
close,

White terraces where golden sunflowers
bloomed;

Above a ponderous portal archway
loomed,

High-columned, quaint, majestic: we
passed

Within that palace, gorgeous, wild, and
vast.

Ah! blessed saints! what wonders weirdly
blent

Did smite me with a hushed astonish-
ment!

A troop of monsters couchant lined our
path.

Their tawny manes and eyes of fiery
wrath

Erect and blazing; an unearthly roar
Of fury, shaking vaulted roof and
floor,

Burst from each savage, inarticulate
throat.

In sullen echoings lost through halls and
courts remote.

“At the far end of glimmering colon-
nades

That gleamed gigantic through the dusky
shades,

Two mighty doors swept backward noise-
lessly;

There heaved beyond us a vast laboring
sea;

Not vacant, for a stately vessel bore
Swift down the threatening tides that
flashed before,

Thronged with black-bearded Titans,
such as moved

In far-off times heroic, well-beloved
Of the old gods; there at his stalwart
ease,

Shouldering his knotted club, great Her-
cules

Towered, his fierce eyes touched to dewy
light,

And rapt on Ilyas, who, serenely bright,
With intense gaze uplifted, tranced and
mute,

Heard, in ecstatic reverie, the lute
Of Orpheus plaining to the waves that
bow

And dance subsiding round the blazoned
prow;

Till the rude winds blew meekly, and
caressed

The mimic golden fleeces o'er the crest
Of bard and warrior, on their secret quest
Bound to the groves of Colchis: and the
bark,

Round which had frowned a threatening
shape and dark.

Now seemed to thrill, like some proud,
sentient thing

That glories in the prowess of its wing.
The gusty billows of that turbulent sea
Their wild crests smoothed, and slowly,
pantingly,

Sunk to the quiet of a charmed calm;
What odors Hesperéan, what rich balm

Freight the fair zephyrs, as they shyly
run

O'er the lulled waters dimpling in the
sun!

And murmurings, hark! soft as the long-
drawn kiss

Pressed by a young god-lover in his
bliss

On lips immortal, when the world was
new;

And, lo! across the pure, pellucid
blue,

A barge, with silken sails, whose beaute-
ous crew,

Winged fays and Cupids, curl their
sportive arms

O'er one, more lovely in her noontide
charms

Than youngest nymphs of Paphos; frag-
rant showers

Of freshening roses, all luxuriant flowers
That feed on eastern dews, their fairy
bands

Scatter about her from white liberal
hands;

While o'er the surface of the dazzling
water.

Dark-eyed, mysterious, many an ocean
daughter

Flashes a vanishing brightness on her
way,

Half seen through tiny tinklings of the
spray;

And music its full heart in airy falls
Outpours, like silvery cascades down the
walls

Of haunted rocks, and golden cymbals
ring,

And lutelike measures on voluptuous
wing

Rise gently to the tranced heavens, re-
plying

From azure-tinted deeps in a low pas-
sionate sighing.

“Then were all climes, all ages, wildly
blended

On blood-red fields, wherefrom shrill
shouts ascended

Of naked warriors, huge and swart of limb,
Mixed with the mailed Grecians' ominous hymn,
Where mighty banners starlike waved and shone
'Mid cloven bucklers grandly; and anon
Marched the stern Roman phalanx, with a ring
And clash of spears, and lusty trumpeting,
And steeds that neighed defiance unto death,
And all war's dreadful pomp and hot, devouring breath.
Last, on a sudden, the whole tumult died,
The vision disappeared; pale, leaden-eyed,
Bewildered, on the enchanted floor I sank;
When next my wakening spirit faintly drank
Life's consciousness, within my lonely room
I sat, and round me drooped the dreary twilight gloom."

Enough, good brother! By the Holy Rood
Thy tale is medicinal! the black mood,
Which like a spiritual vulture seized and tore
My heart-strings, and imbued its beak in gore
Hot from the soul, beneath the golden spell
Of sovereign hope hath sought its native hell.
Then, hol' for Orleans!" At the word he sprung
Light to his feet; it seemed there scarcely hung
One trace of his long madness round him now,
So blithe his smile, so bright his kindling brow.
All day they rode till waning afternoon,

Through breezy copses, and the shadowy boon
Of mightier woods, when, as the latest glance
Of sunset, like a level burnished lance,
Smote their steel morions, sauntering near the town,
With thoughtful mien, robed in his scholar's gown,
They met a keen-eyed man, ruddy and tall;
O'er his grave vest a beard of wavy fall
Flowed like a rushing streamlet, rippling down:
"Welcome!" he cried in mellow accents deep;
"The stars have warned me, and my visioned sleep
Foretold your mission, gentles. Curio, what!
Thine ancient, loving comrade quite forgot?
Spur thy dull memory, gossip!"

"By St. Paul!
The learned clerk, the gracious Artevall,
Or glamour's in it," shouted Curio;
"yet
Thou look'st as hale, as young, as firmly set
In face and form, as if for thee old Time
Had stopped his flight." A lofty glance, sublime
And swift as lightning, from the Magian's eye
Darted some latent meaning grave and high.
He spake not, but the twain he gently led
Where grassy pathways and fair meads were spread,
Skirting the city walls, till near them stood,
Fronting the gloomy boskage of a wood,
The wizard's lonely home, I need not pause
To tell how magic and the occult laws

Of sciences long dead that sage's
 lore
 Did in the spectral midnight hours ex-
 plore.
 Enough, that his strange spells a mar-
 vel wrought
 Beyond the utmost reach of credulous
 thought.
 At last he said, "Sir Squire, my task is
 o'er;
 Go when thou wilt, and view the Breton
 shore,
 And thou shalt see a wide unwrinkled
 strand,
 Smooth as thy lovely lady's delicate
 hand,
 Washed by a sea o'er which the halcyon
 West
 Broods like a happy heart whose dreams
 are dreams of rest."

PART III.

Meanwhile Arviragus, a year before
 Returned in honor from the English
 shore,
 Led with his faithful Iolene that
 life
 Harmonious, justly balanced, free from
 strife,
 Which crowns our hopes with a true-
 hearted wife.

Ne'er dreamed he, as she laid her happy
 head
 Close to his heart, what cloud of shame
 and dread
 Gloomed o'er his placid roof-tree; but
 content
 To think how nobly his late toils had
 spent
 Their force beneath Death's gory drip-
 ping brow
 Through shocks of battle, a fresh laurel
 bough
 Plucking therefrom to flourish green
 and high,
 About his war-worn temples' majesty.

Gladly from bloodshed, conflicts, and
 alarms
 Here rested in those white, encircling
 arms,
 And oft his strong heart thrilled, his
 eyes grew dim,
 To know, kind heaven! how deep her
 love for him.

Thus month on month the cheerful days
 went by,
 Like carolling birds across an April sky,
 A fairy sky undimmed by clouds or
 showers.
 But on a morning, while her favorite
 flowers
 Iolene tended, in the garden-walks
 Pausing to clip dead leaves and prop the
 stalks
 Of drooping plants, herself more sweet
 and fair
 Than any flower, the brightest that
 blushed there,
 Her lord stole gently on her unaware;
 His haughty grace all softened, he bowed
 down
 To kiss the stray curls of her locks of
 brown,
 Thick sown with threads of tangled,
 glimmering gold:
 "At need," he said, "thou canst be
 calm and bold;
 Therefore, thou wilt not yield to foolish
 woe
 If duty parts us briefly. Wife, I go
 To scourge some banded ruffians who of
 late
 Assailed our peaceful serfs, and our es-
 tate —
 Thou knowest it well — northwest of
 Denmark town,
 Ravished with sword and fire. Thy
 lord's renown,
 Yea, and thy lord, were soon the scoff of
 all,
 If in his own fair lief such crimes befall
 Unscourged of justice; so, dear love,
 adieu!
 Nor fear the end of that I have to do."

Thus spake the knight, who forthwith
 raised a shout,
 And bade them bring his stalwart war-
 horse out;
 When, on the sudden, a steed, tall, jet-
 black,
 Led by a groom came whinnying down
 the track,
 'Twixt the green myrtle hedges; at a
 bound
 He vaulted in the selle; smilingly round
 He turned to wave "farewell" with
 mailed hand,
 And then rode blithely down the sunlit
 land.

That evening, at the close of vesper
 prayer,
 Wandering along through the still twi-
 light air,
 Iolene, somewhat sad and sick in mind,
 Met in her homeward pathway, low-re-
 clined
 Beneath the blasted branches of an oak,
 Aurelian, her wild lover of old days:
 She started backward in a wan amaze.
 But he, uprising calmly, bowed and
 spoke;
 "Ha! thou recall'st me, lady? I had
 deemed
 These bitter years which have so scarred
 and seamed
 Whate'er of grace I owned in youthful
 prime,
 Had razed me from thy memory. See a
 rime
 Like that of age hath touched my locks
 to white;
 Yet never once, — so help me heaven! —
 by night
 Or day, in storm or brightness, hath my
 soul
 Veered but a point from thee, its starry
 goal.
 A mighty purpose doth itself fulfil,
 Wise men have said. Lady! I love thee
 still,
 And Love works marvels. Prithee come
 with me,

Ay, quickly come, and thou thyself shalt
 see
 I am no falsehood-monger. Yea, come,
 come!"
 His words, his sudden passion, smote her
 dumb,
 And from her cheeks, those delicate gar-
 dens, wane
 The rare twin roses, as when autumn
 rain,
 Fatally sharp, sweeps o'er some doomed
 domain
 Of matron blooms, and their rich colors
 fade
 Like rainbows slowly dying, shade by
 shade,
 Unto wan spectres of the flowers that
 were.
 With languid head and thoughts of pre-
 scient fear,
 Passively following where Aurelian
 guides,
 She hears anon the surge and rush of
 tides
 On the seashore, and feels the freshen-
 ing spray
 Bedew her brow. "Lady, look forth,
 and say
 If, to a love unquenched, unquenchable,
 Eternal Nature yields not; its strong
 spell
 Hath toiled for me, till the rocks rooted
 under
 Those heaving waters have been rent
 asunder,
 And the wide spaces of the ocean plain,
 Down to the farthest bounds of wild
 Bretagne,
 Rise calmly glorious in the day-god's
 beam.
 Look, look thy fill! it is no vanishing
 dream:
 Lo! now I claim thy promise!"

A keen gleam
 Shot its victorious radiance o'er his
 brow.
 But she, bewildered, tremulous, shrink-
 ing low,

Her clinched hands pale even to the finger-tips,
 Pressed on her blinded eyes and faltering lips,
 Sued in a voice like wailing wind that breaks
 From aspen coverts over lonely lakes,
 In the shut heart of immemorial dells, —
 A fitful, sobbing voice, whose anguish swells,
 Burdened with deep upyearning supplication,
 Coldly across his evil exultation.
 She pleads for brief delay, with frenzied pain
 Grasping at some dim phantom of the brain,
 Shadowing a vague deliverance. "As thou wilt,"
 He answered slowly. "Well I know the guilt
 Of broken vows can never rest on thee!
 Pass by unhurt!" Mutely she turned to flee,
 Nor paused until her chambered privacy
 She reached with panting sides, pallid as death,
 And gasping with short, anguished sobs for breath.
 "Caught am I, trapped like a poor fluttering bird,
 Or dappled youngling from the innocent herd
 Lured to a pitfall! Yet such oath as *this*
 Were surely void? If not, he still shall miss —
 Whate'er betide — his long-expected bliss!
 Better pure-folded arms, and stainless sleep
 Where the gray-drooping willow-branches weep,
 Than meet a fate so hideous! Let me think!
 Others, — pure wives, brave virgins, on the brink
 Of shame and ruin, have struck home and fled,
 To find unending quiet with the dead."

Borne down as by a demon's hand which pressed
 Invisible, but stifling on her breast,
 With brain benumbed, yet burning, and a sense
 Of utter, wearied, desperate impotence,
 Her forlorn glance around the darkening room
 Roving in helpless search, from out the gloom
 Caught the blue glitter of a half-sheathed blade,
 A small but trenchant steel, whose lustre played
 Balefully bright, and like a serpent's eye
 Fixed on her with malign expectancy,
 Drew her perforce towards Death, — that death which seemed
 The sole, stern means through which her fame redeemed,
 Should soar in spiritual beauty o'er the tomb
 Wherein might rest her body's mouldering bloom.

 Ah, me! the looks distraught, the passionate care,
 The whole wild scene, its misery and despair,
 Come back like scenes of yesterday.
 Half bowed
 Her queenly form, and the pent grief allowed
 A moment's freedom shakes her to the core,
 The inmost seat of reason. "All is o'er,"
 She murmurs, as her slender fingers feel
 The deadly edge of the cold shimmering steel.
 At once her swift arm flashes to its height,
 While the poised death hangs quivering, and her sight
 Grows dazed and giddy: when from far,
 so far
 It sounded like the weird voice of a star,



"He turned to wave 'farewell' with mailed hand,
And then rode blithely down the sunlit land."



Muffled by distance, yet distinct and deep,
 About her in the terrible silence creep
 Accents that seize as with a bodily force
 On her white arm suspended, and its course
 To fatal issues, with arresting will
 Hold rigid, till supine it drops and still,
 Back to its drooping level, and a clang
 Of the freed steel through all the chamber rang
 Sharply, and something shuddered down the air
 Like wings of baffled fiends passing in fierce despair.

A warning blent of prescient wrath and prayer
 Those accents seemed, where through a palpable dread
 Ran coldly shivering. "Pause, pause, pause!" they said;
 "Bar not thy hopes 'gainst chance of happier fate!
 The circuit vast which rounds life's dial-plate
 Hath many lights and shades; its hand which lowers
 So threatening now, may move to golden hours,
 And thou on this sad time may'st look like one
 Smiling on mortal woes from some unsetting sun."

Motionless, overcome by hushing awe,
 She heard the mystic voice, and dreamed she saw,
 Just o'er the dubious borders of the light,
 A wavering apparition, scarce more bright
 Than one faint moon-ray, through the misty tears
 Of clouded evenings seen on breezeless mountain meres.

Mistlike it waned; but in her heart of hearts
 The solemn counsel sank: with guilty starts,
 She thought how near, through grief's bewildering blight,
 How near to death, to death and shame, this night
 Her reckless soul had strayed. Yet short-lived hope
 Moved hour by hour through paths of narrowing scope,
 As, day by day, her term of grace passed by,
 Like phantom birds across a phantom sky;
 Her lord still absent, and Aurelian bound
 (For thus he wrote her) to one weary round,
 Morn after morn, of paces to and fro,
 Within the wooded garden-walls below
 The city's southward portals. "There," said he,
 "Each day, and all day long, impatiently
 I wait thy will."

As when in dewy spring,
 'Mid the moist herbage closely nestling,
 Oftimes we see the hunted partridge cling,
 Panting and scared, to the thick-covering grass,
 The while above her couch doth darkly pass
 What seemeth the shadow of a giant wing,
 And she, more lowly, with a cowering stoop,
 Shivers, expecting the fell, fiery swoop
 Of the gaunt hawk, that corsair of the breeze,
 And feels beforehand his sharp talons seize
 And rend her tender vitals; so at home,
 Iolene, trembling at the stroke to come,
 Touched by the lurid shadow of her doom,
 Lingered; until, upon a sunny dawn,
 Her lord returning, gayly up the lawn

Urged his blithe courser, and, dismount-
 ing, came
 Upon her, warmly glowing, all aflame
 With hope and love. But as her dreary
 eyes
 Were turned on his, a quick, disturbed
 surprise
 And then a terror, smote him, and the
 voice
 All jubilant, full-breathed to say, "Re-
 joice,
 Our foes are slain!" gave stammering
 in his throat.
 But she, her loose, dishevelled locks
 afloat
 Round the fair-sloping shoulders, her
 hands clasped
 About his mailed knees, brokenly gasped
 Her anguish forth, and told her sorrow-
 ful tale.
 Dizzy and mute, and as the marble
 pale
 Whereon he leaned, unto the desperate
 close
 The knight heard all, locked in a cold
 repose
 More dread than stormiest passion; life
 and strength
 Seemed slowly ebbing from him, till at
 length
 His soul, like one that walks the fatal
 sand
 (Whose treacherous smoothness looks a
 solid strand,
 But tempts to ruin), felt all earth grow
 dim,
 And round him saw, as in a chaos,
 swim
 Joy's fair horizon melting in the
 cloud.
 But soon his stalwart will, rugged and
 proud,
 Woke lionlike to action; a swift flush
 Rushed like a sunset river's reddening
 glow
 O'er the tempestuous blackness of his
 brow,
 Pregnant with thunder; through the dis-
 mal hush,

His pitiless voice, sharp-echoing round
 about
 The clanging court, leaped like a falchion
 out.
 "Thou hast played with honor as a jug-
 gler's ball;
 God strikes thee from thy balance, and
 the thrall
 Art thou, henceforth, of one vainglorious
 deed.
 What! shall we plant with rash caprice
 the seed
 Of bitterness, nor look for some harsh
 fruit
 To spring untimely from its poisonous
 root?
 What! a lewd spark, a perfumed pop-
 injay,
 Dares in the broad-browed, honest gaze
 of day,
 To dash a foul thought, like the hideous
 spray
 Of Hell, right in thy forehead, — and
 thy hand,
 Which should have towered as if the
 levin-brand
 Of scorn and judgment armed it, but a
 bland
 Dismissal signs him! not one hint which
 tells
 Thy lord, meantime, what loathsome
 secret dwells
 Here, by his hearthstone, muffled up,
 concealed,
 And like a corse corrupting, till, revealed
 By vengeful doom, its pestilent odor
 steals
 Outward, while all the wholesome blood
 congeals
 To a chill horror, and the air grows vile,
 And even the blessed sun a death's-head
 smile
 Assumes in our distempered fantasy?
 By Heaven! this withering curse which
 hangs o'er thee,
 O token! — but here his angry voice
 Broke short, — "There is no choice," he
 moaned, "no choice,

Yea, wife! may Christ adjudge me if I
lie,
To endless, as now keen calamity,
But through this troublous gloom my
mind discerns

One lonely light to guide us; lo, it burns
Lurid, yet clear, by whose fierce flame I
see —

Ah, grief malign! ah, bitter destiny! —
As if God's own right hand the blazing
pain

And fiery bale did stamp on soul and
brain,

These terms of doom:

*Shame and despair for both,
Sorrow and heartbreak! Through all,
keep thine oath,*

*Thou woman, self-involved, self-lost;
and so*

*Face the black front of this tremendous
woe!"*

She bowed as if a blast of sudden wind,
Breathing full winter, smote her cold
and blind;

Then as one wandering in a soul-eclipse,
Feebly she rose, and with her quivering
lips

Kissed her pale lord, stifling one desolate
cry.

Anon she moved around him noiselessly
Bent on the small, sweet offices of love;
And sometimes pausing, she would
glance above

With tearless eyes, for solemn griefs like
this,

Blighting at once both root and flowers
of bliss,

Are arid as the desert, and in vain
Thirst for the cooling freshness of the
rain,

Fitfully led from treasured nook to
nook

Of her dear home, she walked with far-
off look,

And absent fingers, plying household
tasks:

Unheeding her sunless wretchedness she
masks

Through moments deemed unending
while they passed —
When passed, a flickering point! Hark!
The doomed hour at last!

An afternoon it was, stirless and calm:
From field and garden-close rare breaths
of balm

Made the air moist and odorous. Nature
lay

Divinely peaceful; only far away
In the broad zenith, a strange cloud
unfurled

Its boding banner weirdly o'er the world;
Whilst Iolene, her veiled head sadly
bowed,

Passed through the gay thorpe and its
motley crowd,

To where a great wall towered this side
a wood.

All things her mazed, chaotic fancy
viewed

Looked dreamlike; even Aurelian linger-
ing there,

To meet her in the shadiest forest-lair,
Gleamed ghostly dim, a dreadful ghost
in sooth, —

For still a hideous trance appeared to
press

Upon her and a nightmare helpless-
ness, —

To whom she knelt in sad mechanic
guise,

Pleading for mercy with such piteous
eyes,

And such soft flow of self-bewailing
ruth,

Aurelian felt his passion's quivering
chords

Stilled at the touch of those pathetic
words,

That glance of wild appealing agonies.
Stirred by his nobler nature's grave

command

(That fair, indwelling angel sweet and
grand,

Born to transmute the worn and blasted
soil

Of sinful hearts by his celestial toil

To Eden places and the haunts of God),
 He stooped, and, courteous, raised her
 from the sod,
 And whispered closely in her eager
 ear
 Words which his guardian genius smiled
 to hear;
 Words of release, and balmy breathing
 cheer.
 And while his softening gaze a grateful
 mist
 Feelingly dimmed, with knightly grace
 he kissed
 Her drooping forehead, and loose tresses
 thrown
 In rippling waves adown the heaving
 zone;
 Once, twice, he kissed her thus, with
 reverence meek;
 But when her brimming eyes uplifted,
 seek
 Aurelian now, with eloquent looks to
 tell
 What tenderest words could not convey
 so well,
 She only hears the tree-stems, tall and
 brown,
 The golden leaves come faintly fluttering
 down,
 And only hears the wind of sunset moan:
 Midmost the twilight wood the lady
 stands alone.

Stung by his misery into frenzied motion,
 Her lord meantime beside the restless
 ocean
 Roamed, hearkening to the mournful
 undertone
 Of the sea's mighty heart, which touched
 his own,
 O God, how sadly! when abruptly lifting
 His furrowed brow, long fixed upon the
 shifting
 And mimic whirlwinds of loose sand that
 flew
 Hither and thither, as the brief winds
 blew

At fitful whiles from o'er the watery
 waste,
 He saw, as if she spurned the earth in
 haste,
 His gentle wife returning, with a
 face
 Whereon there dwelt no shadow of disgrace;
 A face that seemed transfigured in the
 light
 Of Paradise, it shone so softly bright.
 Beautiful ever, round her now there
 hovered
 A subtle, new-born glory, which discovered
 A shape so dazzling, you had thought the
 plume
 Of some archangel's pinion cast its
 bloom
 About her, and the veil of heaven withdrawn,
 She viewed the mystic streams, the
 sapphire dawn,
 And heard the choirs celestial, tier on
 tier
 Uptowering to the uttermost golden
 sphere,
 Sing of a vanquished dread, a blest release,
 The effluence and the solemn charm of
 peace.

Evening closed round them; o'er the
 placid reach
 Stretching far northward of the sea-girt
 beach,
 They passed, while night's first planet in
 the sky
 Flattered from out the stillness timidly.
 And perfumed breezes rustled murmuring
 bv,
 'Twixt the grim headlands up the glens
 to die,
 And white-winged sea-birds, with a long-
 drawn cry.
 Which spake of homeward flight and
 billowy nest,
 Glanced through the sunset down the
 waving West.

Evening closed o'er them, mellowing
 into dark;
 Along the horizon's edge, a tiny spark,
 Dull-red at first, but broadening to a
 white
 And tranquil orb of silver-streaming
 light,
 Slowly the Night Queen fair her heaven
 ascends:
 The outlines of those loving forms she
 blends
 Into one luminous shade, which seems
 to float,
 Mingle and melt in shining mists remote;
 Type of two perfect lives, whose single
 soul
 Outbreathes a cordial music, sweet and
 whole,
 One will, one mind, one joy-encircled
 fate,
 And one winged faith that soars beyond
 the heavenly gate.

My song, which now hath long flowed
 unperplexed
 Through scenes so various, calm as
 heaven, or vexed
 By gusty passion, reaches the lone shore,
 Ghostlike and strange, of silence and old
 dreams;
 Far-off its weird and wandering whisper
 seems
 Like airs that faint o'er untracked oceans
 hoar
 On haunted midnights, when the moon
 is low.
 And now 'tis ended: long, yea, long
 ago,
 Lost on the wings of all the winds that
 blow,
 The dust of these dead loves hath passed
 away;
 Still, still, methinks, a soft, ethereal
 ray
 Illumes the tender record, and makes
 bright
 Its heart-deep pathos with a marvellous
 light.

So that whate'er of frenzied grief and
 pain
 Marred the pure currents of the crystal
 strain,
 Transfigured shines through fancy's mel-
 lowing trance,
 Touching with golden haze the quaint
 old-world romance.

NOTE. — Of "The Frankleines Tale," the plot of which has been followed in "The Wife of Brittany," Richard Henry Horne, the author of "Orion," says: "It is a noble story, perfect in its moral purpose, and chivalrous self-devotion to a feeling of truth and honor; but it would have been more satisfactory in an intellectual sense had a distinction been made between a sincere pledge of faith and a 'merry bond!'"

THE RIVER.

["Man's life is like a river, which likewise hath its seasons or phases of progress: first, its spring rise, gentle and beautiful; next, its summer, of eventful maturity, mixed calm, and storm, followed by autumnal decadence, and mists of winter, after which cometh the all-embracing sea, type of that mystery we call eternity!"]

Up among the dew-lit fallows
 Slight but fair it took its rise,
 And through rounds of golden shallows
 Brightened under broadening skies;
 While the delicate wind of morning
 Touched the waves to happier grace,
 Like a breath of love's forewarning,
 Dimpling o'er a virgin face, —
 Till the tides of that rare river
 Merged and mellowed into one,
 Flashed the shafts from sundawn's quiver
 Backward to the sun.

Royal breadths of sky-born blushes
 Burned athwart its billowy breast, —
 But beyond those roseate flushes
 Shone the snow-white swans at rest;
 Round in graceful flights the swallows
 Dipped and soared, and soaring sang,
 And in bays and reed-bound hollows,
 How earth's wild, sweet voices rang!

Till the strong, swift, glorious river
Seemed with mightier pulse to run,
Thus to roll and rush forever,
Laughing in the sun.

Nay; a something born of shadow
Slowly crept the landscape o'er, —
Something weird o'er wave and meadow.
Something cold o'er stream and shore;
While on birds that gleamed or chanted,
Stole gray gloom and silence grim,
And the troubled wave-heart panted,
And the smiling heavens waxed dim,
And from far strange spaces seaward,
Out of dreamy cloud-lands dun,
Came a low gust moaning leeward,
Chilling leaf and sun.

Then, from gloom to gloom intenser,
On the laboring streamlet rolled,
Where from cloud-racks gathered denser,
Hark! the ominous thunder knolled!
While like ghosts that flit and shiver,
Down the mists, from out the blast,
Spectral pinions crossed the river, —
Spectral voices wailing passed!
Till the fierce tides, rising starkly,
Blended, towering into one
Mighty wall of blackness, darkly
Quenching sky and sun!

Thence, to softer scenes it wandered,
Scents of flowers and airs of balm,
And methought the streamlet pondered,
Conscious of the blissful calm:
Slow it wound now, slow and slower
By still beach and ripply bight,
And the voice of waves sank lower,
Laden, languid with delight;
In and out the cordial river
Strayed in peaceful curves that won
Glory from the great Life-Giver,
Beauty from the sun!

Thence again with quaintest ranges,
On the fateful streamlet rolled
Through unnumbered, nameless changes,
Shade and sunshine, gloom and gold,

Till the tides, grown sad and weary,
Longed to meet the mightier main,
And their low-toned *miserere*
Mingled with his grand refrain;
Oh, the languid, lapsing river,
Weak of pulse and soft of tune, —
Lo! the sun hath set forever,
Lo! the ghostly moon!

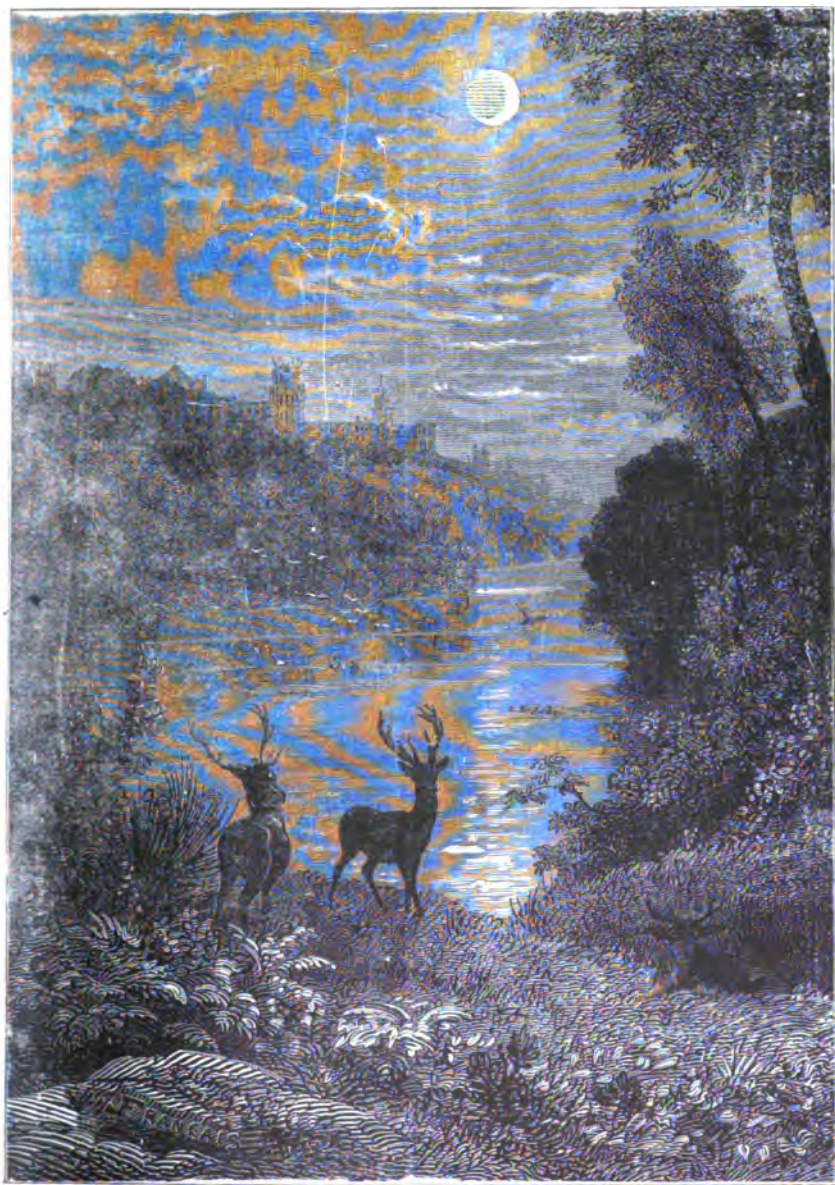
But thenceforth through moon and star-
light
Sudden-swift the streamlet's sweep;
Yearning for the mystic far-light,
Pining for the solemn deep;
While the old strength gathers o'er it,
While the old voice rings sublime,
And in pallid mist before it,
Fade the phantom shows of time, —
Till with one last eddying quiver,
All its checkered journey done,
Seaward breaks the ransomed river,
Goal and grave are won!

— ♦ —
*THE STORY OF GLAUCUS THE
THESSALIAN.**

TO —

LIST to this legend, which an antique
poet
Hath left among the musty tomes of eld,
Like a flushed rosebud pressed between
the leaves
Of some worn, dark-hued volume. What
a light
Of healthful bloom about it! What an
air
Seems breathing round its delicate petals
still!
Wilt thou not take it, lady, — thou,
whose face
Is lovely as a lost Arcadian dream, —
And place it next thy heart, and keep it
fresh
With balmy dew thy gentle spirit sends

* The elements of this story are to be found in Apollonius Rhodius, and Leigh Hunt has embodied them in a graceful prose legend.



**"On the fateful streamlet rolled
Through unnumbered, nameless changes,
Shade and sunshine, gloom and gold."**



Up to the deep founts of the tenderest
eyes
That e'er have shone, I think, since in
some dell
Of Argos and enchanted Thessaly,
The poet, from whose heart-lit brain it
came,
Murmured this record unto her he loved ?

THE STORY.

Glaucus, a young Thessalian, while the
dawn
Of a fresh spring-tide brightened copse
and lawn,
Sauntered, with lingering steps and
dreamy mood,
Adown the fragrant pathway of a wood
Which skirted his small homestead
pleasantly. —
And there he saw a tall, majestic tree,
An oak of untold summers, whose broad-
crown,
Quivering as if in some slow agony,
And trembling inch by inch forlornly
down,
Threatened, for want of a kind propping
care,
To leave its breezy realm of golden air,
And from its leafy heights, with shriek
and groan,
Like some proud forest empire over-
thrown,
Measure its vast bulk on the greensward
lone.

Glaucus beheld and pitied it. He saw
The approaching ruin with a touch of
awe,
No less than genial sympathy. — for men.
In those old times, pierced with a wiser
ken
To the deep soul of Nature, and from
thence
Drew a serene and mystic influence,
Which thrilled all life to music. There-
fore he
Called on his slaves, and bade them prop
the tree.

Musing he passed to a still lonelier place
In the dim forest, by this act of grace
Lightened and cheered, when, from the
copse-wood nigh,
There dawned upon his vision suddenly
A shape more fair and lustrous than the
star
Which hides o'er Cloudland on her
sapphire car
When vesper winds are fluting solemnly.
“Glaucus,” she said, in tones whose
liquid flow,
Mellow, harmonious, passionately low,
Stole o'er his spirit with a strange, wild
thrill,
“I am the Nymph of that fair tree thy
will
Hath saved from ruin; but for thee my
breath
Had vanished mistlike, — my glad eyes
in death
Been sealed for evermore. Yes! but for
thee
I must have lost that half-divinity
Whose secret essence, spiritually fine,
Hath warmed my veins like Hebe's
heavenly wine.
No more, no more amid my rippling hair
Could I have felt soft fingers of the
air
Dallying at dawn or twilight, — on my
cheek
Have felt the sun rest with a rosy streak,
Pulsing in languor; nor with pleasant
pain
Drooped in the cool arms of the loving
Rain,
That wept its soul out on my bosom fair.
But now, in long, calm, blissful days
to be,
This life of mine shall lapse deliciously
Through all the seasons of the boun-
teous year;
Beneath my shade mortals shall sit, and
hear
Benignant whispers in the shimmering
leaves;
And sometimes, upon warm and odorous
eves,

Lovers shall bring me offerings of sweet things, —
 Honey and fruit, — and dream they mark the wings
 Of Cupids fluttering through the oak-boughs hoar.
 All this I owe thee, Glaucus, — all, and more!
 Ask what thou wilt! — thou shalt not ask in vain!"

Then Glaucus, gazing in her glorious eyes,
 And rallying from his first unmanned surprise,
 Emboldened, too, by her soft looks, which drew
 A spell about his heart like fire and dew
 Mingled and melting in a love-charm bland, —
 And by the twinkling of her moon-white hand,
 That seemed to beckon coyly to her side,
 And by her maiden sweetness deified,
 And something that he deemed a dear unrest
 Heaving the unveiled billows of her breast —
 (As if her preternatural part, as free
 And wild as any nursling of the lea,
 Yearned wholly downward to humanity) —
 Emboldened thus, I say, Glaucus replied:
 "O fairest vision! be my love, — my bride!"

Over her face there passed an airy flush,
 The roseate shade, the twilight of a blush,
 Ere the low-whispering answer pensively
 Stirred the dim silence in its tranced hush.
 "Thy suit is granted, Glaucus! though, perchance
 A peril broods o'er this, thy bright romance,
 Like a lone cloudlet o'er a lake that's fair.

When the high noon, flaunting so hotly now
 Fades into evening, thou may'st meet me here,
 Just in the cool of this rill-shadowing bough;
 My favorite bee, my fairy of the flowers,
 Shall bid thee come to that pure tryst of ours."

Who now so proud as Glaucus? "I have won,"
 Lightly he said, "the marvellous benison
 Of love from her in whose soft-folding arms
 Gods might forget Elysium! O! her charms
 Are perfect, — perfect heaven and perfect earth.
 Blest and commingled in one exquisite birth
 Of beauty, — and for me! I know not why,
 But rosy Eros ever seems to fly
 Gayly before me, armed for victory,
 In every pleasant love-strife!" On this theme
 Deeply he dwelt, till a vain self-esteem
 Obscured his worthier spirit. Thus he went
 Out from the haunted wood, his nature toned
 Down to the common daylight, disenzoned
 Of all its rare, ethereal ravishment.

Still in this mood, he sought the neighboring town.
 Met with some gay young comrades, and sat down
 To dice and wassail. All that morn he played,
 And quaffed, and sang, and feasted, till the shade
 Of evening o'er earth's forehead cast a gloom;
 And still he played, when on his ear the boom

Of a swift, shining, yellow-breasted bee
Rung out its small alarum. Teasingly
The insect hummed about him, went and
came,

And like a tiny hell of circling flame.
And discord seemed to Glaucus, who at
last

Struck at the wingèd torment testily.
The bee — poor go-between! — in either
thigh

Cruelly maimed, with feeble flutterings,
passed

Back to its home amid the foliaged
bloom.

At length, in two most fortunate throws,
the game

Was won by Glaucus! With triumphant
smile

He seized and pocketed a glittering pile
Of new sestertii. "Ay! 'tis e'er the
same,"

He muttered; "dice or women, I *must*
win!"

But hold! — by Venus! 'twere a burning
sin,

And false to my fond wild flower of the
wood

Longer to dally here. O Fortune! good,
Kind mistress, speed me still! Would
that each heel

Were plumed like happy Hermes!"
His late zeal

Spurred the youth onward to the place
of tryst, —

One final burst of sunset — amethyst,
Ruby, and topaz — blazed among the
boughs,

Whence a sad voice, — "*Breaker of
solemn vows,*

*What dost thou here? Thine hour has
past for aye!*"

Glaucus, with startled eyes, peered
through the sway

Of moistened fern and thicket, but his
view

Rested alone on vacancy, or caught,
Swift as the shifting glamour of a
thought,

Only the golden and evanishing ray,
Which, softened by cool sparkles of the
dew,
Flashed through the half-closed lids of
weary Day.

"Here am I," said the voice, so sadly
sweet,

The listener thrilled even to his pausing
feet, —

"Here, right before thee, Glaucus!"
Yet again

The youth with straining eyeballs and
hot brain,

Searched the dense thickets, — it was all
in vain.

"Alas! alas!" (and now a tremulous
moan

Sobbed through the voice, like a faint
minor tone

In mournful human music) — "thou
canst see

My face no more, for sternly, drearily,
A wildering cloud of sense, that shall

not rise,
Hath come between me and thy darken-
ing eyes.

O shallow-hearted! nevermore on thee
Shall visions of that finer world above
Dawn from the chaste auroras of their
love;

But common things, seen in a funeral
haze

Of earthiness, and sorrow, and mistrust,
Weigh the soul down, and soil its hopes
with dust;

A hand like Fate's with cruel force shall
press

Thy spirit backward into heaviness,
And the base realm of that forlorn abyss
Wherein the serpent Passions writhe and
hiss

In savage desolation! Blind, blind,
blind

Art thou henceforth in heart, and hope,
and mind!

For he to whom my messenger of joy
And soothing promise only brought
annoy

And sharp disquiet in his low-born
 lust, —
 What, what to him *Ideal Beauty's*
 kiss.
 The charm of lofty converse in the
 dells,
 Of divine meetings, musical farewells,
 And glimpses through the flickering
 leaves at night
 Of such fair mysteries in awe-hushing
 light
 That even I, who in these forests
 dwell
 Purely with innocent creatures, unto
 whom
 All Nature opes her innermost heart of
 bloom
 And blessedness, by some majestic
 spell
 Uplifted unto realms ineffable,
 Faint almost in the splendor large and
 clear?
 The winds have ceased their murmur-
 ings, — on my ear
 The rill-songs melt to threads of delicate
 tune,
 And every small mote dancing in the
 moon
 Expands, and brightens to a spiritual
 eye,
 Luring me up to Immortality,
 O! then my earthly nature, loosening
 slips
 Down like a garment, and invisible
 slips
 Whisper the secrets of their happier
 sphere!
 This bliss, O youth! my soul had shared
 with one
 Worthy the gift! Alas! *thou art not he!*
 The voice died off toward the waning
 sun!
 Glaucus looked up, — the gaunt, gray
 forest trees
 Seemed to close o'er him like a vault of
 stone,
 "Just *Cooks!*" he sighed, "*I am a dead*
about!"

THE NEST.

At the poet's life-core lying
 Is a sheltered and sacred nest,
 Where, as yet, unfledged for flying,
 His callow fancies rest:

Fancies, and thoughts, and feelings,
 Which the mother Psyche breeds,
 And passions whose dim revealings
 But torture their hungry needs.

Yet, — there cometh a summer splendor
 When the golden brood wax strong,
 And, with voices grand or tender,
 They rise to the heaven of song.

NOT DEAD.

TO J. A. D.

HERE, at the sweetest hour of this sweet
 day,
 Here in the calmest woodland haunt
 I know,
 Benignant thoughts around my memory
 play,
 And in my heart do pleasant fancies
 blow,
 Like flowers turned to thee, radiant
 and aglow,
 Flushed by the light of times forever
 fled,
 Whose tender glory pales, but is not
 dead.

The warm south wind is like thy gener-
 ous breath,
 Laden with kindly words of gentle
 cheer,
 And every whispering leaf above me
 saith,
 She whom thou dream'st so distant
 hovers near;
 Her love it is that thrills the sunset air
 With mystic motions from a time that's
 fled,
 Long past and gone, in sooth, — but,
 oh! not dead!

The drowsy murmur of cool brooks
below;

The soft, slow clouds that seem to *muse*
on high;

Love-notes of hidden birds, that come
and go,

Making a sentient rapture of the sky;

All the rare season's peaceful sorcery,
These hints of cordial joys forever
fled,

Joys past, indeed, and yet they are not
dead:

Far from the motley throng of sordid
men,

From fashion far, mean strife and
frenzied gain,

In those dear days through many a
mountain glen,

By mountain streams, and fields of
rippling grain,

We roamed untouched by Passion's
feverish pain,

But quaffing Friendship's tranquil
draughts instead,

Its waters clear whose sweetness is not
dead!

Above that nook of fair remembrance
stands

A dove-eyed Faith, that falters not,
nor sleeps;

No flowers of Lethe droop in her white
hands,

And if the watch that steadfast angel
keeps

Be pensive and some transient tears
she weeps,

They are but tears a fond regret may
shed

O'er twilight joys which fade, but are
not dead!

Not dead! not dead! but glorified and
fair,

Like yonder marvellous cloudland
floating far

Between the mellowing sunset's amber
air

And the mild lustre of eve's earliest
star,

Oh, such, so pure, so bright, these
memories are!

Earth's warmth and Heaven's serene
around them spread,

They pass, they wane, but, sweet! they
are not dead!

SONNET.

HAST thou beheld a landscape dull and
bare,

On which, at times, a flying gleam was
shed

From some shy sunbeam shifting over-
head,

That made the scene for one brief mo-
ment fair?

Such is the light, so transient, flickering,
rare,

Which, from fate's sullen heavens
above me spread,

Hath flushed the path my weary foot-
steps tread,

And lent to darkness glimpses of sweet
cheer.

Alas! alas! that I, whose soul doth burn
With such deep passion for a steadfast
bliss,

Must bend forever o'er hope's burial urn,
And greet even love with a half-
mournful kiss!

In sooth, what stern, malignant doom
is this?

Joy! delicate Ariel! ah! return! return!

MARGUERITE.

SHE was a child of gentlest air,
Of deep-dark eyes, but golden hair,
And, ah! I loved her unaware,
Marguerite!

She spelled me with those midnight eyes,
The sweetness of her naïve replies,
And all her innocent sorceries,
Marguerite!

The fever of my soul grew calm
Beneath her smile that healed like balm,
Her words were holier than a psalm,
Marguerite!

But 'twixt us yawned a gulf of fate,
Whose blackness I beheld, — too late.
O Christ! that love should smite like
hate.

Marguerite!

She did not wither to the tomb,
But round her crept a tender gloom
More touching than her earliest bloom,
Marguerite!

The sun of one fair hope had set,
A hope she dared not all forget,
Its twilight glory kissed her yet, —
Marguerite!

And ever in the twilight fair
Moves with deep eyes and golden hair
The child who loved me unaware!
Marguerite!



APART.

COME not with empty words that say,
"Your strength of manhood wastes
away

In long, ignoble, fruitless years!"
I live apart from pain and tears,
Wherewith the ways of men are sown,
Nor dwell I loveless and alone;
One tender spirit shares my days,
One voice is swift to yield me praise,
One true heart beats against my own!
What more, what more could man desire
Than love that burns a steadfast fire
And faith that ever leads him higher
Along the path which points to peace?

Oh, far and faint I hear the din
Of battle-blows, and mortal sin
From out the stir and press of life;
Those hollow muffled sounds of strife

Seem rolled from thunder-clouds up-
curled

About a dim and distant world;
Below me, in the sunless gloom;
But round my brow the amaranths
bloom

Of sober joy with heart's-ease furled;
For more, what more can man desire
Than love that burns a steadfast fire,
And faith that ever leads him higher.
Where all the jars of earth shall cease?

A present glory haunts my way,
A promise of diviner day
Illumes the flushed horizon's verge;
And fainter, farther still, the surge
Of buffeting waves that beat and roar
Up the dim world's tempestuous shore
Beneath me in the moonless airs;
Alas, its passions, sorrows, cares!
Alas, its fathomless despairs!
Yet dreams, vague dreams, they seem to
me,

On these clear heights of liberty,
These summits of serene desire, —
Whence love ascends, a quenchless fire,
And sweet faith ever leads me higher
To pearly paths of perfect peace!



THE LOTOS AND THE LILY.

The little poems which follow were suggested by an oriental idea developed in Alger's "Specimens of Eastern Poetry." The moon is strangely spoken of as masculine.

THE LOTOS.

DROOPING in the sunlit streams,
We are wrapped all day in dreams;

Morn and noon and evening light
Robed for us in garbs of night.

Only when the moon appears
Through a silvery mist of tears,

From the waters dark and still,
We arise to drink our fill

Of the tender love he sheds
On our fair enamored heads.

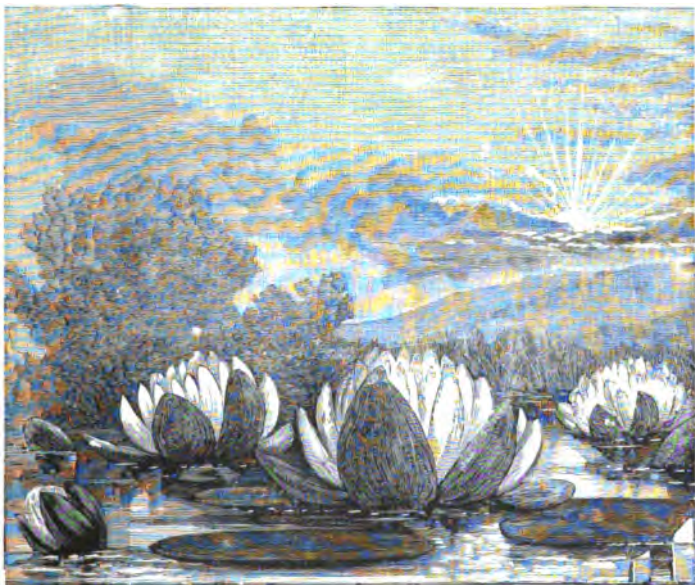
Ah! no longer wrapped in dreams,
How we pant beneath his beams!

How, with breath of softest sighs,
We unclothe our yearning eyes,

And our snowy necks in pride
Curve about the glittering tide!

Warmth for warmth and kiss for kiss,
All our pulses burn with bliss,

Till revealed our inmost charms
Glowing in the night-god's arms.



"View us, white robed lilies,
We, whose beauty's rareness
Sleeps until the bridegroom sun
Woos our virgin fairness."

THE LILY.

VIEW us, white-robed lilies,
We whose beauty's rareness
Sleeps until the bridegroom Sun
Woos our virgin fairness.

Then, our bosoms baring,
'Neath his ardent kisses,
Stem, and leaf, and delicate heart
Trembling into blisses,

The full, fervid godhead
Thrills our being tender,
And our happy souls expand
In ecstatic splendor.

Thus all, *all* we yield him
Of our shrined sweetness, —
All that maiden warmth may grant
To true love's completeness,

WINDLESS RAIN.

THE rain, the desolate rain!

Ceaseless, and solemn, and chill!

How it drips on the misty pane,

How it drenches the darkened sill!

O scene of sorrow and dearth!

I would that the wind awaking

To a fierce and gusty birth,

Might vary this dull refrain

Of the rain, the desolate rain:

For the heart of heaven seems breaking
In tears o'er the fallen earth,

And again, again, again

We list to the sombre strain,

The faint, cold monotone —

Whose soul is a mystic moan —

Of the rain, the mournful rain,

The soft, despairing rain!

The rain, the murmurous rain!

Weary, passionless, slow,

'Tis the rhythm of settled sorrow,

'Tis the sobbing of cureless woe!

And all the tragic of life,

The pathos of Long-Ago,

Comes back on the sad refrain

Of the rain, the dreary rain,

Till the graves in my heart uncloze,

And the dead that its depths enfold,

From a solemn and weird repose

Awake, — but with eyelids cold,

And voices that melt in pain

On the tide of the plaintive rain,

The yearning, hopeless rain,

The long, low, whispering rain!



"IN UTROQUE FIDELIS."

ALONG the woods the whispering night-
airs swoon,

A single bird-note dies adown the trees,
Clear, pallid, mournful, droops the sum-
mer moon,

Dipped in the foam of cloudland's
phantom seas: —

Soundless they heave above

The dim, ancestral home that holds my
love.

How breathless still! A mystic glamour
keeps

Calm watch and ward o'er this weird,
drowsy hour:

Yon heaven's at peace, the earth be-
nignly sleeps;

And thou, thou slumberest too, my
woodland flower, —

Fair lily steeped in light

And happy visions of the marvellous
night!

I waft a sigh from this fond soul to
thine, —

A little sigh, yet honey-laden, dear.

With fairy freightage of such hopes di-
vine

As faun would flutter gently at thine
ear,

And, entering, find their way

Down to the heart so veiled from me by
day.

In dreams, in dreams, perchance, thou
art not coy;

And one keen hope more bold than all
the rest

May touch thy spirit with a tremulous
joy,

And stir an answering softness in thy
breast:

O sleep! O blest eclipse!

What murmured word is faltering at her
lips?

Awake for one brief moment, genial
South:

Breathe o'er her slumbers, — waft that
word to me,

Warm with the fragrance of her rosebud
mouth,

Enwreathed in smiles of dreamful fan-
tasy:

Come, whisper, low and light,

The name which haunts her maiden
trance to-night.

Still, breathless still! No voice in earth
or air:

I only know my delicate darling lies,

A twilight lustre glimmering in her
hair,
And dews of peace within her languid
eyes:

Yea, only know that I
Am called from love and dreams, per-
haps to die, —

Die when the heavens are thick with
scarlet rain,
And every time-throb's fated: even
there

Her face would shine through mists of
mortal pain,
And sweeten death, like some incar-
nate prayer:

Hark! 'tis the trumpet's swell!
O love! O dreams! farewell, farewell,
farewell!



NATURE, BETROTHED AND WEDDED.

HAVE you not noted how in early spring,
From out the forests, past the murmur-
ing brooks,

O'er the hillsides, Nature, with airy
grace,

Like some fair virgin, touched by lights
and shades,

Glides timidly, a veil of golden mist
About her brows, and budding bosom
draped

In maiden coyness? She's a bride be-
trothed

Unto that mystic god, who comes from
far,

Rich Orient lands upon the winds of
June,

That bear him like swift ardors, winged
with fire;

And when, on some calm, lustrous morn,
her lord

Uplifts the golden veil, and weds to hers
The quickening warmth of ripe, immor-
tal lips,

How the broad earth leaps into raptured
life,

And thrills with music!

Then a queenly spouse
Raised unto fruitful empire, through all
hours

Of bounteous summer, she walks proudly
on,

Shining with blissful eyes of matronhood,
Till, at the last, autumn, with reverent
hand,

Doth crown her with such full, com-
pleted joy,

Such wealth of sovereign beauty, she
once more

About her brows and sumptuous bosom
folds

That golden veil, — not in the tremulous
fear

Of maiden coyness now, but lest rash
men,

Drawn by her awful loveliness, should
dare

To gaze too closely on it, and thus fall,
Smitten and blind, at her imperial feet!



CHLORIS.

WHAT time the rosy-flushing West
Sleeps soft on copse and dingle,
Wherein the sunset shadows rest,
Or richly float and mingle;

When down the vale the wood-dove's tone
Thrills in a cadence tender,
And every rare, ethereal mote
Turns to a winged splendor.

Just as the mystic cloudlands ope,
Far up their sapphire portal,
Fair as the fairest dream of Hope,
Half goddess and half mortal,

I see that lovely genius rise,
That child of Orient trances,
On whose sweet face the glory lies
Of weird Hellenic fancies, —

Chloris! beneath whose procreant tread
All earth yields up her sweetness, —
The violet's scent, the rose's red,
The dahlia's orb'd completeness,

And verdures on the myriad hills,
The breath of her pure duty
Hath nursed to life by sparkling rills
And foliaged nooks of beauty;

Till bloom and odor, blush and song,
So fill earth's radiant spaces,
The fading touch of sin, or wrong,
Leaves glad the weariest faces;

And so, through happy spring-tide dells,
O'er mount, and field, and river,
Her zephyr's fairy clarion swells,
Her footsteps glance forever!

—◆—
FORTUNIO.

A PARABLE FOR THE TIMES.

Who at the court of Astolf, the great
King,
King of a realm of firs, and icy flocks,
Cold bright firds, and mountains capped
with clouds,
Who there so loved and honored as the
knight,
The youthful knight Fortunio? Whence
he came,
None knew, nor whom his kindred: at
a bound
He passed all rivals moving towards the
throne,
And stood firm-poised above them: yet
with mien
So sweet it honeyed envy, and sur-
prised
The bitterest railers into complaisance!
Low-voiced and delicate-featured, with
a cheek
As soft as peach down, or the golden
dust
Shrined in a maiden lily's heart of
hearts,
Yet a stern will bent bowlike, with the
shaft
Of some keen purpose swiftly drawn to
head,
Or launched merrily at its lott mark,

Rose thrilled with action, or high strung
at aim,
Beneath his jewelled doublet! While
the hand
So warm, so white, and wont to press
the palm
In palpitating clasp of fair sixteen,
Could wield the ponderous battle-axe,
or flash
The lightning rapier in the foe-man's
eyes,
Prince of the tourney and the dance
alike,
War's fiercer lists had seen his furrow-
less brow
Flushed red with heat of battle, heard
his voice
Shrilled clear beyond the clarions,
mount and break
In larklike song far o'er the mists of
blood,
Through victory's calmer heaven,
Mixed love and fear,
With love oft-times preponderant, girded
him
Closely as with an atmosphere disturbed
Only by hints of thunder, ghosts of
cloud,
But love, all love, love in her passionate
eyes,
Love 'twixt the pure twin rosebuds of
her mouth,
Love in the arch of brooding, beauteous
brows,
And every wavering dimple wherein
smiles
At hide-and-seek with sly, mock frown-
ings played,—
All love was Freyla, though a princess
she,
For this unknown Fortunio! Wildly
beat
And burned her heart at each soft glance
he gave,
Or softer word, albeit as yet unthrilled
By answering passion! Swiftly flew her
dreams
Birdlike on balmy winds of fancy
borne,

To bridal realms empurpled and di-
vine,—
Alas! but Scorn, that long had lurked
and spied
In ambush, shot its sudden bolts, and
brought
Those winged dreams transfixt to earth
and dead!

While Rage, Scorn's ally, in her father's
breast,
Clutched the sweet dreamer rudely,
dragged her soul
Into the garish glare of commonplace
(Soon to be lit by horror's lurid star!)
And so convulsed her tenderness with
threats,



"King of a realm of firs, and icy flocks,
Cold bright floods, and mountains capped with clouds."

That all her being seemed collapsed to fall
Crushed, as in moral earthquake: "Dot-
ing fool,"
Outshrieked the King. "dost dream
great Odin's blood
Could mix with veins plebeian? Purge
thy thoughts,
Unvirgined, vile, of sacrilegious sin!
But for this boy, our twelvemonth's
grace hath raised
So high, a moment's justice shall cast
down
To fathomless depths of ruin!"

Wherewithal
(Harping on justice still, though justice
slept)
The King decreed, "This youth Fortu-
nio dies!"
So, on a bright spring morn, the knight
stood up,
Fronting the royal doomsmen, with a
face
Sublimely calm; they tore his bravery
off,
His jewelled vest and knighthood's
golden spurs,

And bared his heart to catch the arrowy
hail,—

When lo! beneath those rough, disrobing
hands,

*The dangerous, lewd seducer, coyly
bowcd,*

*Outbeamed a virgin beauty chaste and
fair!*

The King, beholding, started, and then
smiled:

"Thou wanton madcap," said he, "go
in peace!"

O cordial eyes, the brown eyes and the
blue,

Or ye dark eyes, with deeps like mid-
night heavens,

Where unimagined worlds of thought
and love

Shine starlike, would ye quench your
glorious rays

In the low levels of the lives of men?

O gracious souls of women tender-sweet,
And luminous with goodness, would ye
soil

Your nascent angel-plumage in the sty
Of sordid worldliness? Be warned, be
warned!

Set not the frail spears of your rash
caprice

In rest against great Nature's pierceless
shield;

Strive not to grasp monopolies impure,
Man's fated heritage. Be warned, be
warned!

For surely as yon bright sun dawns and
dies,

And sure as Nature, all immutable,
Year after year completes her mystic
round

Through law's vast orbit,—so ye des-
perate Fair,

Arrayed against the eternal force of God,
Must fall discomfited, and like that
knight,

The false Fortunio, rest your claims at
last.

Not on deft spells of simulated power,

But on the soft white bosom which
enspheres

The sacred charms of perfect woman-
hood!



A FEUDAL PICTURE.

[SCENE — The Corridor of a Palace. PER-
SONS — A young Knight and his Mentor.
TIME — The Fourteenth Century.]

MENTOR.

WITH what a grace she passed us by
just now!

Her delicate chin half raised, her cordial
brow

A cloudless heaven of bland benignities!

What tempered lustre too in her dove's
eyes,

Just touched to archness by the eye-
brow's curve,

And those quick dimples which the
mouth's reserve

Stir and break up, as sunlit ripples
break

The cool, clear calmness of a mountain
lake!

A woman in whom majesty and sweet-
ness

Blend to such issues of serene complete-
ness,

That to gaze on her were a prince's
boon!

The calm of evening, the large pomp of
noon,

Are hers; soft May morns melting into
June,

Hold not such tender languishments as
those

Which steep her in that dew-light of
repose,

That floats a dreamy balm around the
full-blown rose:—

And yet, 'tis not her beauty, though so
bright

(Clear moon-fire mixed with sun-flame),
nor the light,

Transparent charm we feel so exquisite,

Whereby she's compassed as a wizard
star

By its own life-air! 'tis not one, nor all
Of these, whereby we're mastered, Sir,
and fall

Slavelike before her: doubtless such
things *are*

Potent as spells, — still there's a some-
thing fine,

Subtler than hoar-rime in the faint
moonshine,

More potent yet! — an undefined art,
'Twere vain to question: your whole
being, heart,

Brain, blood, seem lapsing from you,
fired and fused

In hers. — a terrible power, and if
abused —

But by St. Peter! 'tis not safe to talk
Of yon weird woman! turn now! watch
her walk

'Twixt the tall tiger-lilies, — there's a
free,

Brave grace in every step, — but still to
me,

It hath — I know not what — of covert-
ness,

(unning, and cruel purpose! can you
guess

The picture it brings up? — a lonely
rock

From which a young Bedouin guards his
flock,

In the swart desert: — there's a tawny
band,

A curved and tangled pathway of loose
sand,

Winding above him; — the tranced airs
make dim

His slumberous senses! — his great
brown eyes swim

In th' mist of dreams, when gliding
with mute tread

Forth from the thorn-trees, o'er his
nodding head,

Moves a lithe-bodied panther; — (God!
how fair

The beast is, with her moony-spotted
hair,

And her deft desert paces!) — one breath
more!

And you'll behold the spouting of fresh
gore,

Heart blood that's human! — can aught
save him now? —

Hist! the sharp crackle of a blasted
bough,

Whence flies a huge hill-eagle, rustling
O'er the boy's forehead his vast breadths
of wing,

And sweeping as a half-seen shade,
'twould seem,

Betwixt his startled spirit, and its
dream;

He's roused! espies his danger! at a
bound

Leaps into safety where the low-set
ground

Is buttressed 'neath two giant crags
thereby

(Now hark ye! 'tis no pictured phantasy,
This scene, my Anslem! but all's true
and clear

Before me, though full many a weary
year

Has waxed and waned since then):
My meaning prithee? foolish youth, be-
ware!

There's treachery lurking in the gay
parterre,

As in the hoary desert's silentness,
And dreams with danger, death per-
chance behind,

May lull young sleepers in the perfumed
wind,

Which hardly lifts the tiniest truant
tress

It toys with coyly, of a woman's
hair:

Our sternest fates have risen in forms as
fair,

As — let us say for lack of similes, —
As, hers, who bends now with such
gracious ease,

O'er her rich tulip-beds!

Were I the bird,
Wert thou the shepherd Anslem of my
tale,

(And that thou hast not hearkened, boy,
 unstirred
 Is clear, albeit thou need'st not wax so
 pale).
 What would true wisdom whisper, now
 'tis done,
 My warning, and thy day-dream in the
 sun?
 What! why, her mandate's plain: I hear
 her say,
 'Young Knight! to horse! leave the
 Queen's Court to-day!''

—♦—
 THE WARNING.

PATIENCE! I yet may pierce the rind
 Wherewith are shrewdly girded round
 The subtle secrets of his mind:
 A dark, unwholesome core is bound
 Perchance within it! Sir, you see,
 Men are not what they *seem* to be!

A candid mien and plausible tongue!
 A bearing calmly frank and fair,
 The tear ('twould seem) by pity wrung,
 All these are his, but still, beware!
 A something strange, false, unbegot
 Of virtue, whispers, trust him not:
 But yesterday, his mask (I know
 He wears one). for a moment's space,
 By chance dropped off and swift below
 The smile just waning on his face,
 I caught a look, flashed sudden, keen
 As lightning, which he deemed unseen.

I will not pause to tell thee what
 That look betrayed! enough I think,
 To smite the spirit cold and hot,
 By turns, and make one inly shrink
 From contact with a soul that keeps
 Such wild-fire smouldering in its deeps:
 So friend, be warned! he is not one
 Thy youth should trust, for all his
 smiles,

Frank foreheads, genial as the sun,
 May hide a thousand treacherous wiles,
 And tones, like music's honeyed flow,
 May work (God knows!) the bitterest
 woe!

DRIFTING.

I HAVE settled at last in a sombre nook.
 In the far-off heart of the Norland
 hills,
 There's a dark pine forest before my
 gates,
 And behind is the voice of rills
 That murmur all day, and murmur all
 night,
 Through the tangled copses green and
 lone,
 Where, couched in the depths of the
 shadowy leaves,
 The wood-dove makes her moan.

My home is a castle ancient and worn,
 With hoary walls, and with crumbling
 floors,
 And the burglar-winds their entrance
 force
 Through the cobwebbed panes and
 doors.
 I can hardly say that a roof is mine,
 For whenever the mountain tempests
 rise,
 A deluge is poured through its countless
 rents,
 Wide open to air and skies!

Ah! Nature alone keeps a wholesome
 mien,
 In the midst of a squalor wildly bare,
 And I draw sometimes from her bounde-
 ous breast
 Brief balms for the heart's despair;
 All *human* friends that were loyal have
 died,
 And the false and treacherous only
 stay,
 To poison the soul with their serpent
 tongues
 In my fortune's dull decay!

Distant and dim in the perishing past
 Grow the joys that made its springtime
 sweet,
 And the last of the saving angels—
 Hope—

Hath spurned my lot with her shining
feet;

Ambition is dead, and if love survives,
Her lip, it is pale, and her eyes forlorn
As beams of the waning stars that
melt

In a clouded winter's morn.

I have met my fate as a man should meet
What cannot be vanquished, nor put
aside,

I have striven with spirit and force to
stem

Its rushing and mighty tide;
But the godlike nerve, and the iron will,
They were not granted to me, I say,
And therefore a waif on an angry sea,
I am drifting, drifting away!

Ay! drifting, and drifting, and drifting
away,

Not a hand upraised, nor a cry for aid;
And hoarser the voice of the storm-wind
swells,

And darker the wild night-shade;
There are breakers ahead that will crush
me soon,

How much, O God! do thy creatures
bear!

I marvel if somewhere, in heaven or
hell,

This riddle of life grows clear!

SONNETS.

LEIGH HUNT.

"Leigh Hunt *loves everything*; he catches
the sunny side of everything, and—except a
few polemical antipathies—finds everything
beautiful." — HENRY CRABB ROBINSON.

DESPITE misfortune, poverty, the dearth
Of simplest justice to his heart and
brain,

This gracious optimist lived not in vain;
Rather, he made a partial Heaven of
Earth;

For whatsoe'er of pure and cordial birth
In body or soul dawned on him, he was
fain

To bless and love, as an immortal gain
A thing divine, of fair immaculate
worth:—

The clearest, cleanest nature given to
man

In these, our latter days, methinks was
his,

With instincts which alone did bring
him bliss;

All life he viewed as one long, luminous
plan

Wherein God's love and wisdom meet
and kiss, —

His sole brave creed, the creed Samari-
tan!

SOUL-ADVANCES.

HE, who with fervent toil and will aus-
tere,

His innate forces and high faculties
Develops ever, with firm aim, and wise,
He *only* keeps his spiritual vision clear;
To him earth's treacherous shadows
shift and veer

Like idle mists o'ercrowding windless
skies,

Where through oftentimes to purged and
prayerful eyes,

The steadfast heavens seem beckoning
calm and near:

Still o'er life's rugged heights, with many
a slip,

And painful pause he journeys, and sad
fall,

Toward death's dark strand, washed by
a mystic sea;

There her worn cable straining to be
free,

He sees, and enters Faith's majestic ship,
To sail — *where'er the voice of God may
call!*

CAROLINA.

THAT fair young land which gave me
birth is dead!

Lost as a fallen star that quivering dies
Down the pale pathway of autumnal
skies,

A vague faint radiance flickering where
it fled;
All she hath wrought, all she hath
planned or said,
Her golden eloquence, her high emprise
Wrecked, on the languid shore of Lethé
lies,
While cold Oblivion veils her piteous
head:*

O mother! loved and loveliest! debonair
As some brave queen of antique chivalries.
Thy beauty's blasted like thy desolate
coasts;—
Where now thy lustrous form, thy shining
hair?
Where thy bright presence, thine imperial
eyes?
Lost in dim shadows of the realm of
Ghosts!

SONNET.

IN yonder grim, funereal forest lies
A foul lagoon, o'erfilmed by dust and
slime,
Hidden and ghastly, like a thought of
crime
In some stern soul kept secret from
men's eyes:
But if perchance a healthful breeze
should rise,
And part those stifling boughs, sweet
morning's prime,
And the fair flush of evening's cordial
clime,
Reflect therein the calmly glorious skies:

* This may be esteemed an *exaggeration*: but really it is the sober and melancholy truth. The fame of the great statesmen and orators, for example, who once flourished in South Carolina, and made her name illustrious from one end of the Union to the other, is fast becoming a mere shadowy tradition. With a single exception, their works have never been collected for publication, nor have their lives been written, unless in the most fragmentary and imperfect fashion. The period during which these things might have been rightly done has forever passed.

Is't so with man? holds not the dark-
ened breast,
Turbid, corrupt, o'ergrown by worldli-
ness,
One little spot whereon love's smile may
rest?
Lo! a pure impulse breathes, the sin-
clouds part,
The grief-defilements melt in hopes that
bless,
And pour God's quickening sunshine on
the heart!

 ODE TO SLEEP.

BEYOND the sunset, and the amber sea
To the lone depths of Ether, cold and
bare,
Thy influence, soul of all tranquillity,
Hallows the earth and awes the reverent
air;
Yon laughing rivulet quells its silvery
tune,
The pines, like priestly watchers tall and
grim,
Stand mute, against the pensive twi-
light dim,
Breathless to hail the advent of the
moon;
From the white beach the ocean falls
away
Coily, and with a thrill; the sea-birds
dart
Ghostlike from out the distance, and
depart

Thus, over their genius and performances, as over their native State,—the Carolina of old,—oblivion, day by day, is more darkly gathering. If elements of a new political birth exist in that unfortunate section, they are *now* hopelessly confused and chaotic!

While the Past recedes, becoming momentarily more ghostly and phantasmal, the Future is wrapped in thick clouds and darkness! Where, indeed, is the prophet or son of a prophet who can predict the nature of that new polity destined to rise from the old institutions and the defunct civilization?

With a gray fleetness, moaning the dead
day;

The wings of Silence overfolding space,
Droop with dusk grandeur from the
heavenly steep,

And through the stillness gleams thy
starry face,

Serenest Angel—Sleep!

Come! woo me here, amid these flowery
charms,

Breathe on my eyelids; press thy odor-
ous lips

Close to mine own, enwreath me in
thine arms,

And cloud my spirit with thy sweet
eclipse;

No dreams! no dreams! keep back the
motley throng, —

For such are girded round with ghastly
might,

And sing low burdens of despondent
song,

Decked in the mockery of a lost de-
light;

I ask oblivion's balsam! the mute peace
Toned to still breathings, and the gen-
tlest sighs,

Not music woven of rarest harmonies
Could yield me such elysium of release:

The tones of earth are weariness, — not
only

'Mid the loud mart, and in the walks of
trade,

But where the mountain Genius broodeth
lonely,

In the cool pulsing of the sylvan shade;
Then, bear me far into thy noiseless land,
Surround me with thy silence, deep on
deep,

Until serene I stand

Close by a duskier country, and more
grand,

Mysterious solitude, than thine, O Sleep!

As he whose veins a feverous frenzy
burns,

Whose life-blood withers in the fiery
drought,

Feebly, and with a languid longing,
turns

To the spring breezes gathering from the
South,

So, feebly, and with languid longing, I
Turn to thy wished Nepenthe, and im-
plore

The golden dimness, the purpureal gloom
Which haunt thy popped realm, and
make the shore

Of thy dominion balmy with all bloom:
In the clear gulfs of thy serene profound,
Worn passions sink to quiet, sorrows
pause.

Suddenly fainting to still-breathed
rest;

Thou own'st a magical atmosphere,
which awes

The memories seething in the turbulent
breast;

Which muffling, up the sharpness of all
sound

Of mortal lamentation, — solely bears
The silvery minor toning of our woe,

All mellowed to harmonious under-
flow,

Soft as the sad farewells of dying
years, —

Lulling as sunset showers that veil the
west,

And sweet as Love's last tears

When overwelling hearts do mutely
weep:

O griefs! O wailings! your tempestuous
madness,

Merged in a regal quietude of sadness,
Wins a strange glory by the streams of
sleep!

Then woo me here amid those flowery
charms,

Breathe on my eyelids, press thy odor-
ous lips,

Close to mine own, — enfold me in thine
arms,

And cloud my spirit with thy sweet
eclipse;

And while from waning depth to depth
I fall,

Down lapsing to the utmost depths of
all,
Till wan forgetfulness obscurely steal-
ing,
Creeps like an incantation on the soul,
And o'er the slow ebb of my conscious
life
Dies the thin flush of the last conscious
feeling,
And like abortive thunder, the dull roll
Of sullen passions ebbs far, far away, —
O Angel! loose the chords which cling
to strife,
Sever the gossamer bondage of my
breath,
And let me pass gently as winds in
May,
From the dim realm which owns thy
shadowy sway,
To thy diviner sleep, O sacred death!

—◆—
SONG.

O! to be
By the sea, the sea!
While a brave nor'wester's blowing,
With a swirl on the lee,
Of cloud-foam free,
And a spring-tide deeply flowing!
With the low moon red and large,
O'er the flushed horizon's marge,
And a little pink band in mine,
On the sands in the long moonshine!

O! to be
By the sea, the sea!
With the wind full west and dying,
With a single star
O'er the misty bar,
And the dim waves dreamily sighing!
O! to be there, but there!
With my sweet love nestling near!
Near, near, till her heart-throbs blend
with mine,
Through the balmy hush of the night's
decline,
On the glimmering beach, in the soft
star-shine!

HOPES AND MEMORIES.

OUR hopes in youth are like those rose-
ate shadows
Cast by the sunlight on the dewy grass
When first the fair morn opes her sap-
phire eyes;
They seem gigantic and yet graceful
shades,
Touched with bright color. As our sun
of life
Rises towards meridian, less and less
Grow the bright tremulous shadows, till
at last,
In the hot dust and noontide of our day,
They glimmer to blank nothingness.
Again,
That grand climacteric passed, the shad-
ows gleam
Bright still, perchance (if our past deeds
be pure), —
Bright still, but all reversed! Eastward
they point,
Lengthening and lengthening ever
toward the dawn;
For hopes have then grown memories,
whose strange life
Deepens and deepens as the sunset dies.

—◆—
WIDDERIN'S RACE.

AUSTRALIAN.

[The incidents of the following sketch will
be found in "The Recollections of Geoffrey
Hamlyn," by Henry Kingsley.]

"A HORSE amongst ten thousand! on
the verge,
The extremest verge of equine life he
stands;
Yet mark his action, as those wild young
colts
Freed from the stock-yard gallop whin-
nying up;
See how he trots towards them, — nose
in air,
Tail arched, and his still sinewy legs
out-thrown



"Our hopes in youth are like those roseate shadows
Cast by the sunlight on the dewy grass."



In gallant grace before him! A brave
beast

As ever spurned the moorland, ay, and
more,

He bore me once,—such words but smite
the truth,

I' the outer ring, while vivid memory
wakes,

Recalling now, the passion and the
pain. —

He bore me once from earthly hell to
heaven!

“ The sight of fine old Widderin (that's
his name,

Caught from a peak, the topmost rugged
peak

Of tall Mount Widderin, towering to
the North

Most like a steed's head, with full nos-
trils blown,

And ears pricked up),—the sight of
Widderin brings

That day of days before me, whose
strange hours

Of fear and anguish, ere the sunset,
changed

To hours of such content and full-veined
joy,

As Heaven can give our mortal lives but
once.

“ Well, here's the story: While yon bush-
fires sweep

The distant ranges, and the river's voice
Pipes a thin treble through the heart of

drought,

While the red heaven like some huge
caldron's top

Seems with the heat a-simmering, better
far

In place of riding tilt 'gainst such a sun,
Here in the safe veranda's flowery gloom,

To play the dwarfish Homer to a song,
Whereof myself am hero :

“ Two decades
Have passed since that wild autumn-time
when last

The convict hordes from near Van Die-
men, freed

By force or fraud, swept, like a blood-
red fire,

Inland from beach to mountain, bent on
raid

And rapine; fiends o' th' lowest pit, they
spared

Nor sex, nor age, nor infancy; the vul-
ture

Followed their track, and a black smoke
like hell's

Hung its foul reek above each home
accursed,

Sacked by their greed, or ravished by
their lust.

Their crimes were monstrous, weird,
unutterable,

Not to be hinted, save in awe-struck
whispers

Dropped by dark hearthstones, far from
maidens' ears,

In the blank silent midnight! all the
land

Uprose to seek, confront and decimate
These devils spawned of Tophet; but

their bands

At the first bruit of battle, the first clang
Of sabres girding honest loins, and

champ

Of horse-bits held by manly hands that
burned

To smite them, hip and thigh, — fled,
disappeared,

And crouched in hiding, wheresoe'er the
earth,

By wave and hill-side, forest, and bleak
tarn.

Vouchsafed to shield them; as the time
rolled on,

Our fears grew lighter, and all dread was
quelled,

When on a morning, 'mid the outmost
reefs

Of rough Cape Bolling, our chief herds-
man found

The carcass of a huge boat overturned,
All stoven, and firmly wedged between
the jaws

Of monster rocks, whereby three bodies
lay,
Splashing and gurgling in the reflux
tides.

Well known as corpses of three desperate
men.

The outlaws' leaders; thereupon 'twas
deemed, —

And all must own with fairest likelihood,
That glutted by their vengeance, or
spurred on

By hopes of rapine, beckoning other-
where, —

The whole foul crew embarking, had
been seized

By wind and wave, God's executioners,
The pitiless doomsmen of the wrath of
Heaven, —

And so, crushed out of being, and
made less

Than the vile seaweed dabbling in the
surf.

"Thenceforth, our caution cooled;
save here and there,

At critical mountain-passes, or lone
caves,

And sheltered inlets of the wild south-
west,

No sentinels watched; and wherefore
should they watch?

The storm had threatened, broken and
was passed!

"So, in late autumn, — 'twas a mar-
vellous morn,

With breezes from the calm snow-river
borne

That touched the air, and stirred it into
thrills,

Mysterious and mesmeric, a bright mist
Lapping the landscape like a golden
trance,

Swathing the hilltops with fantastic
veils,

And o'er the moorland ocean quivering
light

As gossamer threads drawn down the
forest aisles

At dewy dawning, — on this marvellous
morn,

I, with four comrades, in this self-same
spot,

Watched the fair scene, and drank the
spicy airs,

That held a subtler spirit than our wine,
And talked and laughed, and mused in
idleness,

Weaving vague fancies, as our pipe-
wreaths curled

Fantastic, in the sunlight! I, with
head

Thrown back, and cushioned snugly,
and with eyes

Intent on one grotesque and curious
cloud,

Puffed upward, that now seemed to
take the shape

Of a Dutch tulip, now a Turk's face
topped

By folds on folds of turban limitless, —
Heard suddenly, just as the clock

chimed one,

To melt in musical echoes up the hills,
Quick footsteps on the gravelled path

without, —

Steps of the couriers of calamity, —
So my heart told me, ere with

blanched regards,

Two stalwart herdsmen on our thresh-
old paused,

Panting, with lips that writhed, and
awful eyes;

A breath's space in each other's eyes we
glared,

Then, swift as interchange of lightning
thrusts

In deadly combat, question and reply
Clashed sharply, 'What! the Rangers?'

'Ay, by Heaven!'
'Whither bound?'

I stammered, hoarsely, 'Bound,' the
elder said,

'Southward! — four stations had they
soaked and burnt,

And now, drunk, furious — but I
stopped to hear

No more; with booming thunder in
mine ears,
And blood-flushed eyes, I rushed to
Widderin's side,
Drew tight the girths, upgathered curb
and rein,
And sprang to horse ere yet our laggard
friends.
Now trooping from the green veranda's
shade,
Could dream of action!

"Love had winged my will,
For to the southward, fair Garoopna
held
My all of hope, life, passion; she whose
hair
(Its tiniest strand of waving, witch-like
gold)
Had caught my heart, entwined, and
bound it fast,
As 'twere some sweet enchantment's
heavenly net!

"I only gave a hand-wave in farewell,
Shot by, and o'er the endless moorland
swept
(Endless it seemed, as those weird,
measureless plains,
Which in some nightmare vision, stretch
and stretch
Towards infinity!) like some lone ship
O'er wastes of sailless waters; now, a
pine.
The beacon pine gigantic, whose grim
crown
Signals the far land-mariner from
out
Gaunt boulders of the gray-backed Organ
hill,
Rose on my sight, a mistlike, wavering
orb,
The while, still onward, onward, on-
ward still,
With motion winged, elastic, equable,
Brave Widderin cleaved the air tides,
tossed aside
The winds as wave: their swift, invisible,
breast:

Hissing with foamlike noise when
pressed and pierced
By that keen head and fiery-crested
form!

"The lonely shepherd guardian on the
plains,
Watching his sheep through languid
half-shut eyes,
Looked up, and marvelled, as we passed
him by,
Thinking perchance it was a glorious
thing.
So dressed, so booted, so caparisoned,
To ride such bright blood-courers unto
death!
Two sun-blackened natives, slumbering in
the grass,
Just rose betimes to 'scape the trampling
hoofs,
And hurled hot curses at me as I sped;
While here and there, the timid kanga-
roo
Blundered athwart the mole-hills, and
in puffs
Of steamy dust-cloud vanished like a
mote!

"Onward, still onward, onward, onward
still!
And lo! thank Heaven, the mighty Or-
gan hill,
That seemed a dim blue cloudlet at the
start,
Hangs in aerial, fluted cliffs aloft,
And still as through the long, low glacis
borne,
Beneath the gorge borne ever at wild
speed,
I saw the mateless mountain eagle wheel
Beyond the stark height's topmost pin-
nacle;
I heard his shriek of rage and ravin die
Deep down the desolate dells, as far be-
hind
I left the gorge and far before me swept
Another plain, tree-bordered now, and
bound
By the clear river gurgling o'er its bed.

"By this, my panting, but unconquered
 steed
 Had thrown his small head backward,
 and his breath
 Through the red nostrils burst in labored
 sighs;
 I bent above his outstretched neck, I
 threw
 My quivering arms about him, murmuring low,
 'Good horse! brave heart! a little longer
 bear
 The strain, the travail; and thenceforth
 for thee
 Free pastures all thy days, till death
 shall come!
 Ah, many and many a time, my noble
 bay,
 Her lily hand hath wandered through
 thy mane,
 Patted thy rainbow neck, and brought
 thee ears
 Of daintiest corn from out the farm-
 house loft,—
 Help, help, to save her now!'

 'I'll vow the brute
 Heard me and comprehended what he
 heard!
 He shook his proud crest madly, and his
 eye
 Turned for a moment sideways, flashed
 in mine
 A lightning gleam, whose fiery language
 said,
 'I know my lineage, will not shame my
 sire.
 My sire, who rushed triumphant 'twixt
 the flags,
 And frenzied thousands, when on Epsom
 downs
 Aretagus won the Derby! — no, nor
 shame
 My granddam, whose clean body, half
 enwrought
 Of air, half fire, through swirls of desert
 sand
 Bore Shi'k Abdallah headlong on his
 prey!'

"At last came forest shadows, and the
 road
 Winding through bush and bracken, and
 at last
 The hoarse stream rumbling o'er its
 quartz-sown crags.

"No, no! stanch Widderin! pause not
 now to drink;
 An hour hence, and thy dainty nose
 shall dip
 In richest wine, poured jubilantly forth
 To quench thy thirst, my beauty! but
 press on,
 Nor heed these sparkling waters. God!
 my brain's
 On fire once more! an instant tells me
 all:
 All! — life or death, — salvation or de-
 spair! —
 For yonder, o'er the wild grass-matted
 slope
 The house stands, or it stood but yester-
 day.

"A Titan cry of inarticulate joy
 I raised, as calm and peaceful in the sun,
 Shone the fair cottage, and the garden-
 close,
 Wherein, white-robed, unconscious, sat
 my Love
 Liltin a low song to the birds and flow-
 ers.
 She heard the hoof-strokes, saw me,
 started up,
 And with her blue eyes wider than their
 wont,
 And rosy lips half tremulous, rushed to
 meet
 And greet me swiftly. 'Up, dear Love!'
 I cried,
 'The Convicts, the Bush-Rangers! — let
 us fly!'
 Ah, then and there you should have seen
 her, friend,
 My noble beauteous Helen! not a tear,
 Nor sob, and scarce a transient pulse-
 quiver,
 As, clasping hand in hand, her fairy foot

Lit like a small bird on my horseman's
boot,
And up into the saddle, lithe and light,
Vaulting she perched, her bright curls
round my face!

"We crossed the river, and, dismount-
ing, led
O'er the steep slope of blended rock and
turf,
The wearied horse, and there behind a
Tor
Of castellated bluestone, paused to
sweep

With young keen eyes the broad plain
stretched afar,
Serene and autumn-tinted at our feet:
'Either,' said I, 'these devils have gone
East,

To meet with bloodhound Desborough
in his rage
Between the granite passes of Luxorme,
Or else, — dear Christ! my Helen, low!
stoop low!'

(These words were hissed in horror, for
just then,

'Twixt the deep hollows of the river-
vale,



"No, no! stanch Widderin! pause not now to drink."

The miscreants, with mixed shouts and
curses, poured
Down through the flinty gorge tumultu-
ously,
Seeming, we thought, in one fierce
throng to charge
(Our hiding-place.) I seized my Widder-
in's head,
Blindfolding him, for with a single neigh
Our fate were sealed o' th' instant! As
they rode,
Those wild, foul-languaged demons, by
our lair,
Scarce twelve yards off, my troubled
steed shook wide
His streaming mane, stamped on the
earth, and pawed

So loudly that the sweat of agony rolled
Down my cold forehead; at which point
I felt

My arm clutched, and a voice I did not
know,

Dropped the low murmur from pale,
shuddering lips,

'O God! if in those brutal hands I
fall,

Living, look not into your mother's face
Or any woman's more!'

"What time had passed
Above our bowed heads, we pent, pin-
ioned there

By awe and nameless horror, who shall
tell?

Minutes, perchance, by mortal measurement,
 Eternity by heart-throbs!—when at length
 We turned, and eyes of mutual wonder raised,
 We gazed on alien faces, haggard, worn,
 And strange of feature as the faces born
 In fever and delirium! Were we saved?
 We scarce could comprehend it, till,
 from out
 The neighboring oak-wood, rode our
 friends at speed,
 With clang of steel and eyebrows bent in
 wrath.
 But warned betimes, the wily ruffians fled
 Far up the forest-coverts, and beyond
 The dazzling snow-line of the distant
 hills,
 Their yells of fiendish laughter pealing
 faint,
 And fainter from the cloudland, and the
 mist
 That closed about them like an ash-gray
 shroud:
 Yet were these wretches marked for
 imminent death:
 The next keen sunrise pierced the
 savage gorge,
 To which we tracked them, where,
 mere beasts at bay,
 Grimly they fought, and brute by brute
 they fell.”

— ♦ —

OF OCTOBER.

At AR from the city, its cark and care, —
 Thank God! I am cosily seated here,
 On this night of hale October, —
 While the flames leap high on the roar-
 ing hearth,
 And voices, the dearest to me on earth,
 Ring out in the music of household
 mirth,
 For the time is blithe October!

There's something, — but *what* I can
 scarce divine, —

Perchance 'tis the breath like a potent
 wine,

Of the cordial, clear October,
 Which makes, when the jovial month
 comes round,

The life-blood bloom, and the pulses
 bound,

And the soul spring forth like a monarch
 crown'd, —

God's grace on the brave October!

Come, sweetheart! open your choicest
 bin,

For who, I would marvel, could deem it
 sin,

On this night of keen October,
 To quaff one health to his ruddy cheer,
 On the golden edge of the waning year,
 To his eyes so bright, and his cheeks so
 clear,

Our bluff “King Hal,” — October?

Away with Rhenish and light cham-
 pagne!

'Tis not in these we must pledge the
 reign

Of the stout old lord, — October;
 But in mighty stoups of the “mountain
 d-w.”

With “heads” like tears in an eye of
 blue,

But tears of a laughter, sound and
 true,

As thine honest heart, October!

He brought me love and he brought me
 health,

He brought me *all* but the curse of
 wealth,

This kindly and free October;
 And forever and aye I will bless his
 name,

While his winds blow fresh, and his
 sunsets flame,

And the whole earth burns with his
 crimson fame,

This prince of the months, — October!

WILL.

YOUR face, my boy, when six months old,

We propped you laughing in a chair,
And the sun-artist caught the gold
Which rippled o'er your waving hair!
And deftly shadowed forth the while
That blooming cheek, that roguish smile,

Those dimples seldom still:
The tiny, wondering, wide-eyed elf!
Now, *can* you recognize yourself
In that small portrait, Will?

I glance at it, then turn to you,
Where in your healthful ease you stand,

No beauty, — but a youth as true,
And pure as any in the land!
For Nature, through fair sylvan ways,
Hath led and gladdened all your days,
Kept free from sordid ill;
Hath filled your veins with blissful fire,
And winged your instincts to aspire
Sunward, and Godward, Will!

Long-limbed and lusty, with a stride
That leaves me many a pace behind,
You roam the woodlands, far and wide,
You quaff great draughts of country wind;

While tree and wildflower, lake and stream,
Deep shadowy nook, and sunshot gleam,
Cool vale and far-off hill,
Each plays its mute mysterious part,
In that strange growth of mind and heart
I joy to witness, Will!

"Can this tall youth," I sometimes say,

"Be mine? *my son?*" it surely seems
Scarce further backward than a day,
Since watching o'er your feverish dreams

In that child-illness of the brain,
I thought (O Christ, with what keen pain!)

Your pulse would soon be still,
That all your boyish sports were o'er,
And I, heart-broken, nevermore
Should call, or clasp you, Will!

But Heaven was kind, death passed you by;

And now upon your arm I lean,
My second self, of clearer eye,
Of firmer nerve, and steadier mien;
Through you, methinks, my long-lost youth

Revives, from whose sweet founts of truth
And joy, I drink my fill:
I feel your every heart-throb, know
What inmost hopes within you glow,
One soul's between us, Will!

Pray Heaven that this be always so!
That ever on your soul and mine
Though my thin locks grow white as snow,

The self-same radiant trust may shine;
Pray that while this, my life, endures,
It aye may sympathize with yours
In thought, aim, action still;
That you, O son (till comes the end),
In me may find your comrade, friend,
And *more* than father, Will!

 HERE AND THERE.*

HERE the warm sunshine fills
Like wine of gods the deepening, cup-shaped dells,
Embossed with marvellous flowers; the happy rivars
Roam through the autumnal fields whose rich increase
Of gathered grain smiles under heavens of peace;

While many a bird-song swells
From glades of neighboring woodlands, cool and fair, —
Content and peace are *here*.

* Written during the war between France and Germany.

There the wild battle's wrath
 Thunders from castled height to storied
 plain,
 Ploughs with red lightning-bolts its terri-
 ble path,
 And sows the abhorrent seeds of blood
 and death,
 Blown far on Desolation's tameless
 breath,
 While for autumnal grain
 Time reaps the harvest of a bleak de-
 spair, —
 God's curse consumes them *there*.

Here jovial children play
 Beneath the latest vine-leaves; innocent
 kings,
 And blissful queens, — on them the ma-
 tron Day,
 Like a sweet mother drops her kisses
 light;
 The very clouds some secret joy makes
 bright,
 And round us clings and clings,
 With Ariel arms, the season's influence
 rare, —
 Heaven's heart beats near us *here*.

There love bemoans its lost,
 Countless as seaside sands; all joys of
 life
 Rest locked and stirless in the blood-red
 frost;
 Ye drums, roll out, shrill clarions, peal
 your parts!
 Ye cannot drown the wail of broken
 hearts,
 Nor still that spiritual strife
 Which thrills through Victory's voice
 its death-notes drear, —
 Dear Christ, soothe, save them *there*.

WELCOME TO WINTER.

Now, with wild and windy roar,
 Stalwart Winter comes once more, —
 O'er our roof-tree thunders loud,
 And from edges of black cloud

Shakes his beard of hoary gold,
 Like a tangled torrent rolled
 Down the sky-rifts, clear and cold!

Hark! his trumpet summons rings,
 Potent as a warrior-king's;
 Till the forces of our blood
 Rise to lusty hardihood,
 And our summer's languid dreams
 Melt, like foam-wreaths, down the
 streams,
 When the fierce northeasters roll,
 Raving from the frozen pole.

Nobler hopes and keener life,
 Quicken in his breath of strife;
 Through the snow-storms and the sleet
 On he stalks with armed feet,
 While the sounding clash of hail
 Clanging on his icy mail,
 Stirs whate'er of generous might
 Time hath left us in his flight,
 And our yearning pulses thrill
 For some grand achievement still!

Lord of ice-bound sea and land,
 Let me grasp thy kingly hand,
 And from thy great heart and bold,
 Hecla-warm, though all is cold
 Round about thee, catch the fire
 Of my lost youth's brave desire;
 Let me, in the war with wrong,
 Like thy storms, be swift and strong,
 Gloomy griefs, and coward cares
 Broods of 'wilderling, dark despairs,
 Making all life's glory dim,
 Let me rend them, limb from limb,
 As the forest-boughs are rent
 When thou wak'st the firmament,
 And with savage shriek and groan,
 All the wildwood's overthrown!

TO MY MOTHER.

Like streamlets to a silent sea,
 These songs with varied motion
 Flow from bright fancy's uplands free,
 To Lethe's clouded ocean;

They lapse in deepening music down
 The slopes of flower-lit meadows,
 Nor dream, poor songs! how near them
 frown
 Oblivion's rayless shadows!

Yet though of brief and dubious life,
 All wed to incompleteness, —
 The voices of these lays are rife
 With frail and fleeting sweetness;
 One chord to make more full the strain,
 One note I may not smother,
 I, echoed in the heart's refrain
 Which holds thy name, my mother!

To thee my earliest verse I brought,
 All wreathed in loves and roses,
 Some glowing boyish fancy, fraught
 With tender May-wind closes;
Thou did'st not taunt my fledgling song,
 Nor view its flight with scorn;
 "The bird," thou saidst, "grown fleet
 and strong,
 Might yet outsoar the morning!"

Ah me! between that hour and this,
 Eternities seem flowing;
 O'er hapless graves of youth and bliss
 Dark cypress boughs are growing;
 Our Fate hath dimmed with base alloy
 The rich, pure gold of pleasure,
 And changed the choral chant of joy
 To care's heart-broken measure!

But through it all, — the blight, the pall,
 The stress of thunderous weather,
 That God who keeps wild chance in
 thrall
 Hath linked our lots together;
 So, hand in hand, we sail the gloom,
 Faith's mystic plummet casting
 To sound the ways which end in bloom
 Of Edens everlasting!

I bless thee, Dear, with reverent
 thought!
 Pale face, and tresses hoary,
 Whose every silvery thread hath caught
 Some hint of heavenly glory; —

To thee, with trust assured, sublime,
 Death's angel-call that waitest.
 To thee, as once my earliest rhyme,
 Lo! now, I bring — my latest!

— ♦ —
 SONNETS.

ILLEGITIMATE.

THE maiden Spring came laughing down
 the dales,
 Her fair brows arched, and on her rose-
 bud mouth,
 The balm and beauty of the lustrous
 South;
 Through soft green fields, from hills to
 happy vales,
 She tripped, her small feet twinkling in
 the sun,
 Her delicate finger raised with girlish
 mirth,
 Pointed at graybeard Winter, who, in
 dearth,
 Toiled toward his couch, his long day
 labor done;
 Ah no, not done! for hark! a sudden
 wind,
 Death-laden, sweeps from realms of arc-
 tic sky,
 And blurred with storm, the morn grows
 crazed and blind;
 Then Winter, mocking, backward turns
 apace,
 Where pallid Spring all vainly strives to
 fly,
 And with brute buffet scars her shrink-
 ing face!

SONNET.

I CAST this sorrow from me like a
 crown
 Of bitter nettles, and unwholesome
 weeds,
 Nursed by cold night-dews, from malign-
 ant seeds,
 Ill Fortune sowed, when all the heaven
 did frown;
 Its loathsome round I trample deeply
 down

In mire and dust, to burn my brain no more;
 From off my brow I wipe the trickling gore,
 While all about me, like keen clarions blown,
 From breezy dells, and golden heights afar,
 Their stern *reueillé* the wild March winds sound;
 They wake an answering passion in my soul,
 Whence, marshalled as brave warriors, taking ground
 For noblest conflict, freed from doubt or dole,
 Great thoughts uprising front Hope's morning star!

VERNAL PICTURES (WITHOUT AND WITHIN).

AMID fresh roses wandering, and the soft
 And delicate wealth of apple-blossoms spread
 In tender spirals of blent white and red,
 Round the fair spaces of our blooming croft,
 This morn I caught the gurgling note, so oft
 Heard in the golden spring-tides that are dead, —
 The swallow's note, murmuring of winter fled,
 Dropped silverly from passionless calms aloft:
 "O heart!" I said, "thy vernal depths unclose,
 That mirror Nature's; warm airs, come and go
 Of whispering ardors o'er thought's budding rose,
 And half-hid flowers of sweet philosophy;
 While now upglancing, now borne swift and low,
 Song like the swallow darts through fancy's sky."

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE LOVERS.*

I.

Love scorns degrees! the low he lifteth high,
 The high he draweth down to that fair plain
 Whereon, in his divine equality,
 Two loving hearts may meet, nor meet in vain;
 'Gainst such sweet levelling Custom cries amain,
 But o'er its harshest utterance one bland sigh,
 Breathed passion-wise, doth mount victorious still,
 For Love, earth's lord, must have his lordly will.

II.

But ah! this sovereign will oft works at last
 The deadliest bane, as happed erewhile to her,
 Earl Godolf's daughter, many a century past:

* The most important feature in the landscape of this poem the old Chronicler persists in designating as a mountain of "steep" and "terrible" ascent; but that it could not have been a mountain, and, despite certain obstacles which made it dangerous for men on horseback, it might not even have been a very "terrible" hill, is shown by the fact, that among the crowd who reached the summit soon after the catastrophe, were "old men," whom the excitement of the time and scene would hardly have sufficed to bear safely up were the Chronicler's expressions to be *literally* accepted. To any man loaded as Oswald was, the ascent of a comparatively moderate height would prove a fearful trial; but in his case the atrocious cruelty of the experiment, and the life and death issues involved, became so closely associated in the spectators' minds with the *material* scene of the tragedy, that the latter was not unnaturally beheld through the magnifying medium of pity and terror. Thus the hill was elevated into a mountain! The old Chronicler celebrates it as such. We follow the old Chronicler — to the death!

She loved her father's low born forester,
 About whose manful grace did breathe
 and stir
 So clear a radiance, by soul-virtues cast,
 He moved untouched of social blight or
 ban —
 Nature's serene, true-hearted gentleman.

III.

Yet she alone of all the household saw
 That softy soul beneath his serf's attire;
 But of the ruthless Earl so great her
 awe,
 Close, close she kept her spirit's veiled
 desire,
 Nor outward shone one spark of hidden
 fire.
 Too well she knew to what stern feudal
 law
 She and her hapless Love perforce must
 yield,
 If once this tender secret were re-
 vealed.

IV.

Yea! even by Oswald's self her covert
 flame
 Undreamed of burned; proud stood she,
 coldly fair,
 When, to report of woodcraft lore, he
 came
 To the Earl's hall, and she was lingering
 there.
 "Cold heart!" thought he; "who 'midst
 her legemen, dare
 Play as I played with death a desperate
 game
 For her sweet sake? and yet, alas! and
 yet,
 She scorns the service and disowns the
 debt."

V.

For sooth it was that one keen winter's
 night,
 While slowly journeying homeward
 through a wood

Whose every deepest copse in moonshine
 bright
 Glimmered from hoary trunk to frost-
 tipped bud,
 On sire and child there burst a cry of
 blood,
 Followed by hurrying feet, and the dread
 sight
 Of scores of gray-skinned brutes — a
 direful pack
 Of wolves half-starved that yelled along
 their track.

VI.

In vain his frantic team Earl Godolf
 smote,
 With blended prayer and curse; nigh
 doom were they,
 Riders and steeds, for now each ravening
 throat
 Yawned like a foul tomb. On the bound-
 ing sleigh
 The fierce horde gained, when from the
 silvery-gray,
 Cold-branched glades outrang a bugle
 note,
 With next a bowstring's twang, an
 arrowy whirl,
 As shaft on shaft the keen-eyed forester

VII.

Launched on the foe, each hurtling shaft
 a fate.
 Then Oswald, 'twixt pursuers and
 pursued
 Leapt, sword in hand, his eyes of fiery
 hate
 Fixed on the baffled horde, whose doubt-
 ful mood
 Changed to quick fear, they scoured
 adown the wood,
 Their long gaunt lines, in fiend-like,
 vanquished state,
 Fading with flash of blood-red orbs from
 far,
 Till the last vanished like a baleful
 star!

VIII.

Now, by the mass! abrupt and brief, I
 ween,
 The rude Earl's thanks for rescued limbs
 and life;
 But not so graceless proved the fair
 Catrine,
 As glancing backward to the field of
 strife
 She flashed a smile with cordial meaning
 rife,
 Which struck our sylvan hero (who did
 lean,
 Pale, on his bow,) as 'twere the piercing
 gleam
 Of some strange, sudden, half bewildering
 dream.

IX.

Alack! the dream waxed not, but seemed
 to wane,
 As if a cloudless sun but late arisen,
 Back journeying, passed across the ethereal
 plain,
 And the fresh dawn it brought, died out
 in heaven;
 For from that eve no subtlest signs were
 given,
 As erst we said, that passion's blissful
 pain
 Touched the maid's heart, or that her
 days were caught
 In those fine meshes woven by love for
 thought.

X.

In Britain dwelt Earl Godolf, nigh the
 bounds
 Of the Welsh marches; a wild rover he
 In his hot youth, inured to strife and
 wounds
 Through many a foray fierce by land and
 sea;
 But, after years of bright tranquillity —
 Years linked to love through pleasure's
 peaceful bounds —

So gently lapsed, the unmailed warrior's
 hand
 Forgot almost the use of spear or brand.

XI.

A bride erewhile won by his dauntless
 blade
 In a great sea fight — where his arm had
 slain
 Some half score foemen — wan and half
 afraid,
 Homeward he brought, whose every delicate
 vein
 Pulsed the rich blood and tropic warmth
 of Spain;
 But when pure wifehood crowned the
 noble maid,
 Heart-fruits for him his beauteous lady
 bore,
 Of whose strange sweets he had not
 dreamed before.

XII.

She strove his nature's ruggedness to
 smooth,
 And in his bosom dropped a fruitful
 germ
 Of those mild virtues given our lives to
 soothe,
 And change their gusty solitude to warm
 Beneficent calm, — divinest after storm.
 Within him flowered a pallid grace of
 ruth,
 Nor oft, as once, o'er bleeding breasts he
 trod
 Straight to his purpose, blind to law and
 God.

XIII.

And in fair fulness of the ripened time.
 Still gentler grew his dark, war-furrowed
 mien;
 He quaffed the sunshine of a fairy clime,
 Love charmed, hope gladdened, when,
 to crown the scene
 Of transient bliss, there smiled a new
 Catrine —



"Every deepest copse in moonshine bright,
Glimmered from hoary trunk to frost-tipped bud. . . .
Scores of gray-skinned brutes — a direful pack
Of wolves half-starved that yelled along their track."



The loveliest babe e'er lulled by mother's
rhyme —

Whose tiny fingers o'er her heart-strings
played,

Making ineffable music where they
strayed.

XIV.

Woe worth the end! for though the in-
fant thrived

Slowly the hapless mother pined away;
Love to the last in pleading eyes sur-
vived —

Those fond, fond eyes doomed to the
churchyard clay,

C'offined, and shut from all blithe sights
of day;

But Christ! in thee her stainless spirit
lived,

Whose memory — a white star — should
evermore

O'er her lord's paths have beamed to
keep them pure.

XV.

Nathless, some souls there are by cruel
loss

Stung, as with scourge of scorpions, to
despair;

These will not seek the Christ, nor clasp
His cross,

But, groping vaguely through sulphure-
ous air,

Strike hands with Satan, in the murky
glare

Of furious hell, whose billows rage and
toss

About their tortured being, urged to
curse

That mystic will which rules the uni-
verse.

XVI.

Yea, such the Earl's; no cooling dew
did fall

To heal his wound; 'gainst heaven and
earth he turned,

Girt to his sense with one vast funeral
pall;

And the sore heart within him writhed
and burned

With baffled hope, and pain that madly
yearned,

Vainly and madly, for dear love's recall.
No light o'ershone grief's ocean drear

and black,
The while old passions thronged tumult-
uous back.

XVII.

So, his last state was worse than e'en his
first;

Murder and rapine, pitiless greed, and
ire

Raged wheresoe'er his raven banner
burst,

'Mid shrieks and wails, and hollow roar
of fire,

Which lapped the household porch and
crackling byre;

He seemed demoniac in his aims ac-
curst,

Wrath in his soul, and on his brow the
sign

Of hell — a human scourge by power di-
vine

XVIII.

For some mysterious end permitted
still —

As many an evil thing our God allows
To range the world, and work its dread-
ful will,

Whether in form of chiefs, with laurelled
brows,

Or spies and traitors in the good man's
house;

Or, it may be, some slow, infectious ill,
Untraced, and rising like a mist defiled
With poisonous odors on a lonely wild,

XIX.

Albeit no marsh is near, or steamy fen.
More monstrous year by year Earl Go-
dolf's deeds

Flared in hell's livery on the eyes of men;
All growths of transient goodness
checked by weeds,

Sin-bred; and, ah! *one* angel's bosom
bleeds
To know she may not meet her love
again;
And even the vales immortal seemed
less sweet,
Because too pure for his crime-cumbered
feet.

XX.

But, weal or woe, the world rolls
blindly on,
While nature's charm, in child, and
bird, and flower,
Works its rare marvels 'neath the noon-
day sun,
And the still stars in midnight's slum-
berous hour,
And so a human bud, through beam
and shower,
Glad play, and careless sleep—the
orphaned one,
The beauteous babe—a sour old bel-
dame's care,
Uplowered at length a matchless maid,
and fair.

XXI.

Most fair to all but him to whom she owed
Her life and place in this bewildering
world;
For he, a changed man since that hour
which showed
His wife' worn form in earthly cere-
ments turled,
Cold scorn had lunched, or captious
passion lurled
At this sole offspring of his lone abode,
Till grown, alas! too early grave and
wise,
She viewed her sire, in turn, with love-
less eyes.

XXII.

Still in benignant arms did nature fold
Her favored child, and on her richly
showered
All gifts of beauty: with long hair of
gold

And lucid, languid eyes the maid she
dowered,
And her enticing loveliness empowered
With charms to melt the wintriest tem-
per's cold
Charms wrought of sunrise warmth,
and twilight balm,
Passion's deep glow, and pity's saint-
like calm.

XXIII.

Tall, lithe, and yielding as a young bay
tree
Her perfect form; but 'neath its lis-om
grace
There lurked a latent strength keen
eyes could see,
Drawn from her father's undegenerate
race:
The dazzling fairness of her Saxon face,
Contrasted with the dark eyes' witchery,
Shone with such light as northern noon-
days wake
Through the clear shadows of a moun-
tain lake.

XXIV.

Her full blown flower of beauty lured
ere long
Unnumbered suitors round her: these
declare
Boldest report hath done the virgin
wrong,
And past all power of words they deem
her fair;
The kingdom's princeliest youth besiege
her ear
And heart with ardent vows and amor-
ous song;
Love, rank and wealth their splendid
beams combine,
She the rare orb about whose path they
shine.

XXV.

Still would she wed with none till rudely
pressed
To the last boundary of her patience
sweet;

No more she struggled in a yearning
breast

To hide her passion, howsoe'er unmeet
For one high placed as she; her fervent
feet

Oft bore her now where woodland flow-
ers caressed

The grand old oaks, beneath whose shel-
tering boughs

The lovers mused, or, whispering,
breathed their vows.

XXVI.

But ere to such sweet pass their fates
had led,

Or ere her thought unbosomed utterly,
To the rapt youth, in tremulous tones,
she said,

"*I love thee*," through full many a fine
degree

Of feeling, touched by sad uncertainty,
That truth they neared, which, like a
bird o'erhead,

Still faltering flew, till borne through
shade and sun,

It nestled warm in two hearts made as
one!

XXVII.

The truth, the fond conviction that all
earth

Was less than naught—a mote, a van-
ishing gleam,

Matched with the glow of that transcen-
dent birth

Of love which wrapped them in his hap-
piest dream;

Entranced thus, shut in by beam on beam
Of glory, is it strange but trivial worth
Their dazzled minds in transient doubts
should see

Which some times crossed their keen fel-
icity?

XXVIII.

Their love awhile, like some smooth rivu-
let borne

Through drooping umbrage of a lonely
dell,

By clouds unvisited, by storms untorn,
Passed, rippling music; like a magic bell
Out rung by spirit hands invisible,
Each tender hour of meeting, eve or
morn,

Above them, stole in rhythmic sweet-
ness, blent

With rare fruition of supreme content.

XXIX.

But in the sunset tide of one calm day,
When, all unconscious at the place of
tryst,

Beyond their wont they lingered; with
dismay

They saw, begirt by gold and amethyst,
Of that rich time, gigantic in the midst
Of shimmering splendor, which did flash
and play

About his form, and o'er his visage dire,
The wrathful Earl, midmost the sunset
fire.

XXX.

No word he uttered, but his falchion
drew,

Red with the slain boar's blood, and
pointed grim

Where 'gainst the eastern heavens' slow-
deepening blue

Uprose his castle turrets, tall and dim.

The maid's eyes close; she feels each
nerveless limb

Sink nigh to swooning; but, heart-brave
and true,

Clings to her Love, while from pale lips
a sigh

Doth faintly fall, which means "*with
him I die!*"

XXXI.

Gravely advancing, the Earl's stalwart
hand

Rests on her shuddering shoulder; one
quick glance,

Haughty and high, rife with severe com-
mand,

On the 'mazed woodsman doth he dart
askance,

Who doubtful bides, as one half roused
 from trance,
 Striving to know on what new ground
 his stand
 Thenceforth shall be; or if life's priceless
 all,
 Put to the test just then, must rise or
 fall.

XXXII.

Fate wrought the issue! for as Oswald
 waits
 Biding his time to smite, or else retreat,
 With the maid's hand his own Earl
 Godolf mates,
 And from the wood they pass with foot-
 steps fleet;
 One tearful, backward look vouchsafed
 his sweet,
 Just as the castle gates—those iron
 gates,
 Heavy and stern, like Death's—were
 closed between
 His burning vision and the lost Catrine.

XXXIII.

To heaven he raises wild despairing
 eyes,
 But heaven responds not; then to earth
 returns
 His baffled gaze from ranging the cold
 skies,
 And earth but seems a place for burial
 urns;
 In sooth, the whole creation mutely
 spurns
 His prayer for aid; alas! what kind re-
 plies
 Can woeful man from fair, dumb Nature
 draw
 Locked in the grasp of adamantine Law?

XXXIV.

Three morns thereafter, in the market
 place
 Of the small town, from Godolf's castle
 wall
 Distant, it might be, some twelve fur-
 longs' space,

Came, grandly robed, our Lord's high
 seneschal;
 To all the lieges, with shrill trumpet
 call,
 In name of his serene puissant grace
 Godolf, the Earl; to all folk, bond or
 free,
 With strident voice he read this foul de-
 cree:

XXXV.

"Whereas our virgin daughter, hight
 Catrine,
 False to her noble race and lineage
 proud,
 Hath owned her love for one of birth as
 mean
 As any hind's who creeps among the
 crowd
 Of common serfs, with cowering shoul-
 ders bowed—
 Oswald by name—the whom ourselves
 have seen,
 When least he deemed us nigh, his
 traitorous part
 Press with hot wooing on the maiden's
 heart:

XXXVI.

"Let all men know hereby our will it is,
 To-morrow morn their trial morn must
 be;
 Either the serf shall win, and call her
 his,
 Or both shall taste such bitter misery
 As even in dreams the boldest soul would
 flee;
 If lips unlicensed thus will meet and kiss,
 Reason it seems that such unhallowed
 flame
 Of love should end in agony and shame.

XXXVII.

"Therefore, the morrow morn shall view
 their doom
 Accomplished; 'mid the ferns of Bolton
 Down,
 Where Bolton Height doth catch the
 purpling bloom

Of early sunrise on his treeless crown,
 We say to all — knight, burgher, squire
 and clown —
 Just as the castle's morning bell shall
 boom
 O'er the far hills, and brown moor's
 blossoming,
 Come, and behold a yet undreamed-of
 thing.

XXXVIII.

"For then and there must Oswald bear
 aloft,
 By his sole strength, unaided and alone,
 The blameful maid, whose nature, grown
 too soft,
 Durst thus betray our honor and her
 own;
 Yet, if he gain the height, untamed, un-
 thrown,
 All hands applaud him, and all plumes
 be doffed;
 While for ourselves, we vow they both
 shall fare
 Unharm'd beyond our realm — we reck
 not where."

XXXIX.

So, as decreed, the next morn, calm and
 clear,
 Witnessed, in many a diverse mode con-
 veyed,
 A mixed and mighty concourse gathering
 near
 The appointed height, some in rough
 frieze arrayed,
 And some in gold; there blushed the
 downcast maid,
 Urged to this cruel test, a passionate
 tear
 Misting her view, as surged the living
 sea.
 Behind her, his arms folded haughtily,

XL.

His comely head thrown back, his eyes
 on fire
 With hot contempt, fixed on an armed
 band

Which, stationed near him at the Earl's
 desire,
 His every move o'erlooked, did Oswald
 stand,
 Striving his roused anger to command,
 And lift his clouded aspirations higher
 Than thoughts revengeful. Hark! a
 deepening hum
 On the crowd's verge — the trial hour
 has come!

XLI.

Divided, then, betwixt his ire and
 scorn,
 Outspake the Earl, in tones of savage
 glee:
 "Woodsmen! essay thy task, for lo! the
 morn
 Grows old, and I this wretched mum-
 mery
 Would fain see ended."

— With mien gravely free,
 Clad in light garb, o'erwrought by hound
 and horn,
 Oswald stood forth, nor quelled by frail
 alarms,
 About the maiden clasped his reverent
 arms;

XLII.

And she, like some pure flower by May
 tide rain
 Gracefully laden, turns her eyes apart
 From the great throng, and, pierced by
 modest pain,
 Veiled her sweet face upon her lover's
 heart;
 Whereat the youth is seen to thrill and
 start,
 While o'er his own face, calm and pale
 but now,
 Rush the deep crimson waves from chin
 to brow;

XLIII.

Then do they ebb away, and leave him
 white
 As the vexed foam on ocean's stormy
 swell,

Yet cool and constant in his manful
 might
 As some stanch rock 'gainst which the
 tides rebel
 In useless rage, with hollow, bilowy
 knell;
 Meanwhile advancing with sure steps
 and light,
 He moves in measured wise to dare his
 fate
 Beneath those looks of blended ruth and
 hate.

XLIV.

Stirred by his generous bravery, and the
 sight
 Of such young lives — their love, hope,
 joyance set
 On the hard mastery of yon terrible
 height,
 Whose rugged slopes and sheer descent
 are wet
 And slippery with the dews of dawning
 yet, —
 Through the dense rout, which swayed
 now left, now right,
 Low, inarticulate murmurs faintly ran,
 And one keen, quivering shock from
 man to man.

XLV.

The watchful matrons sob, the virgins
 weep
 Full tears, but all unheeded, as with
 slow,
 Sure footfalls still he mounts the hostile
 steep
 On to a point where two great columns
 show
 Their rounded heads, crowned by the
 morning glow.
 His task half done, a sigh, long, grateful,
 deep,
 Breaks from his heaving heart; secure
 he stands,
 A sunbeam glimmering on his clasped
 hands,

XLVI.

And the glad lustre of his wind-swept
 locks
 More radiant made thereby; his tall
 form towers
 'Gainst the dark background, piled
 with rocks on rocks
 Precipitous, whose grim, gaunt visage
 lowers,
 As if in league they were — like Titan
 powers
 Victorious long o'er storms and earth-
 quake shocks —
 To cast mute scorn on him whose doubt-
 ful path
 Leads near the threatening shadows of
 their wrath.

XLVII.

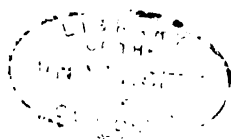
From the charmed crowd then rose an
 easeful breath,
 Lightening the dense air; but, 'midst
 doubt and bale,
 Raves the wild Earl, reckless of life or
 death,
 If so his tyrannous purpose could pre-
 vail;
 For, almost mad, he smites his gloves of
 mail,
 Goading with frenzied heel the steed
 beneath
 His barbarous rule; in reason's fierce
 eclipse,
 A blood-red foam burns on his writhing
 lips.

XLVIII.

Meanwhile, brief space for needful
 respite given,
 With quickened pace, onward and
 upward still,
 And fanned by freshening gales, as
 nearer heaven
 He climbs o'er granite passways of the
 hill,
 Oswald ascends, untamed of strength or
 will,



"The kingdom's princeliest youth besiege her ear."



Striving, as ne'er before had mortal
striven,
Boldly to win, and proudly wear as his,
The prize he bore of that bright, breath-
ing bliss.

XLIX.

Two thirds, two thirds and more, of
that last half
Of his fell journey had he stoutly won;
And now he pauses the cool breeze to
quaff,
And feel the royal heartening of the sun
Nerving his soul for what must yet be
done,
When with a gentle, quivering, flutelike
laugh,
Holding a sob, the maiden rose and
kissed
Her hero's lips, sought through a tremu-
lous mist

L.

Of love and pride! The on-lookers,
ranged afar,
Saw, and more boldly blessed them; all
are moved
To trust that theirs may prove the for-
tunate star
Fate brightly kindles for young lives
beloved:
"His truth and valor hath he nobly
proved;
How brave, how constant both these
lovers are;
Sooth! the sweet heavens seem with
them." Thus, full voiced,
Yet with some lingering doubts, the folk
rejoiced.

LI.

Alas! for false forecasting, and surmise!
Though small the space betwixt him and
his goal,
Oswald doth stagger now in feeblest
wise,
And like some drunken carl, with heave
and roll,
Blindly he staggers in his lost control

Of sense, or power; and so, with an-
guished sighs,
Turned on his love — the goal in easy
reach —
His yearning woe too deep for mortal
speech.

LII.

Whereon the lady's arms are wildly
raised,
Perchance in prayer, perchance with
pitying aim
His strain to ease, when lo! (dear Christ
be praised!)
It seemed new strength, fresh courage
o'er him came,
And through his spirit rushed a glorious
flame,
At which the crowd stood moveless,
dumb, amazed,
For, like a god, with swift, resistless
tread,
He strides to clasp the near goal o'er his
head.

LIII.

A savage cliff of beetling brow it was,
Midmost the summit of the lowering
height,
Rooted amongst low shrubs and sun-
dried grass,
And reared in blackness, like a cloud of
night,
On whose dull breast no beacon star is
bright.
Thitherward, from cold terrors of the
pass
Well nigh of death, the hero speeds
again,
Nor seems his matchless labor wrought
in vain.

LIV.

Yea; for a single rood's length oversped
And victory crowns him! God! how
still the crowd,
Once rife with voices! silent as the dead
Lodged in their earthly crypt and moul-
dering shroud;

But suddenly a great cry mounted loud
And shrill above them, as in ruthless
dread,
They saw the lovers, linked in close
embrace,
Fall headlong down by that wild trysting
place.

LV.

Then comes a quick revulsion, when, the
pain
Of fear and choking sympathy gone by,
Hope reappears — aye, joy and triumph
reign —
For though supine on yonder height they
lie,
Still, brow to brow, turned from the
deepening sky,
'Tis but the faintness of the mighty
strain —
Or so they dream — on o'erworked nerve
and will,
Which leaves them moveless on the con-
quered hill.

LVI.

Spurring his courser, in vexed doubt and
haste,
The Earl charged on the dangerous
height, as though
Firm-trenched, defiant, 'mid the rock-
strewn waste
Glittered the spear-points of his mortal
foe;
The horse's hoof struck fire, hurling
below
Huge stones and turf his goaded limbs
displaced,
Till checked midway, his reckless rider
found
He needs must climb afoot the treacher-
ous ground

LVII.

And next the throng had caught, and
past him swept,
Clothed as he was in armor; a young
knight

Headed the rout, whose feverish fingers
crept
Oft to his sword hilt; on the topmost
height,
Pausing with veiled eyes, his gaze he
kept
Fixed on the prostrate pair, o'er whom
the light
Of broadening sunrise now was mixed
with shade,
And still the knight's hand wandered
round his blade.

LVIII.

Impatient, spleenful, struggling with the
tide
Of common folk, who seemed to heed
no more
His sullen passion and revengeful
pride,
Than if just then he were the veriest
boor, —
The Earl at length with bent brows
strode before
The mongrel horde, and unto Oswald
cried:
"Rise, traitor, rise! by some foul, jug-
gling sleight,
Through the fiend's help, thou hast
attained the height:

LIX.

Part them, I say!" To whom in meas-
ured tone,
Measured and strange, the young knight
answering said:
"Earl, well I know thou wear'st for
heart a stone,
Yet dar'st thou part these twain whom
death has wed,
No longer twain, but one? Look! over-
head
The burning sun mounts to his noonday
throne;
But o'er the sun, as o'er this fateful
sod,
Rules a great King, the King whose
name is God!

LX.

“Deem’st thou for this day’s work His
wrath shall rest?”
Whereon, low murmuring like a hive of
bees,
With stifled groans and tears, the people
pressed
Round the fair corpses — women on their
knees
Embraced them — and old men — but
dusky lees
Of feeling left — did touch them, and
caressed
The maid’s soft hair, the woodsman’s
noble face,
Praying, under breath, that Christ would
grant them grace.

LXI.

That mournful day had waned; by sun-
set rose
A wailing wind from out the dim north-
east;
Which, as the shadows waxed at twi-
light’s close
O’er moat and wood, to a shrill storm
increased;
But in his castle hall, with song and
feast,
Varied full oft by ribald gibes and blows
Twixt ruffian guests in rage or maudlin
play,
The wild night raved its awful hours
away.

LXII.

With not a pang at thought of her whose
form
In pallid beauty lay unwatched and
dead,
In a far turret chamber, where the storm,
Thundering each moment louder over-
head,
Entered and shook the close-draped, som-
bre bed,
The barbarous sire with wine and was-
sail warm,

Lifting his cup ’mid brutal jest and
jeer,
Banned his pale daughter, slumbering on
her bier.

LXIII.

Just as those impious words had taken
flight,
In the red dusk beyond the torch’s
glare,
Stole a vague shape that ’scaped the rev-
ellers’ sight,
Slowly toward Earl Godolf, unaware
Even as the rest, what fateful foe drew
near.
Muffled the shape was, masked and black
as night,
And now for one dread instant with
raised sword
Stood hovering o’er the heedless banquet
board.

LXIV.

And next with flashing motion fierce and
fast,
Vengeance descended on that glittering
blade;
The amazed spectators started, dumb,
aghast,
While at their feet the caitiff lord was
laid,
His heart’s blood trickling o’er the pur-
ple braid
(For through his heart the avenger’s
brand had passed),
And silver broidery of his gorgeous vest,
Drawn drop by drop from out his smitten
breast.

LXV.

The muffled shape which as a cloud did
rise
On the wild orgie, as a cloud departs;
Wan hands are swept across bewildered
eyes,
And awe stilled now the throbbing at
their hearts,
When suddenly one death-pale reveller
starts

Up from the board and in shrill accent
cries,
"Curst is this roof-tree, curst this meat
and wine,
Fly, comrades; fly with me the wrath
Divine!"

LXVI.

In haste, in horror, and great tumult,
fled
The affrighted guests; then, on the va-
cant room
No maddening voice thenceforth dis-
quieted,
Fell the stern presence of a ghastly
gloom.
A place 'twas deemed of hopeless, bale-
ful doom;
Barred from all mortal view in darkness
dread,
Only the spectral forms of woe and sin
Thro' the long years cold harborage
found therein.

◆

THE VENGEANCE OF THE GODDESS
DIANA.*

WHAT time the Norman ruled in Sicily
At that mild season when the vernal sea,
O'erflitted by the zephyr's frolic wing,
Dances and dimples in the smile of
spring
A goodly ship set sail upon her way
From Ceos unto Smyrna; through the
play
(Of wave and sunbeam touched with fra-
grant calm,
She passed by beauteous island shores of
palm,

Until so sweet the tender wooing breeze,
So fraught the hours with balms of slum-
brous ease.

That those who manned her, in the ge-
nial air
And dalliance of the time, forgot the
care
Due to her courses; in the bland sun-
shine
They lay enchanted, dreaming dream-
divine.
While idly drifting on the halcyon
water,
The bark obeyed whatever currents
caught her.

Borne onward thus for many a cloudless
day,
They reach at length a wide and wooded
bay,
The haunt of birds whose purpling
wings in flight
Make even the blushful morning seem
more bright,
Flushed as with darting rainbows;
through the tide.
By overripe pomegranate juices dyed,
And laving boughs of the wild fig and
grape,
Great shoals of dazzling fishes madly
ape
The play of silver lightnings in the deep
Translucent pools; the crew awoke from
sleep,
Or rather that strange trance that on
them pressed
Gently as sleep; yet still they loved to
rest,
Fanned by voluptuous gales, by mor-
phean languors blessed.

* Sixteen years ago, in a volume of com-
paratively youthful verses, the above poem
appeared under the title of "*Arolio; a legend
of the island of Cos.*" The original narrative
has now been carefully rewritten and amend-
ed and upwards of a hundred and fifty lines
of entirely new matter have been added thereto.
So far as we know, the only poet who has cele-
brated this significant and beautiful tradition,

is William Morris, in the first section of whose
"Earthly Paradise" there is a story (called
"*The Lady of the Land*") founded upon some
of its more obvious and popular incidents.
Since Morris's wonderful tales were not pub-
lished until 1868, we can, at least, assert the
humble claim of precedence in the poetical
treatment of *this* legend.

The shore sloped upward into foliaged
hills,
Cleft by the channels of rock-fretted
rills,
That flashed their wavelets, touched by
iris lights,
O'er many a tiny cataract down the
heights.

Green vales there were between, and
pleasant lawns
Thick set with bloom, like sheen of
tropic dawns,
Brightening the orient; further still the
glades
Of whisperous forests, flecked with
golden shades,
Stretched glimmering southward; on the
wood's far rim,
Faintly discerned thro' veiling vapors,
dim
As mists of Indian summer, the broad
view

Was clasped by mountains flickering in
the blue
And hazy distance; over all there hung
The morn's eternal beauty, calm and
young.
Amid the throng, each with a marvel-
ling face
Turned on that island Eden and its
grace.
Was one—Avolio—a brave youth of
Florence,
Self-exiled from his country, in abhor-
rence
Of the base, blood-stained tyrants dom-
inant there.

A gentleman he was, of gracious air,
And liberal as the summer, skilled in
lore
Of arms, and chivalry, and many more
Deep sciences which others left un-
learned.
He loved adventure; how his spirit
burned
Within him, when, as now, a chance
arose

To search untravelled forests, and
strange foes
Vanquish by puissance of knightly
blows,
Or rescue maidens from malignant
spells,
Enforced by hordes of wizard sentinels.
So in the ardor of his martial glee,
He clapped his hands and shouted sud-
denly:
"Ho! sirs, a challenge! let us pierce
these woods
Down to the core: explore their sol-
itudes,
And make the flowery empire all our
own:
Who knows but we may conquer us a
throne?
At least, bold feats await us, grand em-
prise
To win us favor in our ladies' eyes;
By heaven! he is a coward who delays."

So saying, all his countenance ablaze
With passionate zeal, the youth sprang
lightly up,
And with right lusty motion, filled a
cup—
They brought him straightway—to the
glistening brim
With Cyprus wine: "Now glory unto
him,
The ardent knight, no mortal danger
daunts,
Whose constant soul a fiery impulse
haunts,
Which spurs him onward, onward, to
the end;
Pledge we the brave! and may St. Ermo
send
Success to crown our valiantest!"

This said,
Avolio shoreward leaped, and with him
led
The whole ship's company.

A motley band
Were they who mustered round him on
the strand,

Mixed knights and traders; the first fired
for toil

Which promised glory; the last keen for
spoil!

Thro' breezy paths and beds of blossom-
ing thyme

Kept fresh by secret springs, the show-
ery chime

Of whose clear falling waters in the dells
Played like an airy peal of elfin bells —

With eager minds, but aimless, idle
feet

(The scene about them was so lone and
sweet

It spelled their steps), 'mid labyrinths
of flowers,

By mossy streams and in deep shadowed
bowers,

They strayed from charm to charm
thro' lengths of languid hours.

In thickets of wild fern and rustling
broom,

The humble bee buzzed past them
with a boom

Of insect thunder; and in glens afar
The golden firefly—a small animate

star —

Shone from the twilight of the darkling
leaves.

High noon it was, but dusk like mellow
eve's

Reigned in the wood's deep places,
whence it seemed

That flashing locks and quick arch
glances gleamed

From eyes scarce human. Thus the
fancy deemed

Of those most given to marvels: the rest
laughed

A merry jeering laugh: and many a
shaft

Launched from the Norman cross bow,
pierced the nooks,

Or cleft the shallow channels of the
brook,

Whence, as the credulous swore, an Ore-
al shyn,

Or a glad nymph, had peeped out cun-
ningly.

Thus wandering, they reached a sombre
mound

Rising abruptly from the level ground,
And planted thick with dim funereal
trees,

Whose foliage waved and murmured,
tho' the breeze

Had sunk to midnight quiet, and the sky
Just o'er the place seemed locked in
apathy.

Like a fair face wan with the sudden
stroke

Of death, or heart-break. Not a word
they spoke,

But paused with wide, bewildered, gleam-
ing eyes,

Standing at gaze; what spectral terrors
rise

And coil about their hearts with serpent
fold,

And oh! what loathly scene is this they
hold,

Grasping with unwinking vision, as they
creep,

Urged by their very horror, up the
steep,

And the whole preternatural landscape
dawns

Freezingly on them; a broad stretch of
lawns,

Sown with rank poisonous grasses, where
the dew

Of hovering exhalations flickered blue
And wavering on the dead-still atmos-
phere —

Dead-still it was, and yet the grasses
sere

Stirred as with horrid life amidst the
sickening glare,

The affrighted crew, all save Avolio, fled
In wild disorder from this place of
dread;

In him, albeit his terror whispered
"fly!"

The spell of some uncouth necessity
Balled retreat, and ruthless, scourged
him on;

Meanwhile, the sun thro' darkening vap-
ors shone,

Nigh to his setting, and a sudden blast —
 Sudden and chill — woke shrilly up, and
 passed
 With ghostly din and tumult; airy
 sounds
 Of sylvan horns, and sweep of circling
 hounds
 Nearing the quarry. Now the wizard
 chase
 Swept faintly, faintly up the fields of
 space,
 And now with backward rushing whirl
 roared by
 Louder and fiercer, till a maddening
 cry —
 A bitter shriek of human agony —
 Leaped up, and died amid the stifling
 yell
 Of brutes athirst for blood; a crowning
 swell
 Of savage triumph followed, mixed with
 wails
 Sad as the dying songs of nightingales,
 Murmuring the name Acteon!
 Even as one,
 A wrapt sleep-walker, through the shad-
 ows dun
 Of half oblivious sense, with soulless
 gaze,
 Goes idly journeying through uncertain
 ways,
 Thus did Avolio, sore perplexed in mind
 (Excess of mystery made his spirit
 blind),
 Grope through the gloom. Anon he
 reached a fount
 Whose watery columns had long ceased
 to mount
 Above its prostrate Tritons. Near at
 hand.
 Dammed up in part by heaps of tawny
 sand,
 All dull and lustreless, a streamlet
 wound
 By trickling banks, with dark, dank
 foliage crowned,
 That gloomed 'twixt sullen tides and
 lowering sky;
 The melancholy waters seemed to sigh

In wailful murmurs of articulate
 woe,
 Till at the last arose this strange dirge
 from below:

SONG OF THE IMPRISONED NAIAD.

“Woe! woe is me! the centuries pass
 away,
 The mortal seasons run their ceaseless
 rounds,
 While here I wither for the sunbright
 day,
 Its genial sights and sounds.
 Woe! woe is me!

“One summer night, in ages long ago,
 I saw my woodland lover leave the
 brake;
 I heard him plaining on the peaceful
 lawn
 A plaint ‘for my sweet sake.’
 Woe! woe is me!

“My heart upsprang to answer that fond
 lay,
 But suddenly the star-girt planets
 paled,
 And high into the welkin’s glimmering
 gray
 Majestic Dian sailed!
 Woe! woe is me!

“She swept aloft, bold almost as the
 sun,
 And wrathful red as fiery-crested Mars;
 Ah! then I knew some fearful deed was
 done
 On earth, or in the stars.
 Woe! woe is me!

“With ghastly face upraised, and shud-
 dering throat,
 I watched the omen with a prescient
 pain;
 When, lightning-barbed, a beamy arrow
 smote,
 Or seemed to smite, my brain.
 Woe! woe is me!

"Oblivion clasped me, till I woke forlorn,

Fettered and sorrowing on this lonely bed,

Shut from the mirthful kisses of the morn —

Earth's glories overhead.

Woe! woe is me!

"The south wind stirs the sedges into song.

The blossoming myrtles scent the enamored air;

But still, sore moaning for another's wrong,

I pine in sadness here.

Woe! woe is me!

"Alas! alas! the weary centuries flee,

The waning seasons perish, dark or bright;

My grief alone, like some charmed poison-tree,

Knows not an autumn blight.

Woe! woe is me!"

The mournful sounds swooned off, but Echo rose,

And bore them up divinely to a close Of rare mysterious sweetness; nevermore

Shall mortal winds to listening wood and shore

Waft such heart-melting music. "Where, oh! where,"

Avolio murmured — "to what haunted sphere —

Has fate at length my errant footsteps brought?"

Launched on a baffling sea of mystic thought,

His reason in a whirling chaos, lost Compass and chart and headway, vaguely tossed

'Mid shifting shapes of winged fantasies.

Just then, uplifting his bewildered eyes, He saw, half hid in shade, on either hand,

Twin pillars of a massive gateway grand With gold and carvings; close behind it stood

A sombre mansion in a beech tree wood.

Long wreaths of ghostly ivy on its walls Quivered like goblin tapestry, or palls.

Tattered and rusty, mildewed in the chill Of dreadful vaults; across each window sill

Curtains of weird device and fiery hue Hung moveless, — only when the sun glanced through

The gathering gloom, the hieroglyphs took form

And life and action, and the whole grew warm

With meanings baffling to Avolio's sense;

He stood expectant, trembling, with intense

Dread in his eyes, and yet a struggling faith,

Vital at heart. A sudden passing breath —

Was it the wind? — thrilled by his tingling ear,

Waving the curtains inward, and his fear

Uprose victorious, for a serpent shape. Tall, supple, writhing, with malignant gape,

Which showed its cruel fangs — hissed in the gleam

Its own fell eyeballs kindled! Oh! supreme

The horror of that vision! — as he gazed,

Irresolute, all wordless, and amazed, The monster disappeared — a moment sped!

The next it fawned before him on a bed Of scarlet poppies. "Speak," Avolio said;

"What art thou? Speak! I charge thee in God's name!"

A death-cold shudder seized the serpent's
frame,
Its huge throat writhed, whence bub-
bling with a throe
Of hideous import, a voice thin and low
Broke like a muddled rill: "Bethink
thee well,
This isle is Cos, of which old legends tell
Such marvels. Hast thou never heard
of me,

The island's fated queen?" "Yea,
verily,"
Avolio cried, "thou art that thing of
dread ——"
Sharply the serpent raised its glittering
head
And front tempestuous: "Hold! no
tongue save mine
Must of these miseries tell thee! Then
incline



"A monster meet for Tartarus, a thing
Whereon men gaze with awe and shuddering."

Thine ear to the dark story of my
grief,
And with thine ear yield, yield me thy
belief.
Foul as I am, there *was* a time,
O youth,
When these fierce eyes were founts of
love and truth;
There *was* a time when woman's
blooming grace
Glowed through the flush of roses in
my face;
When — but I sinned a deep and damn-
ing sin,

The fruit of lustful pride nurtured
within
By weird, forbidden knowledge — I
defied
The night's immaculate goddess, purest
eyed,
And holiest of immortals; I denied
The eternal Power that looks so cold and
calm;
Therefore, O stranger, am I what I
am.
A monster meet for Tartarus, a thing
Whereon men gaze with awe and shud-
dering,

In desolation! Oh! wert *thou* but true
 And brave enow this thing I ask to do,
 Then human, happy, beauteous would I
 be,
 Ye merciful Gods! once more!"

Then suddenly
 She writhed her vast neck round, her
 glittering crest
 Cast backward o'er the fierce, tumultu-
 ous breast,
 Red as a stormy sunset — with a moan,
 "Pass on, weak soul!" she said, "leave
 me alone;"
 Then, wildly, "Go! I would not catch
 thine eye;
Go, and be safe! for swiftly, furiously,
 Surges a cruel thought through all my
 blood,
 And the brute instincts turn to hardi-
 hood
 Of vengeful impulse all my gentler
 frame;
 Go! for I would not harm thee; yet a
 flame
 Of blasting torments have I power to
 raise
 Through all thy being, and mine eyes
 could gaze,
 Gloating on pain. Is this not horri-
 ble?"
 And therewithal the wretched monster
 fell
 To open weeping, with sad front, and
 bowed.

Something in such base cruelty avowed,
 Blent with the softer will which disal-
 lowed
 Its exercise, so on Avolio wrought,
 That sore perplexed, revolving many a
 thought,
 He lingered still, lost in a spiritual mist;
 But when the mouth that waited to be
 kissed,
 Fringed with a yellow foam, malignly
 rose
 Before him, his first fear its terrible
 throes

Renewed. "And how, O baleful
 shape!" said he—
 Striving to speak in passionless tones,
 and free—
 "How can I tell, what certain gage have
 I,
 That this strange kiss thine awful des-
 tiny
 Hath not ordained — the least elaborate
 plan
 Whereby to snare and slay me?" "O
 man! man!"
 The serpent answered, with a loftier
 mien—
 A voice grown clear, majestic and se-
 rene—
 "Shall *matter* always triumph? the
 base mould
 Mask the immortal essence, uncontrolled
 Save by your grovelling fancies mean
 and cold?
 O green and happy woods, breathing like
 sleep!
 O quiet habitants of places deep
 In leafy shades, that draw your peaceful
 breaths,
 Passing fair lives to rest in tranquil
 deaths!
 O earth! O sea! O heavens! forever
 dumb
 To man, while ages go and ages come
 Mysterious, have the dark Fates willed
 it so
 That nevermore the sons of men shall
 know
 The secret of your silence? the wide
 scope
 Granted your basking pleasures, and
 sweet hope,
 Revived in vernal warmth and spring-
 tide rains,
 Your long, long pleasures, and your
 fleeting pains?
 And must the lack of what is brave and
 true,
 From other souls, callous or blind there-
 to,
 From what themselves beauteous and
 truthful are,

Differ for aye as glow-worms from a
star?
Is such our life's decretal? Shall the
faith
Which even, perchance, the clearest
spirit hath
In good within us, always prove less
bold
Than keen suspicions, nursed by craven
doubt,
Of treacherous ills, and evil from with-
out?"

Then, after pause, with passion: "O
etern
And bland benignities, that breathe and
burn
Throughout creation, are we but the
motes
In some vague dream that idly sways
and floats
To nothingness? or are your glories
pent
Within ourselves, to rise omnipotent
In bloom and music, when we bend
above,
And wake them by the kisses of our
love?
I yearn to be made beautiful. Alas!
Beauty itself looks on, prepared to pass,
In hardened disbelief! *one* action kind
Would free and save me — why art thou
so blind,
Avolio?" While she spoke, a timorous
hare,
Scared by a threatening falcon from its
lair,
Rushed to the serpent's side. With
fondling tongue
She soothed it as a mother soothes her
young.

Avolio mused: "Can innocent things
like this
Take refuge by her? then, perchance,
some good,
Some tenderness, if rightly understood,
Lurks in her nature. *I will do the deed!*
Christ and the Virgin save me at my
need."

He signed the monster nearer, closed
his eyes,
And with some natural shuddering, some
deep sighs!
Gave up his pallid lips to the foul kiss!
What followed then? a traitorous ser-
pent hiss,
Sharper for triumph? Ah! not so — he
felt
A warm, rich, yearning mouth approach
and melt
In languid, loving sweetness on his own.
And two fond arms caressingly were
thrown
About his neck, and on his bosom
pressed
Twin lilies of a snow white virgin breast.

He raised his eyes, released from brief
despair;
They rested on a maiden tall and fair —
Fair as the tropic morn, when morn is
new —
And her sweet glances smote him through
and through
With such keen thrilling rapture that he
sware
His willing heart should evermore adore
Her loveliness, and woo her till he died.

"I am thine own," she whispered, "thy
true bride,
If thou wilt take me!"

Hand in hand they strayed
Adown the shadows through the wood-
land glade,
Whence every evil influence shrank
afraid,
And round them poured the golden even-
tide.
Swiftly the tidings of this strange event
Abroad on all the garrulous winds were
sent,
Rousing an eager world to wonderment!

Now 'mid the knightly companies that
came
To visit 'Cos, was that brave chief, by
fame

Exalted for bold deeds and faith divine,
So nobly shown erewhile in Palestine —
Tancred, Salerno's Prince — he came in
state,

With fourscore gorgeous barges, small
and great,

With pomp and music, like an ocean
Fate;

His blazoned prowls along the glimmer-
ing sea

Spread like an eastern sunrise gloriously.

Him and his followers did Avolio feast
Right royally, but when the mirth in-
creased,

And joyous-winged jests began to pass
Above the sparkling cups of Hippocras,
Tancred arose, and in his courtly phrase
Invoked delight and length of prosperous
days

To crown that magic union; one vague
doubt

The Prince did move, and this he dared
speak out,

But with serene and tempered courtesy:
"It could not be that their sweet hostess
still

Worshipped Diana and her heathen
will?"

"Ah sir! not so!" Avolio flushing
cried,

"But Christ the Lord!"

No single word replied
The beauteous lady, but with gentle pride
And a quick motion to Avolio's side
She drew more closely by a little space,
Gazing with modest passion in his face,
As one who yearned to whisper tenderly:
"O, brave kind heart! I worship only
thee!"

THE SOLITARY LAKE.

FROM garish light and life apart,
Shrined in the woodland's secret heart,
With delicate mists of morning furled
Fantastic o'er its shadowy world,

The lake, a vaporous vision, gleams
So vaguely bright, my fancy deems
'Tis but an airy lake of dreams.

Dreamlike, in curves of palest gold,
The wavering mist-wreaths manifold
Part in long rifts, through which I view
Gray islets throned in tides as blue
As if a piece of heaven withdrawn —
Whence hints of sunrise touch the
dawn —

Had brought to earth its sapphire glow,
And smiled, a second heaven, below.

Dreamlike, in fitful, murmurous sighs,
I hear the distant west wind rise,
And, down the hollows wandering,
break

In gurgling ripples on the lake,
Round which the vapors, still outspread,
Mount wanly widening overhead,
Till flushed by morning's primrose-red.

Dreamlike, each slow, soft-pulsing surge
Hath lapped the calm lake's emerald
verge,

Sending, where'er its tremors pass
Low whisperings through the dew-wet
grass:

Faint thrills of fairy sound that creep
To fall in neighboring nooks asleep,
Or melt in rich, low warblings made
By some winged Ariel of the glade.

With brightening morn the mockbird's
lay

Grows stronger, mellower: far away
'Mid dusky reeds, which even the noon
Lights not, the lonely-hearted loon
Makes answer, her shrill music shorn
Of half its sadness: day, full-born,
Doth rout all sounds and sights forlorn.

Ah! still a something strange and rare
O'errules this tranquil earth and air,
Casting o'er both a glamour known
To their enchanted realm alone;
Whence shines, as 'twere a spirit's face,
The sweet coy genius of the place,

Yon lake beheld as if in trance,
The beauty of whose shy romance
I feel — whatever shores and skies
May charm henceforth my wondering
eyes, —

Shall rest, undimmed by taint or stain,
'Mid lonely byways of the brain,
There, with its haunting grace, to seem
Set in the landscape of a dream.

— ♦ —
THE VOICE IN THE PINES.

THE morn is softly beautiful and still,
Its light fair clouds in pencilled gold
and gray

Pause motionless above the pine-grown
hill,

Where the pines, tranced as by a wiz-
ard's will,

Uprise as mute and motionless as
they!

Yea! mute and moveless; not one flick-
ering spray

Flashed into sunlight, nor a gaunt
bough stirred;

Yet, if wooed hence beneath those pines
to stray,

We catch a faint, thin murmur far away,
A bodiless voice, by grosser ears un-
heard.

What voice is this? what low and sol-
emn tone,

Which, though all wings of all the
winds seem furled,

Nor even the zephyr's fairy flute is blown,
Makes thus forever its mysterious moan

From out the whispering pine-tops'
shadowy world?

Ah! can it be the antique tales are true?

Doth some lone Dryad haunt the
breezeless air,

Fronting yon bright immitigable blue,
And wildly breathing all her wild soul
through

That strange unearthly music of de-
spair?

Or can it be that ages since, storm-
tossed,

And driven far inland from the roar-
ing lea,

Some baffled ocean-spirit, worn and lost.
Here, through dry summer's dearth and
winter's frost,

Yearns for the sharp, sweet kisses of
the sea?

Whate'er the spell, I hearken and am
dumb,

Dream-touched, and musing in the
tranquil morn;

All woodland sounds — the pheasant's
gusty drum,

The mock-bird's fugue, the droning in-
sect's hum —

Scarce heard for that strange, sorrow-
ful voice forlorn!

▼
Beneath the drowsed sense, from deep to
deep

Of spiritual life its mournful minor
flows,

Streamlike, with pensive tide, whose
currents keep

Low murmuring 'twixt the bounds of
grief and sleep,

Yet locked for aye from sleep's divine
repose.

— ♦ —
VISIT OF THE WRENS.

FLYING from out the gusty west,
To seek the place where last year's nest,

Ragged, and torn by many a rout
Of winter winds, still rocks about

The branches of the gnarled old tree
Which sweep my cottage library —

Here on the genial southern side,
In a late gleam of sunset's pride,

Came back my tiny, springtide friends,
The self-same pair of chattering wrens

That with arch eyes and restless bill
Used to frequent yon window sill,

Winged sprites, in April's showery
glow.

'Tis now twelve weary months ago
 Since first I saw them; here again
 They drop outside the glittering pane,
 Each bearing a dried twig or leaf,
 To build with labor hard, yet brief,
 This season's nest, where, blue and
 round,

Their fairy eggs will soon be found.
 But sky and breeze and blithesome sun,
 Until that little home is done,
 Shall—wondering, maybe—hear and
 see

Such chatter, bustle, industry,
 As well may stir to emulous strife
 Slow currents of a languid life,
 Whether in bird or man they run!

But when, in sooth, the nest complete
 Swings gently in its green retreat,
 And soft the mother birdling's breast
 Doth in the cozy circlet rest,
 How, back from jovial journeying,
 Merry of heart, though worn of wing,
 Her brown mate, proudly perched above
 The limb that holds his brooding love,
 His head upturned, his aspect sly,
 Regards her with a cunning eye,
 As one who saith, "How well you bear
 The dullness of these duties, dear;
 To dwell so long on nest or tree
 Would be, I know, slow death to me;
 But, then, you women folk were made
 For patient waiting, in—the shade!"

So tame one little guest becomes—
 'Tis the male bird—my scattered
 crumbs

He takes from window sill and lawn
 Each morning in the early dawn;
 And yesterday he dared to stand
 Serenely on my outstretched hand,
 While his wee wife, with puzzled
 glance,
 Looked from her breezy seat askance!

My pretty pensioners! ye have flown
 Twice from your winter nook unknown,
 To build your humble homestead here,
 In the first flush of springtide cheer;

But ah! I wonder if again,
 Flitting outside the window pane,
 When next the shrewd March winds
 shall blow,
 Or in mild April's showers glow,
 New come from out the shimmering
 west,
 You'll seek the place of this year's
 nest,
 Ragged and torn by then, no doubt,
 And swinging in worn shreds about
 The branches of the ancient tree.

Nay, who may tell? Yet, verily,
 Methinks when, spring and summer
 passed,

Adown the long, low autumn blast,
 In some dim gloaming, chill and drear,
 You, with your fledglings, disappear,
 That ne'er by porch or tree or pane
 Mine eyes shall greet your forms again!

What then? At least the good ye
 brought,
 The delicate charms for eye and thought
 Survives; though death should be your
 doom

Before another spring flower's bloom,
 Or fairer clime should tempt your wings
 To bide 'mid fragrant blossomings
 On some far Southland's golden lea,
 Still may fresh spring morns light for
 me

Your tiny nest, their breezes bear
 Your chirping, household joyance near
 And all your quirks and tricksome ways
 Bring back through many smiling days
 Or future Aprils; not the less
 Your simple drama shall impress
 Fancy and heart, thus acted o'er
 Toward each small issue, as of yore,
 With sun and wind and skies of blue
 To witness, wondering, all you do,
 Because your happy toil and mirth
 May be of fine, ideal birth;
 Because each quick, impulsive note
 May thrill a visionary throat,
 Each flash of glancing wing and eye
 Be gleams of vivid fantasy;

Since whatsoe'er of form and tone
 A past reality hath known,
 Most charming unto soul and sense,
 But wins that subtle effluence,
 That spiritual air which softly clings
 About all sweet and vanished things,
 Causing a bygone joy to be
 Vital as actuality,
 Yet with each earthlier tint or trace
 Lost in a pure, ethereal grace!

— ♦ —

FOREST PICTURES.

MORNING.

O GRACIOUS breath of sunrise! divine
 air!
 That brood'st serenely o'er the pur-
 pling hills;
 O blissful valleys! nestling, cool and
 fair,
 In the fond arms of yonder murmur-
 ous rills,
 Breathing their grateful measures to the
 sun;
 O dew-besprinkled paths, that circling
 run
 Through sylvan shades and solemn si-
 lences,
 Once more ye bring my fevered spirit
 peace!

The fitful breezes, fraught with forest
 balm,
 Faint, in rare wafts of perfume, on my
 brow;
 The woven lights and shadows, rife with
 calm,
 Creep slantwise 'twixt the foliage,
 bough on bough
 Uplifted heavenward, like a verdant
 cloud
 Whose rain is music, soft as love, or
 loud
 With jubilant hope—for there, en-
 tranced, apart,
 The mock-bird sings, close, close to Na-
 ture's heart.

Shy forms about the greenery, out and
 in,
 Flit 'neath the broadening glories of
 the morn;
 The squirrel— that quaint sylvan harle-
 quin—
 Mounts the tall trunks; while swift as
 lightning, born
 Of summer mists, from tangled vine and
 tree
 Dart the dove's pinions, pulsing vividly
 Down the dense glades, till glimmering
 far and gray
 The dusky vision softly melts away!

In transient, pleased bewilderment I
 mark
 The last dim shimmer of those lessen-
 ing wings,
 When from lone copse and shadowy
 covert, hark!
 What mellow tongue through all the
 woodland rings!
 The deer-hound's voice, sweet as the
 golden bell's,
 Prolonged by flying echoes round the
 dells,
 And up the loftiest summits wildly
 borne,
 Blent with the blast of some keen hunts-
 man's horn.

And now the checkered vale is left be-
 hind;
 I climb the slope, and reach the hill-
 top bright;
 Here, in bold freedom, swells a sover-
 eign wind,
 Whose gusty prowess sweeps the pine-
 clad height;
 While the pines— dreamy Titans roused
 from sleep—
 Answer with mighty voices, deep on
 deep
 Of wakened foliage surging like a
 sea;
 And o'er them smiles Heaven's calm
 infinity!



**"The woven lights and shadows, rife with calm,
Creep slantwise 'twixt the foliage, bough on bough."**



GOLDEN DELL.

BEYOND our moss-grown pathway lies
A dell so fair, to genial eyes
It dawns an ever-fresh surprise!

To touch its charms with gentler grace,
The softened heavens a loving face
Bend o'er that sweet, secluded place.

There first, despite the March wind's
cold,

Above the pale-hued emerald mould
The earliest spring-tide buds unfold;

There first the ardent mock-bird, long
Winter's dumb thrall, from winter's
wrong
Breaks into gleeful floods of song;

Till, from coy thrush to garrulous wren,
The humbler bards of copse and glen
Outpour their vernal notes again;

While such harmonious rapture rings,
With stir and flash of eager wings
Glimpsed fleetly, where the jasmine
clings

To hosh and briar, we blithely say,
"Farewell! bleak nights and mornings
gray,
Earth opes her festal court to-day!"

There, first, from out some balmy nest,
By half-grown woodbine flowers caressed,
Steal zephyrs of the mild southwest;

O'er purpling rows of wild-wood peas,*
So blandly borne, the droning bees
Still suck their honeyed cores at ease;

Or, trembling through yon verdurous
mass,

Dew-starred, and dimpling as they pass
The wavelets of the billowy grass!

But, fairest of fair things that dwell
'Mid sylvan nurslings of the dell,
Is that clear stream whose murmurs swell

To music's ariest issues wrought,
As if a Naiad's tongue were fraught
With secrets of its whispered thought.

Yes, fairest of fair things, it flows
'Twixt banks of violet and of rose,
Touched always by a quaint repose.

How golden bright its currents glide!
While goldenly from side to side
Bird shadows flit athwart the tide.

So Golden Dell we name the place,
And aye may Heaven's serenest face
Dream o'er it with a smile of grace;

For next the moss-grown path it lies,
So pure, so fresh to genial eyes
It glows with hints of Paradise!

ASPECTS OF THE PINES.

TALL, sombre, grim, against the morn-
ing sky

They rise, scarce touched by melan-
choly airs,

Which stir the fadeless foliage dream-
fully,

As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with
dusky gleams

Brightening to gold within the wood-
land's core,

Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil
beams—

But the weird winds of morning sigh
no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
Broods round and o'er them in the
wind's surcease,

And on each tinted copse and shimmer-
ing dell

Rests the mute rapture of deep heart-
ed peace.

* In the Southern woods, often among sterile tracts of pine barren, a species of *wild pea* is found, or a plant which in all externals resembles the pea plant.

Last, sunset comes — the solemn joy and
night

Borne from the West when cloudless
day declines —

Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves
of light,

And lifting dark green tresses of the
pines,

Till every lock is luminous — gently float,
Fraught with hale odors up the heav-
ens afar

To faint when twilight on her virginal
throat

Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper
star.

MIDSUMMER IN THE SOUTH.

I LOVE Queen August's stately sway,
And all her fragrant south winds say,
With vague, mysterious meanings
fraught,

Of unimaginable thought;
Those winds, 'mid change of gloom and
gleam,

Seem wandering thro' a golden dream —
The rare midsummer dream that lies
In humid depths of nature's eyes,
Weighing her languid forehead down
Beneath a fair but fiery crown:

Its witchery broods o'er earth and skies,
Fills with divine amenities

The bland, blue spaces of the air,
And smiles with looks of drowsy cheer
'Mid hollows of the brown-hued hills;
And oft, in tongues of tinkling rills,
A softer, homelier utterance finds
Than that which haunts the lingering
winds!

I love midsummer's azure deep,
Whereon the huge white clouds, asleep,
Scarce move through lengths of tranced
hours;

Some, raised in forms of giant towers —
Dumb Babels, with ethereal stairs
Scaling the vast height — unawares

What mocking spirit, æther-born,
Hath built those transient spires in
scorn,

And reared towards the topmost sky
Their unsubstantial fantasy!
Some stretched in tenuous arcs of light
Athwart the airy infinite,
Far glittering up yon fervid dome,
And lapped by cloudland's misty foam,
Whose wreaths of fine sun-smitten spray
Melt in a burning haze away:
Some throned in heaven's serenest
smiles,

Pure-hued, and calm as fairy isles,
Girt by the tides of soundless seas —
The heavens' benign Hesperides.

I love midsummer uplands, free
To the bold raids of breeze and bee,
Where, nested warm in yellowing
grass,

I hear the swift-winged partridge pass,
With whirr and boom of gusty flight,
Across the broad heath's treeless height:
Or, just where, elbow-poised, I lift
Above the wild flower's careless drift
My half-closed eyes, I see and hear
The blithe field-sparrow twittering clear
Quick ditties to his tiny love;
While, from afar, the timid dove,
With faint, voluptuous murmur, wakes
The silence of the pastoral brakes.

I love midsummer sunsets, rolled
Down the rich west in waves of gold,
With blazing crests of billowy fire.
But when those crimson floods retire,
In noiseless ebb, slow-surgings, grand,
By pensive twilight's flickering strand,
In gentler mood I love to mark
The slow gradations of the dark;
Till, lo! from Orient's mists withdrawn,
Hail! to the moon's resplendent dawn;
On dusky vale and haunted plain
Her effluence falls like balmy rain;
Gaunt gulfs of shadow own her might;
She bathes the rescued world in light,
So that, albeit my summer's day,
Erewhile did breathe its life away,

Methinks, whate'er its hours had won
Of beauty, born from shade and sun,
Hath not perchance so wholly died,
But o'er the moonlight's silvery tide
Comes back, sublimed and purified!

◆

CLOUD-PICTURES.

HERE in these mellow grasses, the whole
morn,
I love to rest; yon'ler, the ripening corn
Rustles its greenery; and his blithesome
horn

Windeth the frolic breeze o'er field and
dell,
Now pealing a bold stave with lusty
swell,
Now falling to low breaths ineffable

Of whispered joyance. At calm length
I lie,
Fronting the broad blue spaces of the
sky,
Covered with cloud-groups, softly jour-
neying by:

An hundred shapes, fantastic, beau-
teous, strange,
Are theirs, as o'er yon airy waves they
range
At the wind's will, from marvellous
change to change;

Castles, with guarded roof, and turret
tall,
Great sloping archway, and majestic
wall,
Sapped by the breezes to their noiseless
fall!

Pagodas vague! above whose towers
outstream
Banners that wave with motions of a
dream —
Rising, or drooping in the noontide
gleam;

Gray lines of Orient pilgrims: a gaunt
band
On famished camels, o'er the desert
sand
Plodding towards their prophet's Holy
Land;

'Mid-ocean, — and a shoal of whales at
play,
Lifting their monstrous frontlets to the
day,
Thro' rainbow arches of sun-smitten
spray;

Followed by splintered icebergs, vast
and lone,
Set in swift currents of some arctic
zone,
Like fragments of a Titan's world o'er-
thrown;

Next, measureless breadths of barren,
treeless moor,
Whose vaporous verge fades down a
glimmering shore,
Round which the foam-capped billows
toss and roar!

Calms of bright water — like a fairy's
wiles,
Wooing with ripply cadence and soft
smiles,
The golden shore-slopes of Hesperian
Isles;

Their inland plains rife with a rare in-
crease
Of plumed grain! and many a snowy
fleece
Shining athwart the dew-lit hills of
peace;

Wrecks of gigantic cities — to the
tune
Of some wise air-God built! — o'er
which the noon
Seems shuddering; caverns, such as the
wan Moon

Shows in her desolate bosom; then, a
crowd
Of awed and reverent faces, palely
bowed
O'er a dead queen, laid in her ashy
shroud—

A queen of old—her pallid brow im-
pearled
By gems barbaric! her strange beauty
furl'd

In mystic ceremonies of the antique
world.

Weird pictures, fancy-generated!—one
by one,

'Twixt blended beams and shadows, gold
and dun,

These transient visions vanish in the
sun.

—◆—
SONNET.

SUNSET, the god-like artist, paints on air
Pictures of loveliness and terror blent!

Lo! yonder clouds, like mountains tem-
pest-rent,

Through whose abysmal depths the
lightning's glare

Darts from wild gulfs and caverns of des-
pair:

O'er these a calm, majestic firmament,
Flushed with rich hues, with rainbow
isles besprent,

Like homes of peace in oceans heavenly
fair:

But *still*, beyond one lone mysterious
cloud,

Steeped in the solemn sunset's fiery
mast,

Strange semblance takes of Him whose
visage bowed,

Divinely sweet, o'er all things, dark or
bright,

Yet draws the darkness ever toward
His light

The tender eyes and awful brow of
Christ!

IN THE PINE BARRENS.

SUNSET.

HARK! to the mournful wind; its burden
drear

Borne over leagues of desert wild and
dun,

Sinks to a weary cadence of despair,
Beyond the closing gateways of the
sun.

Yon clouds are big with flame, and not
with rain,

Massed on the marvellous heaven in
splendid pyres,

Whereon ethereal genii, half in pain
And half in triumph, light their fervid
fires:

Kindled in funeral majesty to rise
Above the perished day, whose latest
breath

Exhaled, a roseate effluence to the skies,
Still lingers o'er the pageantry of
death.

One stalwart hill his stern defiant crest
Boldly against the horizon line up-
rears,

His blasted pines, smit by the fiery West,
Uptowering rank on rank, like Titan
spears:

Fantastic, bodiful, o'er the rock-strown
ground

Casting grim shades beyond the hill
slope riven,

Which mock the loftier shafts, keen,
lustre-crowned

And raised as if to storm the courts of
Heaven!

As sinks the wind, so wane those won-
drous lights:

Slowly they wane from hill and sky
and cloud,

While round the woodland waste and
glimmering heights

The mist or glooming trails its silvery
shroud!

Through which, uncertain, vague as
 shifting ghosts,
 The forms of all things touched by
 mystery seem,
 I walk, methinks, on pale Plutonian
 coasts,
 And grope 'mid spectral shadows of a
 dream.

SONNET.

IN the deep hollow of this sheltered dell
 I hear the rude winds chant their giant
 staves
 Far, far beyond me, where in darkening
 waves
 The airy seas of cloudland sink or swell.
 No faint breeze stirs the wild-flower's
 soundless bell,
 Here in the quiet vale, whose rivulet
 laves
 Banks silent almost as those desert
 graves,
 Whereof the worn Zaharan wanderers
 tell.
 Oh! thus from out still depths of tran-
 quil doom,
 My soul beyond her views life's turmoil
 vast,
 Harkening the windy roar and rage of
 men,
 Vain to *her* eyes as shades from cloud-
 land cast,
 And to *her* ears like far-off winds that
 boom,
 Heard, but scarce heard, in this Arca-
 dian glen!

THE WOODLAND PHASES.

YON woodland, like a human mind,
 Hath many a phase of dark and
 bright:
 Now dim with shadows, wandering blind,
 Now radiant with fair shapes of light.

They softly come, they softly go,
 Capricious as the vagrant wind,
 Nature's vague thoughts in gloom or
 glow,
 That leave no airiest trace behind.
 No trace, no trace! yet wherefore thus
 Do shade and beam our spirit's stir?
 Ah! Nature may be cold to us,
 But we are strangely moved by her.

The wild bird's strain, the breezy spray,
 Each hour with sure earth-changing
 rife
 Hint more than all the sages say,
 Or poets sing of death and life.

For truths half drawn from Nature's
 breast,
 Through subtlest types of form and
 tone,
 Outweigh what man, at most, hath
 guessed
 While heeding his own heart alone.

And midway, betwixt heaven and us,
 Stands Nature in her fadeless grace,
 Still pointing to our Father's house,
 His glory on her mystic face.

AFTER THE TORNADO.

LAST eve the earth was calm, the heav-
 ens were clear;
 A peaceful glory crowned the waning
 west,
 And yonder distant mountain's hoary
 crest
 The semblance of a silvery robe did
 wear,
 Shot through with moon-wrought tis-
 sues; far and near
 Wood, rivulet, field — all Nature's face
 — expressed
 The haunting presence of enchanted rest.
 One twilight star shone like a blissful
 tear.
 Unshed. But now, what ravage in a
 night!

Yon mountain height fades in its cloud-
girt pall;
The prostrate wood lies smirched with
rain and mire;
Through the shorn fields the brook
whirls, wild and white;
While o'er the turbulent waste and
woodland fall,
Glares the red sunrise, blurred with
mists of fire!



IN THE BOWER.

THE gusty and passionate March hath
died;
And now in the golden April-tide
There sits in the shade of her jasmine
bower
A maid more fair than an April flower.

The delicate curve of her perfect mouth,
Whose tints grow warm in the fervid
South,
She stoops to press, as she murmurs
low,
On a note upraised in her hand of snow,
What words are writ on the tiny scroll?
What thoughts lie deep in the maiden's
soul?
Oh, is it with bliss of her love she sighs?
Is the light but love's in those shy
brown eyes?

So thinks the mock-bird trilling his lay
On the tremulous top of the lilac spray;
He views the maid, on his perch apart,
And his song is meant for her secret
heart.

So thinks the breeze, for its trolic tree
With the rose's stem, and the wing of
the bee
It leaves, to sigh in the maiden's ear,
"He is coming, sweet! he is almost
here!"

So thinks the sun, for his ardent beams
Grow mellow and soft as a virgin's
dreams,

Through the vine-leaf shadows steal coy-
ly down,
And she wears his light like a bridal
crown.

Let the songster trill, and the breezes
sigh,
And the sun weave crowns of his light in
the sky;
She heeds them not, for a step is heard,
And her soul leaps up like a startled
bird —

Her soul leaps up, but it is not fear;
He is coming, sweet! he is here! is here!
And she flies to his bosom, (ah! panting
dove),
And is folded home on the heart of love!



WHENCE?

ERRILY the wind doth blow
Through the woodland hollow;
Errily forlorn and low,
Tremulous echoes follow!

Whence the low wind's tortured plaint?
Burden hopeless, dreary,
As the anguished tones that faint
Down the *Misere*,

Whence? From far-off seas its moan!
Darksome waves and lonely,
Where the tempest, overblown,
Leaves a death-calm only.

Thence it caught the awful cry
Of some last pale swimmer,
O'er whose drowning brain and eye
Life grows dim and dimmer —

Ere the billows claim their prey,
Sertling stem and lonely,
Where the storm clouds, rolled away,
Leave death-silence only!

So with pain the wind-heart sighs;
Through its sad commotion
Weave soft lutes sob and rise
Wailing hints of Ocean!

Hist! oh hist! as spreads the mist,
 Wood and hill-slope doming,
 By no grace of starlight kissed,
 'Mid the shadowy gloaming.

Drearier grows the wind, more drear
 Echoes shuddering follow,
 'Till a place of doom and fear
 Seems that haunted hollow!



"Uplift and bear me where the wild flowers grow,
 By many a golden dell-side, sweet and low."

SONNET.

ENOUGH, this glimpse of splendor wed to
 shame;
 Enough this gilded misery, this bright
 woe.
 Pause, genial wind! that even here dost
 blow
 Thy cheerful clarion; and from dust
 and flame
 The noonday pest, the night-enshrouded
 blame.
 Uplift and bear me where the wild flow-
 ers grow
 By many a golden dell-side sweet and
 low,

Shrined in the sylvan Eden whence I
 came.
 O woodland water! O fair-whispering
 pine!
 Loved of the dryad none but I have
 viewed!
 O dew-lit glen, and lone glade, breathing
 balm,
 Receive and bless me, till this tumult
 rude
 Merged in your verdant solitudes di-
 vine,
 My soul once more hath found her an-
 cient calm!

VIOLETS.

"Rare wine of flowers." — FLETCHER.

A GUSTY wind o'ersweeps the garden
close,

And, where the jonquil, with the white-
rod glows,

Riots like some rude hoyden uncon-
trolled.

But here, where sunshine and coy
shadows meet,

Out gleam the tender eyes of violets
sweet,

Touched by the vapory noontide's
fleeing gold.

What subtlest perfume floats serenely up!
Ethereal wine that brims each delicate
cup,

Rifled by viewless Ariels of the air,
And to! methinks from out these fairy
flowers

Rise the strange shades of half forgotten
hours,

Pa'lo, tearful, mute, and yet, O
heaven, how fair!

Yea, fair and marvellous, gliding gently
nigh,

Some with raised brows and eyes of con-
stancy,

Fixed with fond meanings on a goal
above,

And some faint shades of weary, droop-
ing grace,

Each with a nameless pathos on its face,
Breathing of heart-break and sad
death of love,

Slowly they vanish! while these odors
sleep

Spirit and sense, as if in waves of sleep,
Mysterious and Lethæan: languid
streams

Flowing through realm of twilight
thought apart,

Whereon the half-closed petals of the
heart

Pulse flower-like o'er a whispering
tide of dreams: —

Nor wakes the soul to outward sound or
sight,

Till, noonday beams declining, warm
and light,

A wood-breeze fans the dreamer's
forehead calm;

Who feels as one long wrapped from
pain and drouth,

By magic dreams dreamed in the fervid
south.

Beneath the golden shadows of the
palm.

BY THE GRAVE OF HENRY TIMROD.

WHEN last we parted — thy frail hand
in mine —

Above us smiled September's passion-
less sky,

And touched by fragrant airs, the hill-
side pine

Thrilled in the mellow sunshine ten-
derly;

So rich the robe on nature's slow de-
cay,

We scarce could deem the winter tide
was near,

Or lurking death, masked in imperial
grace;

Alas! that autumn day

Drew not more close to winter's empire
drear

Than thou, my heart! to meet grief
face to face!

I clasped thy tremulous hand, nor
marked how weak

Its answering grasp; and if thine eyes
did swim

In unshed tears, and on thy fading cheek
Rested a nameless shadow, gaunt and
dim, —

My soul was blind: fear had not
touched her sight

To rival vision: so, I bade thee go,
Careless, or tranquil as that treach-
erous north!

Nor turned how soon the blight

Of long-implanted seeds of care would
throw
Their nightshade flowers above the
springing corn.

Since then, full many a year hath risen
and set,

With spring-tide showers, and au-
tumn pomps unfurled

O'er gorgeous woods, and mountain walls
of jet —

While love and loss, alternate, ruled
the world;

Till now once more we meet — my
friend and I —

Once more, once more — and thus, alas!
we meet —

Above, a rayless heaven; beneath, a
grave;

Oh, Christ! and dost thou lie
Neglected here, in thy worn burial-
sheet?

Friend! were there none to shield
thee, none to save?

Ask of the winter winds — scarce colder
they

Than that strange land — thy birth-
place and thy tomb:

Ask of the sombre cloud-wracks trooping
gray,

And grim as hooded ghosts at stroke
of doom;

At least, the winds, though chill,
with gentler sweep

Seem circling round and o'er thy place
of rest,

While the sad clouds, as clothed in
tenderer guise,

Do lowly bend, and weep

O'er the dead poet, in whose living
breast

Dumb nature found a voice, how
sweet and wise!

Once more we meet, once more — my
friend and I —

But ah! his hand is dust, his eyes
are dark;

Thy merciless weight, thou dread mor-
tality,

From out his heart hath crushed the
latest spark

Of that warm life, benignly bright
and strong;

Yet no; we have *not* met — my friend
and I —

Ashes to ashes in this earthly prison!
Are these, O child of song,

Thy glorious self, heir of the stars and
sky?

Thou art not here, not *here*, for thou
hast risen!

Death gave thee wings, and lo! thou
hast soared above

All human utterance and all finite
thought;

Pain may not hound thee through that
realm of love,

Nor grief, wherewith thy mortal days
were fraught,

Load thee again — nor vulture want,
that fed

Even on thy heart's blood, wound thee;
idle, then,

Our bitter sorrowing; what though
bleak and wild

Rests thine uncrownèd head?

Known art thou now to angels and to
men —

Heaven's saint and earth's brave
singer undefiled.

Even as I spake in broken under-breath
The winds drooped lifeless; faintly

struggling through

The heaven-bound pall, which seemed a
pall of death,

One cordial sunbeam cleft the opening
blue;

Swiftly it glanced, and settling, softly
shone

O'er the grave's head; in that same in-
stant came

From the near copse a bird-song half
divine;

"Heart," said I, "hush thy moan,

List the bird's singing, mark the heaven-born flame,
God-given are these — an omen and a sign!"

In the bird's song an omen *his* must live!

In the warm glittering of that golden beam,

A sign his soul's majestic hopes survive,
Raised to fruition o'er life's weary dream.

So now I leave him, low, yet, restful here;

So now I leave him, high-exalted, far
Beyond all memory of earth's guilt or guile;

Hark! 'tis his voice of cheer,
Dropping, methinks, from some mysterious star;

His face I see, and on his face — a smile!

—◆—
SONNET.

As one who strays from out some shadowy glade,

Fronting a lurid noontide, stern, yet bright.

O'er mart and tower, and castellated height,

Shrinks slowly backward, dazed and half afraid —

So I, whose household gods their stand have made

Far from the populous city's life and light,

Its roar of traffic and its stormy might,
Shrink as I pass beyond my woodland shade.

The wordy conflict, the tempestuous din
Of these vast capitals, on ear and brain
Beat with the loud, reiterated swell
Of one fierce strain of passion and of sin,
Strange as in nightmare dreams the mad refrain

Of some wild chorus of the vaults of Hell.

ARIEL.

"My dainty Ariel." — *Tempest*.

A VOICE like the murmur of doves,
Soft lightning from eyes of blue;
On her cheek a flush like love's
First delicate, rosebud hue;

Bright torrents of hazel hair,
Which, glittering, flow and float
O'er the swell of her bosom fair,
And the snows of her matchless throat;

Lithe limbs of a life so fine,
That their rhythmical motion seems
But a part of the grace divine
Of the music of haunted dreams;

Low gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the South,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing,
meet

By the curves of a perfect mouth;

O creature of light and air!
O fairy sylph o' th' sun!
Hearts whelmed in the tidal gold of her hair
Rejoice to be so undone!

—◆—
SONNET.

THE glorious star of morning would we blame

Because it burns not on the front
of night?

Or the calm evening planet, that her light

Foretells not sunrise, with its herald-flame?

All things that are should subtly own
the same

Eternal law! the stars shine on aright,
Each in his sphere; the souls of Love
and Might

Their separate bounds of grace or grandeur claim;

Not on the low or lofty, great or small,
Should justice fix for judgment; the
true soul,
Which sways its own world in serene
control,
Highest or humblest — such the Master's
call
Shall summon upward, with its deep
"well done,"
And the just Father crown his faith-
ful son!

THE CLOUD-STAR.

A FABLE.

FAR up within the tranquil sky,
Far up it shone;
Floating, how gently, silently,
Floating alone!

A sunbeam touched its loftier side
With deepening light:
Then to its inmost soul did glide,
Divinely bright.

The cloud transfigured to a star,
'Thro' all its frame
Throbb'd in the fervent heavens afar,
One pulse of flame:

One pulse of flame, which inward turned,
And slowly fed
On its own heart, that burned, and
burned,
'Till almost dead,

The cloud still imaged as a star,
Waned up the sky;
Waned slowly, pallid, ghost-like, far,
Wholly to die;

But die so grandly in the sun —
The noonfire's breath —
Methinks the glorious death it won,
Life! life! not death!

Meanwhile a million insect things
Crawl on below,
And gaudy worms on fluttering wings
Flit to and fro;

Blind to that cloud, which grown a star,
Divinely bright,
Waned in the deepening heavens afar,
Till — lost in light!

SWEETHEART, GOOD-BYE!

A SONG.

SWEETHEART, good-bye! Our varied day
Is closing into twilight gray,
And up from bare, bleak wastes of sea
The north-wind rises mournfully;
A solemn prescience, strangely drear,
Doth haunt the shuddering twilight air;
It fills the earth, it chills the sky —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Our joys are
passed,
And night with silence comes at last;
All things must end, yea, — even love —
Nor know we, if reborn above,
The heart-blooms of our earthly prime
Shall flower beyond these bounds of time.
"Ah! death alone is sure!" we cry —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! Through mists
and tears
Pass the pale phantoms of our years,
Once bright with spring, or subtly strong
When summer's noontide thrilled with
song;
Now wan, wild-eyed, forlornly bowed,
Each rayless as an autumn cloud
Fading on dull September's sky —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

Sweetheart, good-bye! The vapors rolled
Athwart yon distant, darkening wold
Are types of what our world doth know
Of tenderest loves of long ago;
And thus, when all is done and said,
Our life lived out, our passion dead,
What can their wavering record be
But tinted mists of memory?
Oh! clasp and kiss me ere we die —
Sweetheart, good-bye!

SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A MARCH MORNING IN
THE WOODS.

THE winds are loud and trumpet-clear
to-day;

They seem to sound an onset, half in
ire.

Half in the wilkness of a vague desire
To force spring's fairy vanguard to de-
lay;

For here, methinks, worn winter stands
at bay.

Yet stands how vainly! spring-time's
subtlest fire

Melts his cold heart to nothingness,
while higher

Draw April hosts, and rearward powers
of May —

All maiden verdures, concords of sweet
air,

Stealing as dawn steals gently on the
world;

Breezes, balm-laden, blown from dis-
tant seas,

With armies of blush-roses, dew-im-
pearled,

Till Earth reclaimed from winter's grim
despair

Blooms as once bloomed the fair Hes-
perides.

◆

FRIDA AND HER POET.

A BRAVE young poet born in days of Eld,
Dwelt 'mid the frozen Northlands; he
beheld,

And wondering, sung the marvels of the
ice,

The swirl of snow flakes, and the quaint
device

Wrought on the fir-trees by the glittering
sleet;

And loved on stormy heights, cloud-girt,
to glee

The gray gerfalcon towering o'er the
sea;

To watch the waves, and mark the chert
drifts flee.

Big with the wrath of tempests; yet his
heart,

Soft as the inner rose-leaves of the
spring,

Rich with young life, and love's sweet
blossoming,

Too soon, alas! from life and love did
part:

Veiled was the fate that smote him;
unaware

What sudden, blasting doom had drawn
so near,

A strange blight breathed upon him, and
he died!

On earth to die, in heaven be glorified.

Such was the Minstrel's portion: still he
went

Through all the heavenly courts in dis-
content

And sombre grief, the pathos of his
woe

Rising at times to such wild overflow
As forced its wailful utterance into
song.

That passionate rush of music, the
heart's wrong

Set to the sweetness of harmonious
chords,

The All-Father, Odin, o'er the clash of
swords,

And din of heroes feasting at the
boards

Or loud Valhalla, heard: thereon he
sought

This lonely soul, in highest heaven o'er-
trought

With mortal memories. "Wherefore
litt'st thou here?"

The All-Father asked, "these measures
of despair?"

"Because my mortal Love," the Poet
saith,

"With time grows gray and wrinkled;
so golden youth in youth's benignant
prime,

Older men's age have left their hoary
time.

Her eyes are dimmed, her soft cheeks'
rosy red
Hath with the flowers of many a spring-
time fled;
And so when Heaven shall claim her —
ah! the pain! —
I shall not know mine earthly love
again!"

To whom the God, "But doth she love
thee still?"

"Her love, like mine, nor years, nor
change can kill,"

The Minstrel answered: "Faith, a cease-
less shower,

Keeps fair and bright our love's immac-
ulate flower."

"I loose thy heavenly bonds, — I bid
thee go!"

The All-Father cried, "and seek thy
Love below!"

To earth he came: drear waste and flow-
ery lea

Beheld his search 'mid fettered folk and
free;

Yet all his toils but brought the direful
stress

Of lone heart-yearning, grief and weari-
ness,

Till hope died out and all his soul was
dark.

At last, when aimless as an autumn leaf
Borne on November's idle winds afar,
He roamed a sea-beach wild, by moon or
star

Unlighted in its dreariest hour of grief
And desolate longing, on his eyes a
spark

Of tiny radiance through the clouded
night

Flashed from a cottage window on a
height,

Next the dim billows of the moaning
main.

There broke a sudden lightning on his
brain

Of prescient expectation, — then, before

Its glow could fade, he trod the cottage
floor,

And saw in tattered raiment, wan and
dead,

An ancient withered woman on a
bed,

Of whom a crone, as shrunk almost as
she,

Said with drawn lips and blinking
wearily

"Lo! here thine old Love! Hast thou
come so far

To find how cares may blight us, death
may mar?"

As ebbs a flood-tide, so his eager breath
Sank slowly. "Oh, the awful front of
death!"

He moaned. "Yet wherefore shudder?
Thou, my love,

Art precious still; nor shalt thou move
above,

An alien soul, albeit no longer fleet,
Nor fair, thou roam'st through Heaven

with tottering feet,

Bent, aged form, and face bedimmed by
tears;

I only ask to *know* thee, while the years
Eternal roll!"

He bids a last farewell
To this world's life, again prepared to
dwell

On heights celestial, in whose golden
airs

The heart, at least, shall shed earth's
wintry cares,

And blooming, breathe the vernal heats
of Heaven.

Twice ransomed soul! thou spirit that
hast striven

With countless ills, and conquered all
thy foes,

Rise with the might of morning, the
repose

Of moonlit night, and entering Heaven
once more —

Behold! who first doth meet thee by the
door,

With smiling brow, and gently parted
lips,
And eyes wherein no vestige of eclipse
From pain, or death, or any evil thing,
Lies darkly, but whose passionate
triumphing,
In peace attained, and true love crowned
at last,
Hath such rare joy and sweetness round
her cast,
She seems an angel on the heights of
bliss.
And yet a mortal maid 'twere heaven
to kiss!

To whom the singer, in a voice that
seems
Vague, and half-muffled in the mist of
dreams:—
“Art thou the little Frida that I knew
So long—ah! long ago? Thine eyes
are blue,
Deep blue like hers, and brimmed with
tender dew,
Through which love's starlight smiles—
art thou, in sooth,
The sweet, true-hearted Frida of my
youth?”

She drew more closely to the poet's side,
And nestling her small hand in his,
replied,
As half in tremulous wonder, half
delight:—
“I am thy little Frida, in thy sight
Fair once, and well beloved—Ah me!
ah me!
Hast thou forgotten?” “Nay; but
whose” (quoth he.)
“Yon withered corse, on which I gazed
below,
With pale shrunk limbs, and furrowed
face of woe?
Thy corse, thy face, they told me!”
“Yea, but know,
O Love! that earth, and things of earth,
are past:
That here, where, soul to soul, we meet
at last,

The merciful gods have made this wise
decree:—
*Lore, in heaven's tongue, means immor-
tality*
Of youth and joy; then, wheresoe'er we
go,
Loving and loved through these high
courts divine,
Mine eyes eternal youth shall drink from
thine;
And thou forevermore shalt find in
me
The tender maid who walked the world
with thee,
Thy little Frida, loved so long ago!”

PREEXISTENCE.

WHILE sauntering through the crowded
street,
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, hath smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song—

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer—

When the whole scene which greets mine
eyes
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand—

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and
foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say



"While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remembered face I meet."



I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories
plain —

Thoughts which perchance must travel
back
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far,
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering
grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

SONNET.

TO —

FAIR Muse, beloved of all, thou art no
high
Imperious goddess of the mount or
main,
But a sweet maiden of the pastoral
plain,
To whom the hum of bees, the west
wind's sigh,
The lapse of waters murmuring tran-
quilly,
Come, like soft music of a May-tide
dream.

Yet, times there are when some imperial
theme,
Born of a stormy sunset's marvellous
sky,
And heralded by thunder and fierce
flame,
Sweeps o'er thy vision with a mien sub-
lime,

And mighty voices, calling on thy
name:

Then dost thou rise, exultant, thrilled,
inspired,

Thy song a clarion lay that stirs our
time,

Hot from the soul some secret god hath
fired!

A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.

I SAT within my tranquil room;
The twilight shadows sank and rose
With slowly flickering motions, waved
Grotesquely through the dusk repose;
There came a sudden thought to me,
Which thrilled the spirit, flushed the
brow —

A dream of what our world would be
A thousand years from now!

If science on her heavenward search,
Rolling the stellar charts apart,
Or delving hour by hour to win
The secrets of earth's inmost heart —
If that her future apes her past,
To what new marvels men must bow,
Marvels of land, and air, and sea,
A thousand years from now!

If empires hold their wonted course,
And blind republics will not stay
To count the cost of laws which lead
Unerring to the State's decay —
What changes vast of realm and rule,
The low upraised, the proud laid low,
Shall greet the unborn ages still,
A thousand years from now!

Our creeds may change with mellowed
times

Of nobler hope, and love increased,
And some new Advent flood the world
In glory from the haunted East —
While souls on loftier heights of faith
May mark the mystic pathway grow
Clearer between their stand and heaven's,
A thousand years from now!

These things *may be!* but what, per-
force,

Must with the ruthless epochs pass?
The millions' breath, the centuries'
pomp,

Sure as the wane of flowers or grass;
The earth so rich in tombs to-day,
There scarce seems space for death to
sow,

Who, who shall count her churchyard
wealth

A thousand years from now?

And we — poor waifs! whose life-term
seems,

When matched with *after* and *before*,
Brief as a summer wind's, or wave's,

Breaking its frail heart on the shore,
We — human toys — that Fate sets up
To smite, or — spare I marvel how
These souls shall fare, in what strange
sphere,

A thousand years from now?

Too vague, too faint for mortal ken
That far, phantasmal future lies;
But sweet! one sacred truth I read,
Just kindling in your tear-dimmed
eyes,

That states may rise, and states may set,
With age earth's tottering pillars bow,
But hearts like ours can ne'er forget,
And though we know not *where*, nor
how,

Our conscious love shall blossom yet,
A thousand years from now!

SONNET.

I stood in twilight by the winter's sea;
The spectral tides with hollow, hungry
roar,

Broke massed and mighty on the shrink-
ing shore.

The sea-birds wailed; the foam flew wild
and free.

Ruthless as fate, upborne victoriously,

A fierce wind clove the billows urged
afar

With vengeful rhythm toward the west-
ern star,

Just risen beyond a gaunt gray cypress
tree.

Then twilight waned in cloud-descend-
ing night,

The sole star died, as if some phantom
hand

Wiped out its radiance: in the void pro-
found

The wind and waters (blended in one
sound,

Awful, mysterious), with invisible might
Thrilled the blank heavens, and smote
the affrighted strand!

THUNDER AT MIDNIGHT.

At midnight wakening, through my
startled brain

The sudden thunder crashed a chord of
pain;

I rose, and, awe-struck, hearkened.
Overhead

In one long, loud, reverberant peal of
dread,

Ceaseless it rolled, till as a sea of fire.
The climax gained, must wave by wave
retire;

So, half-reluctant, up the heights of
space

The reflux thunder softened into grace.

Its deep, harsh menace changed to mur-
murs low

As the lost south wind's, muffled in the
snow;

Waning through whisperous echoes less
and less

Till the last echo sleeps in gentleness.

Thus 'minded am I of that law of old
Which down the slopes of awful Sinai
rolled,

Smote men with judgment terrors; yet,
 at last,
 The lightning flame and mystic tumult
 passed,

Lapsed down the ages, echoing less and
 less
 Jehovah's wrath, till, changed to tender-
 ness,

The vengeful law, which once man's
 faith sufficed,
 Melts into mercy on the heart of Christ!



ON THE DEATH OF CANON KINGSLEY.

MORTALS there are who seem, all over,
 flame.

Vitalized radiance, keen, intense, and
 high,

Whose souls, like planets in a dominant
 sky,

Burn with full forces of eternity:

Such was his soul, and such the light
 which came

From that pure heaven he lived in; ho-
 liest worth

Of will and work was his, to brighten
 earth,

Heal its foul wounds, and beautify its
 dearth.

He dwelt in clear white purity apart,
 Yet walked the world; through many a
 sufferer's door

He shone like morning; comfort
 streamed before

His footsteps; on the feeble and the poor

He lavished the rich spikenard of his
 heart.

Christ's soldier! To his trumpet-call he
 sprung,

Eager, elate; valiant of pen and tongue,
 Grand were the words he spake, the
 songs he sung.

Still, hero-priest! born out of thy due
 time —

Thou should'st have lived when on thine
 England's sod

Giants of faith and seers of freedom trod,
 Daring all things to break the oppressor's
 rod.

Great in thine own age, thou hadst been
 sublime

In theirs — that age of fervent, fruitful
 breath,

When, scorning treachery, and defying
 death,

Her true knights girt their loved Eliza-
 beth,

Seeing on her the centuries' hopes were
 set;

Then hadst thou ranged with Raleigh
 land and sea.

Bible and sword in hand, gone forth with
 Leigh,

The tyrant smote, the heathen folk made
 free!

Yea! but to God and grace thou hast
 paid thy debt,

In measure scarce less glorious and com-
 plete

Than theirs who bearded on his chosen
 seat

The bloody Antichrist; or, fleet to fleet,

Thundered through storms of battle-
 wrack and fire

At Britain's Salamis; * the heroic strain
 Ran purpling all thy nature like a vein
 Oped from God's heart to thine; the loft-
 iest plane

Of thought and action, purpose and desire
 Thou trod'st on triumphing; thy Vi-
 king's face

Showed granite-willed, yet softened into
 grace

By effluence of good deeds, the angelic
 race

* Alluding to the defeat of the "Invincible
 Armada."

Of prayers to prompt, and aid them!
 Fare thee well,
 Clear spirit and strong! thy life-work
 nobly done,
 Shines beautiful as some unsetting sun
 O'er arctic summers; chords of victory
 run
 Even through the mournful boom of thy
 deep funeral knell!

*WHEN ALL HAS BEEN SAID AND
 DONE.*

TO RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

(In reply to his poem called "Wishing and
 Having.")

"Perhaps it will all come right at last;
 It may be, when all is done,
 We shall be together in some good world,
 Where to *wish* and to *have* are one."
 —STODDARD.

O FRIEND! be sure that a spirit came,
 In the gloom of your saddened hour,
 To plant that hope in your hopeless heart,
 Like the seed of an Eden flower.
 The seed may rest in your brooding
 breast,
 Half stifled in cold and night,
 Or be only felt as a yearning dim
 Toward comforting peace and light;
 But 'twill burst some day into perfect
 bloom,
 And fruition be brightly won;
 For the earth-life fades like a dream o'
 the dark
 When all has been said and done!

The earth-life fades in its sin and pain;
 But whatever of sweet and pure
 Breathed over its pallor and flushed its
 gloom,
 Surviveth for evermore.
 O, not as the ghost of a mortal joy,
 But as Joy herself from the dead
 Upraised to the clear, calm courts of
 Heaven,
 With a halo around her head;

'Tis only the vile and the sad shall die
 With the wane of an earthly sun.
 And pass like a vision as man awakes
 When all has been said and done!

Do you think you have lost your days
 for aye
 In the heart of the woods of spring,
 By that seaside town that is glimpsed
 through mist,
 Like the white of a petrel's wing?
 Do you think that the patter of tiny feet
 Shall never come back again,
 And that those whom the rage of Death
 had killed
 Are in sooth forever slain?
 Look up! look up! as the hope com-
 mands,
 From the ruth of the angels won:
 The earth-woe fades like a dream o' the
 night,
 When all has been said and done!

O God, we wander in devious ways,
 Till the end comes, stern and stark;
 We lift our voices of useless wail
 From the depths of the hollow dark;
 Yet the Christ is there, though we see
 him not.
 But only when sorrow lowers
 Wildest, we feel through the hollow
 dark
 A strange, warm hand in ours;
 And a voice is heard in the music of
 heaven,
 Saying: "Courage and hope, O,
 son!"
 The earth-woe fades like a dream o' the
 night,
 When all has been said and done!

THE VISION IN THE VALLEY.

AMID the loveliest of all lonely vales,
 Couched in soft silences of mountain
 calm,
 And broadly shadowed both by pine
 and palm,

O'er which a tremulous golden vapor sails
Forever, though unbreathed on by a breeze

Or any wind of heaven, serenely sleeps
A lucid fountain, from whose fathomless deeps

Come murmurs stranger than the twilight sea's.

That golden vapor, buoyed without a breath,

Tints to its own fair bloom the limpid tide.

Through which erewhile the solemn vision rose

Of a calm face, benignly glorified

By all we dream or yearn for of pure rest,

Profound, Lethæan, passionless repose.

Still through the silence mystic murmurs sighed.

Fraught with far meanings, vague and unexpressed,

Till at the last, upbreathing, weird and near,

The voice of that pale phantom thrilled mine ear —

"Behold the face, the marvellous face,
of Death!"



THE ARCTIC VISITATION.

SOME air-born genius, with malignant mouth,

Breathed on the cold clouds of an Arctic zone—

Which o'er long wastes of shore and ocean blown

Swept threatening, vast, toward the amazed South:

Over the land's fair form at first there stole

A vanward host of vapors, wild and white;

Then loomed the main cloud cohorts, massed in night,

Till earth lay corpse-like, reft of life and soul;

Death-wan she lay, 'neath heavens as cold and pale;

All nature drooped toward darkness and despair;

The dreary woodlands, and the ominous air

Were strangely haunted by a voice of wail.

The woeful sky slow passionless tears did weep,

Each shivering rain-drop frozen ere it fell;

The woodman's axe rang like a muffled knell;

Faintly the echoes answered, fraught with sleep.

The dawn seemed eve; noon, dawn eclipsed of grace;

The evening, night; and tender night became

A formless void, through which no starry flame

Touched the veiled splendor of her sorrowful face;

Like mourning nuns, sad-robed, funeral, bowed.

Day followed day; the birds their quivering notes

Piped here and there from feeble, querulous throats.

Fierce cold beneath — above, one riftless cloud

Wrapped the mute world — for now all winds had died —

And, locked in ice, the fettered forests gave

No sign of life; as silent as the grave

Gloomed the dim, desolate landscape far and wide.

Gazing on these, from out the mist one day

I saw, a shadow on the shadowy sky,

What seemed a phantom bird, that faltering nigh,

Perched by the roof-tree on a withered spray;

With drooping breast he stood, and
 drooping head;
 This fateful time had wrought the minstrel wrong;
 Even as I gazed, our southland lord of song
 Dropped through the blasted branches,
 breathless, dead!

Yet chillier grew the gray, world-haunting shade.
 Through which, methought, quick,
 tremulous wings were heard;
 Was it the ghost of that heartbroken bird
 Bound for a land where sunlight cannot
 fade?

THE WIND OF ONSET.

With potent north winds rushing
 swiftly down,
 Blended in glorious chant, on yesternight
 Old Winter came with locks and beard
 of white.
 The hoarfrost glittering on his ancient
 crown:

He sent his icy breathings through the
 pane,
 He raved and rattled at the close-shut
 doors,
 Then waned with hollow murmur down
 the moors.

To rise, revive and sweep the world
 again.

The chorus of great winds which gird
 him round
 Hold many voices — the deep trumpet's
 swell,

The air harp's mournful burden of farewell,

The fife's shrill tones, the clarion's
 silvery sound:

But o'er the roof-tree, 'round the gable
 rings
 Loudest his wind of onset, hour by hour,

Till a new sense of almost rapturous
 power
 Comes on the mighty waftage of his
 wings;

Sense of fresh hope and faith's re-kindled glow,
 The awakened aim, the brain drawn
 tense and high,
 To shoot its fiery thoughts against the
 sky,

Like arrows launched from some deft
 archer's bow!

All latent forces of our being start
 To marshalled order, ranged in battle
 line,
 While the roused life-blood with a thrill
 divine
 Runs tingling thro' the chambers of
 the heart.

Summer is rich with dreams of languid
 tone;
 October sunsets feed the soul with
 light;
 But give *me* winter's war wind in his
 might,
 O'er the scourged lands and turbulent
 oceans blown.

THE VISIT OF MAHMOUD BEN SULEIM TO PARADISE.

BENEATH the shadow of a breezeless
 palm

Mahmoud Ben Suleim, in the evening
 calm,

Sat, with his gravely meditative eyes
 Turned on the waning wonder of the
 skies;

What time beside him paused a brother
 sage,

Whose flowing locks, like his, were white
 with age:

His gaze a half-veiled fire, seemed sadly
 cast

Inward, to scan the records of his past —



"On yesternight
Old Winter came with locks and beard of white."



Perchance the past of man — and thence
to draw
From far experience, sanctified by awe
Of God's mysterious ways, some hint to
tell
Who of the dead in heaven and who in
hell
Dwelt now in endless bliss or endless
bale.

Thus, while he mused, the old man's
face grew pale
With stringent memories; on his labor-
ing thought
Vague speculations, dim and doubtful,
wrought
From out the fragments of the vanished
years.
At length he said : " Ben Suleim, lend
thine ears
To that I fain would ask thee. Thou
art wise
In sacred lore, in pure philosophies;
So tell me now thine inmost thought of
heaven
And heaven's fair habitants."

" Whoe'er hath striven,"
Ben Suleim answered, " to the extremest
verge
Of spiritual power, across death's dreary
surge
Hath passed to find the fathomless peace
of God!"

" Yea," quoth the other, smiting on the
sod
His staff impatiently. " I know! I
know!
But who of all we have seen or loved
below
Think'st thou in Aidenn?"

Slowly from his lips,
Wrapped by the smoke-wreaths in a
half-eclipse,
Ben Suleim's pipe was lowered: " My
friend," said he,
" Hark to this vision of eternity,

Which in the long-gone time of youth
did seem
To rise before me in a twilight dream.
Methought the life on earth had passed
away,
That near me spread the new, immortal
day
Of Paradise; but yet mine eyes looked
back
On this our clouded world, and marked
the track
My waning life-course still left glimmer-
ing there.
Behold! all dues of funeral dole and
prayer
Mine heirs had paid me; through the
cypress gloom
I saw the glitter of my new-made
tomb,
Whereon so many a blazoned virtue
shone,
A blush seemed gathering o'er the har-
dened stone,
And I, albeit a spirit, flushed with
shame.
Nathless, just then to Eden gates I
came,
And, at the outmost wicket thundering
loud,
Summoned full soon an angel from the
cloud
Which girds those heavenly portals, blent
with mist
Of shifting rainbow arcs of amethyst,
Who, somewhat harshly for an angel,
said
I knocked as if an hundred thousand
dead,
Not one poor soul, besieged the heavenly
door.
He raised his luminous hands, which
hovered o'er
For a brief moment, like a flash of stars,
The sapphire brilliance of the circling
bars,
Then one by one unclosed them. En-
tered in
The realm celestial, safe from pain and
sin,

I stretched at ease, with shadows cool
and dim
Floating about me, thus did question
him:
‘Fair Seraph, speak. Is not this land
divine,
Rife with pure souls, once faithful
friends of mine?’
‘Nay! be content if wandering here and
there,
Thou meet’st a *few*—none in the loftiest
sphere.’
‘Where, then,’ I cried, ‘is holy Ibn
Becâr?’
If not the highest he, surely not far
Beneath the highest that clear spirit
beams?’
‘Ah! thou art muffled still in earthly
dreams.’
The angel answered, ‘If on *him* thou’dst
call,
Pass downward, for he’s not in Heaven
at all!’
‘Dread Allah! can it be? So just a man
Walked not, methought, the streets of
Isphahan.
Morn after morn, year after year his
feet,
Alike in summer’s bloom and winter’s
sleet,
Bore him to worship in the sacred place;
What righteous zeal burned hotly in his
face!
And when inspired his heavenly vows
he made,
Or ’neath the innermost mosque devoutly
prayed,
Why, even the roaring Dervish, robed
and cowed,
Shrank from those pious lungs, which
almost howled
Creation dead. A saint we deemed him—
one
Pure as the snow, yet ardent as the
sun,
Who, not content with turning toward
the light
His own blest feet, must set on paths of
right

All erring brethren!’ ‘True,’ the an-
gel cried:
‘But Ibn Becâr, down to the day he
died,
Kept on his neighbor’s ways so keen an
eye
He lost at length his own straight course
thereby;
And though the purblind world hath
guessed it not,
He bides in Eblis’ kingdom; fierce and
hot
The waves of Hades roll above him
now.’
Amazed, I bowed my head, just whisper-
ing low
An ‘*Allah Kelm*.’ Next: ‘How fares
it, then.’
I asked, ‘with Hafiz, the wise scribe,
whose pen
Signed many a deed of gift, and scored
his name
High on the roll of charitable hearts?’
Clear came the answer: ‘Mid thy
public marts
No soul more sordid strove with heaven
to drive
Its wicked bargains. Largely would he
give
To general charities; but, sooth to say,
Whene’er he ’scaped the broad, bright
gaze of day,
He stamped with cruel heel the writhing
poor,
Would turn the perishing beggar from
his door,
And wring from friendless widows the
last crust
Saved for their half-starved children.
God is just;
So Hafiz dwells not here.’

In faltering tone,
As dropped from one who deals with
things unknown,
I questioned next: ‘Abdallah, *he* is
saved?’
‘Nay; for, albeit with seeming truth he
braved

Temptation, and each wise and sacred
saw

Wrought from the precepts of our
prophet's law,

Fell soft as Hybla's honey from his
mouth,

Yet his whole nature withered in the
drouth

Of drear hypocrisy. By stealth he
bought

Strong waters of the Giaour, and nightly
sought

Oblivion from sweet opiates of the
South.

Sickness he feigned, to gain in these his
cure;

And once, that he might tipple more
and more.

Moved to a province rife with serpents
dread,

Because, by such as knew his wiles,
'twas said

He drank the poison of each treacher-
ous throat,

To seek in fiery wine an antidote.

Nathless, a serpent slew him, and his
home

Is far from ours.'

My thoughts began to roam
Vaguely, in loose disorder. Yet again:

'What of Kalkarri, he whose songs of
pain

And joy alike forever struck the key,

The under-note of golden purity,

Virtue his theme and heavenly love his
muse?'

'Thou fool and blind! Kalkarri could
not choose

But sing mellifluous verses; yet in him
The light of truth was always blurred
and dim.

A tireless trick of tinkling rhymes he
had,

And naught he cared what spirit, good
or bad,

O'erruled his lay. The good, perchance,
paid best;

Therefore he sang of heavenly joy and
rest,

But sang of that whereof he shall not
taste.'

'Just Allah!' sighed I, 'see what barren
waste

Drinks up my hopes. Since none of all
I named

Here for the sacred roll hath Allah
claimed,

I pray thee tell me *whom* his will hath
blessed.'

'Dost thou remember Saâdi?' 'What,
that wretch

Who shod the Bactrian camels—who
would fetch

Strange oaths from far to sow our whole-
some air

With moral poison?' 'True, the man
did swear.'

Confessed the Bright One, sadly. 'Yet
so strong

His penitent sorrow o'er the hateful
wrong

Done his own soul and Allah, and so
rife

With tireless effort his whole earnest
life

To smite the giant tempters in his soul,
To kill them outright, or with firm con-
trol

Hold them in native darkness chained
and cowed—

At last he conquered and our Lord al-
lowed

His weary soul to quaff the founts of
balm!"

Amazement held me dumb. Within
the palm

Waving above, just then a whispering
breeze

Rose, and passed up the long-ranked,
radiant trees

Which lined the hills of heaven. It
seemed a sigh

Born of soft Mercy's immortality

Wafted toward the throne! The Bright
One then,

Lifting his voice harmonious, spake
again:

'Ferdusi, the small merchant by the
 quays
 Too poor to give, but with a heart as
 broad
 As the broad sky, reverent of faith and
 God;
 Islal-ed-Din, who, though he could not
 make
 The commonest prayer, would yet ex-
 claim Amen!
 To those who did, so warmly, for the
 sake
 Of truth and fervent worship, all might
 see
 His generous spirit's large sincerity —
 Both *these* are with us,'
 'But Wassaf,' said I,
 The blameless teacher, who methinks
 came nigh
 Virtue as pure as frail humanity
 On earth may compass?' 'Yea; his
 soul *is* here,
 But his soul wanders in the humblest
 sphere.
 For, mark thee, though no damning sin
 did stain
 This Wassaf's record, still in blood and
 brain
 So weak was he, his pale life-currents
 flowed
 So like dull streamlets through a wan
 abode
 Of windless deserts, that he lived and
 died
 Ne'er by a sharp temptation terrified;
 And if his course the Prophet's law ful-
 filled
 And near his path all passionate gusts
 were stilled,
 What credit to him? His to coldly live,
 Act, fade — a creature tamely negative.
 But lo! in flaming contrast the hot stir
 Of Agha's fate — Agha, the flute player,
 Glutton on earth, wine-bibber, and the
 rest,
 He still is held in heaven a nobler guest
 Than all your Wassafs — proper, crime-
 less, cool,
 And soulless, almost, as a stagnant pool,

For Agha's blood a furious torrent ran;
 Half brutal he, half tiger and half
 man,
 In health and power, the body's lustful
 force,
 Whose strength to fetter in its turbulent
 course
 Had taxed an angel's will. His nature
 sore
 Tormented him; yet o'er and o'er and
 o'er
 From some vast fall he lifted prayerful
 eyes,
 And like a Titan strove to *storm* the
 skies,
 Which, through unequalled strife and
 travails passed,
 His hero-soul hath grandly won at last!

 No more! no more! the glorious pres-
 ence said.
 'In light to come thy knowledge per-
 fected
 Shall bloom in flower and fruit; but, Su-
 leim, say,
 Hast thou beheld the swift sky-rocket's
 ray
 Burn up the heavens? How beautiful
 at first
 Its splendors gleamed, too soon, alas! to
 burst
 And die in outer darkness! Thus it is
 With many a soul, soaring, men dream,
 to bliss.
 Awhile they mount, clear, dazzling,
 drunk with light,
 To sink in ruin and the desolate night.
 Would'st know the true believer? *He*
 is one
 Whose faith in deeds shines perfect as
 the sun.
His soul, a shaft feathered by works of
grace,
Death, the grim archer, launches forth
in space;
It cleaves the clouds, o'ershoots the va-
porous wall
That waves 'twixt earth and heaven its
mystic pall,

*To light, at last, unerring, strong and
fleet,
In the deep calm which lies at Allah's
feet!" "*

—◆—

MY DAUGHTER.

THOU hast thy mother's eyes, my child —
Her deep dark eyes: the undefiled
Sweetness which breathes around her
mouth,

A perfect rosebud of the south,
And the broad brow, as smooth to-day
As when on life's auspicious May
I clasped her to an ardent breast
With yearnings of divine unrest.

THOU hast thy mother's voice, as low
And soft as happy winds that blow
At springtime o'er the wild-bloom beds,
When the blue harebells lift their heads
To hearken to those strains of peace,
And through the lustrous day's decease
Drink in the sunset-beams that float
Downward from glittering airs remote.

THOU hast thy mother's heart, no less
Than all her body's loveliness —
A heart as firmly brave and true,
O'er-brimming now with morning dew
Of hopeful light as doth a flower;
Yet strong to meet misfortune's hour,
And for the sake of loving ruth
Lie down and perish in its youth.

CHILD! child! so fair, so good thou art,
Sometimes an awful pang my heart
Pierces as thus I gaze on thee.
Too rare a thing thou seem'st to be
Long in this barren world to smile;
Methinks, with many a heavenly wile,
Unseen, but felt, the angels stray
Near thee, to tempt thy soul away.

Oh! heed them not. Why should they
cull

My one sweet blossom? Heaven is full

Of just such spirits. Leave her here,
Kind seraphs! our poor joys to share,
Our griefs to brighten by her love;
Pass on to your calm homes above,
And thus in mercy spare to earth
The angel of my heart and hearth.

'Tis strange, but yet so fresh and whole,
So radiant in my brain and soul
Doth this enchanting image dwell,
This pure, unrivalled miracle
Of maidenhood and modest grace,
I vow that I behold her face,
Hear her low tones, and mark her mien
So gentle, virginal, serene,

Clearly, as if her voice and brow,
In softest sooth, beguiled me now;
As if, incarnate and benign,
She placed her little hand in mine,
And her long midnight tresses rare
Were mingling with my snow-touched
hair.

And yet she only lives for me
In golden realms of fantasie,
A creature born of air and beam,
The delicate darling of a dream.

—◆—

OUR "HUMMING-BIRD."

AN, well I know the reason why
They called her by that graceful name:
She seems a creature born with wings,
O'er which a rainbow spirit flings
Fair hues of softly shifting flame;
Light is she as the changeful air,
Borne on gay humors everywhere,
Bewitchingly.

Her soul hath seldom breathed a sigh;
No hint of care hath ever stirred
Her being; sunshine and the breeze
Have been the fairy witnesses
Of all those joys our happy bird
Hath from the golden fountains drawn
Of youth unsullied as the dawn,
So lavishly.

Full many a flower, just hovering nigh,
In life's broad garden, rife with sweets,
She deftly drains of nectar dew;
Then, sylph-like, sweeps o'er pathways
new

To taste some balmier bliss she meets;
Now flashing fast through myrtle
bowers,
Now clinging to red lips of flowers,
Capriciously.

Forbear, rash heart! forbear to try
Our bird to capture with your wiles,
For, lo! she glimmers like a beam

Of fancy, on from dream to dream:
Vain are a lover's tears or smiles
To check her flight bewildering,
To tame her soul, or chain her wing
Submissively.

Nay! let the dazzling fairy fly
From flower to flower, so gladly whirled;
Cruel it were her matchless light
By one rude touch to dim or blight,
To see her luminous pinions furled
In grosser airs than those which stray
Round the fresh rosebuds of the May,
Deliciously.

LATER POEMS.



LATER POEMS

OF IMAGINATION, SENTIMENT, AND DESCRIPTION.

UNVEILED.

I CANNOT tell when first I saw her face;
Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
When the huge billows heaved tumultuously,
Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
Wrapped by the shadowy boon
Of breezeless verdures from the summer noon?
Or likelier still, in a rock-girdled dell
Between vast mountains, while the midnight hour
Blossomed above me like a shining flower,
Whose star-wrought petals turned the fields of space
To one great garden of mysterious light?

Vain! vain! I cannot tell
When first the beauty and majestic might
Of her calm presence, bore my soul apart
From all low issues of the grovelling world;—
About me their own peace and grandeur furled, —
Filling the conscious heart
With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from earth or sky, —
Secrets that glance towards eternity,
Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!

But ever since that immemorial day,
A steadfast flame hath burned in brain and blood,
Urging me onward in the perilous search

For sacred haunts our queenly mother loves;
By field and flood,
Thro' neighbouring realms, and regions far away,
Have I not followed, followed where she led,
Tracking wild rivers to their fountain head,
And wilder desert spaces, mournful, vast,
Where Nature, fronting her inscrutable past,
Holds bleak communion only with the dead;
Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like a dove's,
To waft me further still,
Beyond the compass of the unwinged will;
Yea; waft me northward, southward, east, or west,
By fabled isles, and undiscovered lands,
To where enthroned upon his mountain-perch,
The sovereign eagle stands,
Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their nest,
Above the thunders of the sea and storm?

Oh! sometimes by the fire
Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
Tender and warm, —
She, from her goddess height,
In gracious answer to my soul's desire,

Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
To bend on me the untranslated light
Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely
pale:

She lays on mine her firm, immortal
hand;

And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
Feel that her lips have kissed
Mine eyes and forehead;—how the in-
fluence fine

Of her deep life runs like Arcadian
wine

Through all my being! How a moment
pressed

To the large fountains of her opulent
breast,

A rapture smites me, half akin to pain:
A sun-flash quivering through white
chords of rain!

Thenceforth. I walked
The earth all-seeing;—not her stateliest
forms

Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of
power;

Mountains and oceans, and the rage of
storms;

Fierce cataracts hurled from awful steep
to steep,

Or, the gray water-spouts, that whirling
tower

Along the darkened bosom of the deep;
But all fair, fairy forms; all vital things,
That breathe or blossom 'midst our
bounteous springs;

In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
The wild rose and the violet;
On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly
talked

With the coy wind-flower, and the
grasses brown,

That in a subtle language of their own
(Caught from the spirits of the wan-
dering breeze),

Quaintly responded; while the heavens
looked down

As graciously on these
Titania growths, as on sublimer
shapes

Of century-moulded continents, that
bemock

Alike the earthquake's and the
billows' shock

By Orient inlands and cold ocean
caples!

The giant constellations rose and set:
I knew them all, and worshipped all I
knew;

Yet, from their empire in the pregnant
blue,

Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint
bars

Of nebulous cloud, beyond the rang-
of stars,

I turned to worship with a heart as
true,

Long mosses drooping from the cypress-
tree:

The virginal vines that stretched re-
motely dim.

From forest limb to limb;
Network of golden ferns, whose
tracery weaves

In lingering twilights of warm August
eves,

Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
Drawn on the flickering and fair-
foliated wall

Of the dense forest, ere the night
shades fall:

Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed colors
live

In the pure moisture by a fountain's
brim:

The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that
to and fro

Move ever to the waters' rhythmic
flow.

Blent with the humming of the wild-
wood bee,

And the winds' under thrills of mystery:
The twinkling "ground-stars," full of
modest cheer,

Each her cerulean cup
In humble supplication lifting up,

To catch whate'er the kindly heavens
may give

Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;
And even when, self-poised in airy
grace,

Their phantom lightness stirs
Through glistening shadows of a secret
place

The silvery-tinted gossamers;
For thus hath Nature taught amid her
All, —

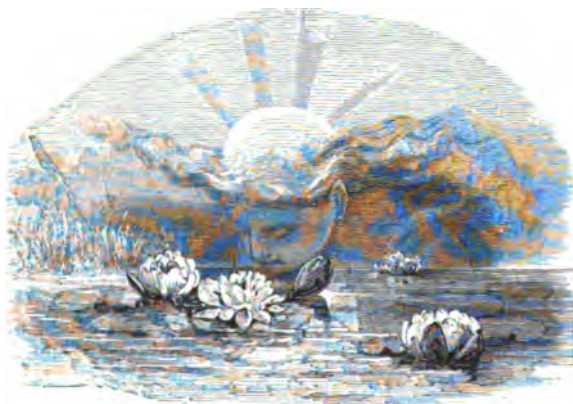
The complex miracles of land and sea.
And infinite marvels of the infinite air,
No life is trivial, no creation small!

Ever I walk the earth,
As one whose spiritual ear
Is strangely purged and purified to
hear

Its multitudinous voices; from the
shore

Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
And the stupendous bass of choral
waves

Thunders o'er "wandering graves,"
From warrior-winds whose viewless co-
horts charge



"Have I not followed, followed where she led,
Tracking wild rivers to their fountain head."

The banded mists through Cloudland's
vaporious dearth,
Peeling their battle bugles round the
marge

Of dreary fen and desolated moor;
Down to the ripple of shy woodland rills
Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the
hills,

And ancient hollows of the enchanted
ground, —

I pass with reverent thought,
Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,

Whether by brook or bird

The perfumed air be stirred.

But most, because the unwearied strains
are fraught

With Nature's freedom in her happiest
moods,

I love the mock-bird's, and brown
thrush's lay.

The melted soul of May.

Beneath those matchless notes,

From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid
throats,

In gushes of clear harmony,

I seem, oft-times I seem

To find remoter meanings; the far tone
Of ante-natal music faintly blown

From out the misted realms of mem-
ory;

The pathos and the passion of a dream;
Or, broken fugues of a diviner tongue

That e'er hath chanted, since our earth
 was young,
 And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
 The stars of morning sung!

—◆—
MUSCADINES.

SOBER September, robed in gray and
 dun,
 Smiled from the forest in half-pensive
 wise;
 A misty sweetness shone in her mild
 eyes.

And on her cheek a shy flush went and
 came,

As flashing warm between
 The autumnal leaves of slowly dying
 green.

The sovereign sun
 Tenderly kissed her; then (in ruthless
 mood

For the vague fears of modest maiden-
 hood)

Behold him gently, lovingly retire;
 Beneath the foliaged screen,
 Veiling his swift desire—

Even as a king, wed to some virgin
 queen,

Might doom his sight to blissful, brief
 eclipse.

After his tender lips
 Had touched the maiden's trembling
 soul to flame.

Through shine and shade,
 Thoughtful I trod the tranquil forest
 glade.

Up-glancing oft
 To watch the rainless cloudlets, white
 and soft.

Sail o'er the placid ocean of the sky,
 The breeze was like a sleeping infant's
 sigh.

Measured and low, or, in quick, palpi-
 tant thrills

An instant swept the sylvan depths
 apart

To pass and die
 Far off, far off, within the shrouded
 heart
 Of immemorial hills,

Through shade and shine
 I wandered, as one wanders in a dream,
 Till, near the borders of a beauteous
 stream

O'erhung by flower and vine,
 I pushed the dense, perplexing boughs
 aside.

To mark the temperate tide
 Purpled by shadows of the Muscadine.

Reclining there at languid length I sank.
 One idle hand outstretched beyond the
 bank.

With careless grasp
 The sumptuous globes of these rare
 grapes to clasp.

Ah! how the ripened wild fruit of the
 South

Melted upon my mouth!
 Its magic juices through each captured
 vein

Rose to the yielding brain,
 Till, like the hero of an old romance,
 Caught by the fays, my spirit lapsed
 away.

Lost to the sights and sounds of mortal
 day.

Lost to all earthly sights and sounds
 was I.

But blithesomely,
 As stirred by some new being's won-
 drous dawn,

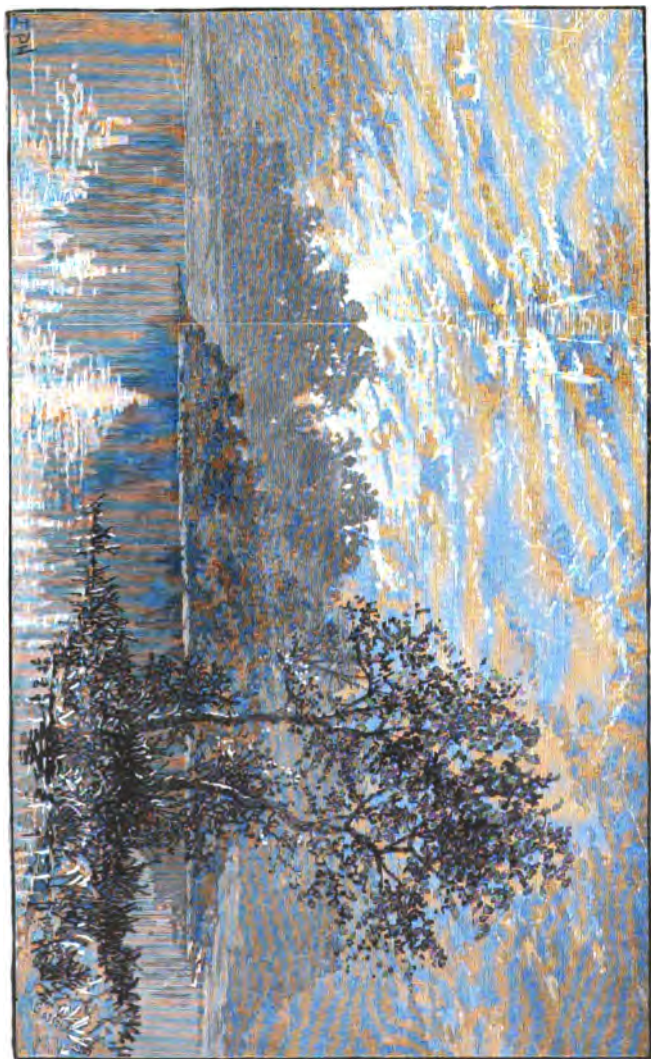
I heard about me, swift though gently
 drawn.

The footsteps of light creatures on the
 grass.

Mine eyelids seemed to open, and I saw,
 With joyance checked by awe,

A multitudinous company
 Of such strange forms and faces, quaint,
 or bright

With true Elysian light,
 As once in fairy fantasies of old



"Sober September, robed in gray and dun,
Smiled from the forest in half-pensive wise."



High-hearted poets through the wilds
 beheld
 Of shadowy dales and lone sea beaches
 pass,
 At spring-tide morn or holy hush of
 night.

Then to an airy measure,
 Low as the sea winds when the night at
 noon
 Clasps the frail beauty of an April
 moon,
 Through woven paces at soft-circling
 leisure,
 They glided with elusive grace adown
 The forest coverts — all live woodland
 things,
 Black-eyed or brown,
 Firm-footed or up-poised on changeful
 wings,
 Glinting about them 'mid the indolent
 motion
 Of billowy verdures rippling slow
 As the long, languid underflow
 Of some star-tranced, voluptuous South-
 ern ocean.

The circle widened, and as flower-
 wrought bands,
 Stretched by incautious hands,
 Break in the midst with noiseless wrench
 asunder,
 So brake the dancers now to form in
 line
 Down the deep glade — above the shift-
 ing lights,
 Through massive tree-boles, on majestic
 heights;
 The blossoming turf thereunder,
 Whence, fair and fine,
 Twinkling like stars that hasten to be
 drawn
 Close to the breast of dawn,
 Shone, with their blue veins pulsing
 fleet,
 Innumerable feet,
 White as the splendors of the milky
 way,
 Yet rosy warm as opening tropic day,

With lithe, free limbs of curvature di-
 vine,
 And dazzling bosoms of unveiled glow,
 Save where the long, ethereal tresses
 stray
 Across their unimaginable snow.

One after one,
 By sun-rays kissed or fugitive shades
 o'errun,
 All vision-like they passed me. First
 there came
 A Dryad coy, her sweet head bowed in
 shame,
 And o'er her neck and half-averted face
 The faintest delicate trace
 Of the charmed life-blood pulsing softly
 pure.

Next, with bold footsteps, sure,
 And proudly set, from her untrammelled
 hills,
 Fair-haired, blue-eyed, upon her lofty
 head
 A fragrant crown of leaves, purple and
 red,
 Chanting a lay clear as the mountain rills,
 A frank-faced Oread turned on me
 Her cloudless glances, laughter-lit and
 free
 As the large gestures and the liberal air
 With which I viewed her fare
 Down the lone valley land, —
 Pausing betimes to wave her happy
 hand
 As in farewell; but ere her presence died
 Wholly away,
 Her voice of golden swell
 Breathed also a farewell.
 Farewell, farewell, the sylvan echoes
 sighed,
 From rock-bound summit to rich blos-
 soming bay —
 Farewell, farewell!

Fauns, satyrs flitted past me — the whole
 race
 Of woodland births uncouth —
 Until I seemed, in sooth,
 Far from the garish track

Of these loud days to have wandered,
 joyful, back
 Along the paths, beneath the crystal sky
 Of long, long-perished Arcady.
 But last of all, filling the haunted space
 With odors of the flower-enamored tide,
 Whose wavelets love through many a
 secret place
 Of the deep dell and breezeless bosc to
 glide,
 Stole by, lightsome and slim
 As Dian's self in each swift, sinuous
 limb,
 Her arms outstretched, as if in act to
 swim
 The air, as erst the waters of her home,
 A naiad, sparkling as the fleckless foam
 Of the cool fountain-head whereby she
 dwells.

O'er her sloped shoulders and the pure
 pink bud
 Of either virginal breast is richly rolled
 (O rare, miraculous flood!)
 The torrent of her freed locks' shimmer-
 ing gold,
 Through which the gleams of rainbow-
 colored shells,
 And pearls of moon-like radiance flash
 and float
 Round her immaculate throat.

Clothed in her beauty only wandered she,
 'Mid the moist herbage to the streamlet's
 edge,
 Where, girt by silvery rushes and brown
 sedge,
 She faded slowly, slowly, as a star
 Fades in the gloaming, on the bosom
 bowed
 Of some half-luminous cloud,
 Above the wan, waste waters of the sea.
 Then, sense and spirit fading inward too,
 I slept oblivious: through the dim, dumb
 hours,
 Safely encoined on autumn leaves and
 flowers,
 I slept as sleep the unperturbed dead.

At length the wind of evening, keenly
 chill,
 Swept round the darkening hill;
 Then throbbled the rush of hurried wings
 o'erhead,
 Blent with aerial murmurs of the pine,
 Just whispering twilight. On my brow
 the dew
 Dropped softly, and I woke to all the low,
 Strange sounds of twilight woods that
 come and go
 So fitfully; and o'er the sun's decline,
 Through the green foliage flickering high,
 Beheld, with dreamy eye,
 Sweet Venus glittering in the stainless
 blue.

Thus the day closed whereon I drank the
 wine—
 The liquid magic of the Muscadine.

IN A SPRING GARDEN.

WHEN Heaven was stormy, Earth was
 cold,
 And sunlight shunned the wold and
 wave,—
 Thought burrowed in the churchyard
 mould,
 And fed on dreams that haunt the
 grave:—
 But now that Heaven is freed from strife,
 And Earth's full heart with rapture
 swells,
 Thought soars the realms of endless life
 Above the shining asphodels!
 What flower that drinks the south wind's
 breath,
 What sparkling leaf, what Hebe-Morn,
 But plouts the sullen graybeard, Death,
 And laughs our Arctic doubts to scorn?
 Pale scientist! scant of healthful blood,
 Your ghostly tones, one moment,
 close:
 Pluck freshness with a spring-time bud,
 Find wisdom in the opening rose:

From toll which, blindly delving, gropes
 When time but plays a juggler's part,
 Ah go! and breathe the dew-lit hopes
 That cluster round a violet's heart:

Mark the white lily whose sweet core
 Hath many a wild-bee swarm enticed,
 And draw therefrom a honeyed lore
 Pure as the tender creed of Christ:

Yea! even the weed which upward holds
 Its tiny ear, past bower and lawn,
 A lovelier faith than yours enfolds,
 Caught from the whispering lips of
 dawn!

—◆—
IN DEGREE.

THY life is full of motion, perfume,
 grace;
 Mine, a low blossom in a shaded place,
 Whereto the zephyrs whisper, only they,
 Through the long lapses of the lone-
 some day.

Thy lordly genius blooms for all to see
 On the clear heights of calm supremacy;
 My humbler dower they only find who
 pass
 With eyes that seek for violets mid the
 grass.

—◆—
THE SKELETON WITNESS.

ROOTED in soil dull as a dead man's eye,
 Dank with decay, yon ghastly oak as-
 pires,
 As if in mockery, to the alien sky,
 Frowning afar through clouded sunset
 fires.

No garb of summer greenery girds it now:
 Stripped as some naked soul at
 Judgment-morn,
 It rears its blasted arms, its sullen brow,
 Defiant still, though wasted, scarred,
 forlorn!

Not all its ruin came through storm or
 time;
 Ages ago, 'mid winter's dreariest
 blight,

It saw and strove to shroud an awful
 crime,
 But slowly withered from that fateful
 night!

An evil charm its many-centuried rings
 Robbed of their pith; no more with
 healthful start
 Its lusty life-sap, nursed by countless
 springs,
 Coursed through great veins, and
 warmed its giant heart.

Now all men shun the gaunt accursed
 thing—
 Only the raven with monotonous
 croak,
 Tortures the silence, staining with black
 wing
 The leprous whiteness of the rotting
 oak!

—◆—
STORM-FRAGMENTS.

THE storm had raved its furious soul
 away;
 O'er its wild ruins Twilight, spectral,
 gray,

Stole like a nun, 'midst wounded men
 and slain,
 Walking the bounds of some fierce battle-
 plain.

The ghost of thunder muttered faintly
 by;
 While down the uttermost spaces of the
 sky,

Just where the sunset's glimmering verge
 grew pale,
 The baffled winds outbreathed their dy-
 ing wail!

The sombre clouds that thronged a shadowy west
 Writhed, as if tortured monsters of unrest,

Whose depths the keen sheet-lightnings rent apart,
 To show what fiery torment throbbed at heart!

Where raged of late the war of elements dread,
 Brooded a solemn silence overhead,
 Through which, beyond the cloud-strewn, heavenly field,
 The moon shone gory as a warrior's shield,

Dipped in the veins of many a vanquished foe;
 Blood-red, I marked the wandering vapors flow

Vaguely about her, while her lurid light
 Scared the vague vanguard of the shades of night;

Their banded hosts retreating, wild and dim,
 In shattered cohorts o'er the horizon's rim:

Yet, the broad empire of those baleful beams
 Heaved with strange shapes and hues of nightmare dreams!

Here, as from cloud-born Himalayas rolled,
 I saw what seemed a cataract's rush of gold.

Hurled between shores of darkness, dense and dire,
 Down to a seething mountain-lake of fire;

There, dismal catacombs, whose nether glooms
 Yawned, to reveal their loathsome place of tombs:

Caverns of mystic depth, whence bubbling came
 The blue-tinged horror of sulphureous flame;

Fragments of castles, with fresh blood besprent,
 Gaunt, ruined tower, and blasted battlement—

On which, flame-clad, and tottering to their fall,
 Dark eyes of frenzy flashed o'er cope and wall!

With awful ocean-spaces, limitless, grand.
 Where spectral billows lashed a viewless land;

Their mountainous floods a frowning zenith kissed,
 But glimpsed, at times, 'twixt folds of phantom-mist,

I viewed, as faintly touched by muffled stars,
 The semblance of dead forms, on shipwrecked spars

Whirled upward, and dead faces, a white spume
 Smote to false life against that turbulent gloom,

Where mournful birds, on pinions gray or dun,
 Circled, methought, o'er some half-perished sun,

Whose feeble lustre, faltering upward, flings
 A sad-hued radiance round their pallid wings;

Yea! all fantastic shapes of terror, wrought
 'Twixt errant fancy and dream-haunted thought,

Until I seemed with Dante's soul to fly,
 Through new Infernos, shifted to—the sl y!

ABOVE THE STORM.

THE winds of the winter have breathed
their dirges

Far over the wood and the leaf-strown
plain;

They have passed, forlorn, by the moun-
tain verges

Down to the shores of the moaning
main;

And the breast of the smitten sea divides,
Till the voice of winds and the voice of
tides

Seem blent with the roar of the central
surges,

Whose fruitless furrows are sown with
rain.

The pines look down, and their branches
shiver

On the misty slopes of the mountain
wall,

And I hear the shout of a mountain river
Through the gloom of the ghostly
gorges call;

While from drifting depths of the trou-
bled sky

Outringeth the eagle's wild reply,
So shrill that the startled echoes quiver;
And the veil of the tempest is over all.

O groaning forest! O wind that rushes
Unfettered and fierce as a doom malign!
How the pulses leap, how the heart-tide
flushes

The temples and brow like the flush
of wine,

As I pause, as I hearken the vast com-
motion

Of the air, of the earth, of the wakened
ocean;

And my soul goes forth with the storm
that crushes,

With the battling foam and the blind-
ing brine.

Yea, my soul is rent by a tempest stronger
Than ever was Nature's, with ruin
rife,

And the flame of its lightnings can bide
no longer,

Ensheathed at the core of a clouded
life;

And its pent-up thunders, unloosed at
last,

Keep time to the rhythmic rage of the
blast,

For my spirit, half-maddened by Fates
that wrong her,

Is shaken by passion, and hot with
strife!

Ah, God! for the wings of the eagle
above me,

With their steadfast vigor and royal
might;

Ah, God! for an impulse like theirs to
move me

In endless courses of upward flight;

The clouds may billow, the vapors
heave,

But still his pinions the darkness cleave;
And proudly serene, in those realms
above me

He is soaring from conquered height to
height:

Till at length, his great, broad vans at
even

And stately poise on the airy stream,
I mark, through the rifts of the turbid
heaven

His form outflashed like a winged
beam;

And I ask, " Shall *my* spirit soar like his?
Shall it ever soar in the peace and bliss
Of the shining heights and the glory
given

To the will unvanquished, the faith
supreme?"



UNDERGROUND — A FANTASY.

MAJESTIC dreams of heavenly calms,
Bright visions of unfading palms,

Wherewith the brows of saints are
crowned, —

Awhile my soul resigns them all,
Content to rest death's dreamless thrall.
Safe underground!

Rest! rest! oblivious rest I crave.
Though narrowed to a pine-clad grave,
With sylvan shadows shimmering
round;
The peace of Heaven, if fair and deep,
Scarce woos me like Earth's ebon sleep,
Far underground.

By infinite weariness oppressed
Of soul and senses, blood and breast,
Where can such Gilead balm be
found
As that which breathes from out the sod
Baptized by rain and dews of God,
Deep underground?

A century's space I yearn to be
Untroubled, slumbering tranquilly,
There, by the haunted woodlands
bound;
What suns shall set, what planets rise
O'er pulseless brain and curtained eyes,
Dark underground!

A century's sleep might bring redress
To these dull wounds of weariness,
Till the soothed spirit, hale and
sound,
Grow conscious of the sacred trust
Which holds immortal bloom in dust,
Safe underground.

Yea! conscious grow of rustling wings,
And keen, mysterious whisperings,
Blown flame-like o'er the burial-
mound:
My soul would feel thy Orient kiss,
Angel of Palingenesis,
Thrilled underground!

— ♦ —
THE DRYAD OF THE PINE.

Ah, forest sweetheart! over land and
sea
I come once more, once more to stand
by thee;

My sylvan darling! set 'twixt shade and
sheen,
Soft as a maid, yet stately as a queen!

Thy loyal head, crowned by one lonely
star,
Flickers thro' twilight, coldly fine, and
far;
But thy earth-yearning branches bend
to greet
The lowliest wood-grass tangled round
my feet.

Leaning on thee, I feel the subtlest thrill
Stir thy dusk limbs, tho' all the heavens
are still;
And 'neath thy rings of rugged fretwork,
mark
What seems a heart-throb muffled in the
dark!

Here lingering long, amid the shadowy
gleams,
Faintly I catch (yet scarce as one that
dreams)
Low words of alien music, softly sung,
And rhythmic sighs in some sweet un-
known tongue.

And something rare, I cannot clasp or
see,
Flits vaguely out from this mysterious
tree —
A viewless glory, an ethereal grace,
Which make Elysian all the haunted
place!

Ethereal! viewless! yet divinely dear!
Ah me! what strange enchantment hovers
near.
What breaths of love the old, old dreams
renew!
What kisses fall, like charmed Thessa-
lian dew!

*My Dryad-Love hath slipped the impris-
oning bark,
Her heart on mine, unmuffled by the
dark*

WELCOME TO FROST.

O SPIRIT! at whose wafts of chilling
breath
Autumn unbinds her zone, to rest in
death;
Touched by whose blight the light of
cordial days
Is lost in sombre browns and sullen
grays;
Thou seemest of all sad things a mourn-
ful part:
Yet now we greet thee with exultant
heart,
Not as a thief, at night-time bearing
doom,
But a brave messenger of grace and
bloom;
Thy flickering robe and footsteps soft we
mark
Down the dim borders of the tremulous
Dark;
And though before thee flowers and fo-
liage wane,
Thou layest a magic hand on human
pain.

Red Fever, soothed by thy cool finger-tips,
Ebbs from hot cheek and wildly-mutter-
ing lips;
Delirious dreams and frenzied fancies
fade
Into fine landscapes of enchanted shade,
With low of kine and lapse of lyric
rills
Through the cleft channel of Arcadian
hills;
Till the worn patient feels his languid
eyes
Flushed with what seems an earthly
Paradise,
And life's old blissful tide, with lustier
strain,
Revels in music through each ransomed
vein.

Therefore, O monarch of all cold device,
Wrought in strange temples of Siberian
ice!

Lord of fair realms and watery worlds
grotesque!
Majestic afreet of weird Arabesque!
We hail thee sovereign in these fevered
lands.
No more with alien hearts and folded
hands,
But as an angel from the fadeless
palms,
And the great River of God's central
calms,
Whose silent charm must work benign
release,
Whose touch is healing, and whose breath
is—peace!

THE PINE'S MYSTERY.

I.

LISTEN! the sombre foliage of the
Pine,
A swart Gitana of the woodland
trees,
Is answering what we may but half di-
vine,
To those soft whispers of the twilight
breeze!

II.

Passion and mystery murmur through
the leaves,
Passion and mystery, touched by death-
less pain.
Whose monotone of long, low anguish
grieves
For something lost that shall not live
again!

TO A BEE.

SMALL epicurean, would to heaven that I
Could borrow your lithe body and
swift wing
To speed, a lightning atom through the
sky,
The blithest courier on the winds of
spring!

O blissful mite! native of light and air!
In eager zeal you haste your spoils to win;

From half-blown bud to flower all matron-fair,

Sucking the nectared sweetness
shrined within!

The jonquil woos you with her golden blush,

And blossoming quince (each flower a fairy Mars,

That tints its heaven of green with crimsoned flush),

While the pure "white-rod" blooms
in silvery stars,

Open to yield their delicate richness up.
But most you love on vernal noons, to dart

'Mid jasmine bowers, and drain each petalled cup

With fervid lip and warm voluptuous heart.

There, safely couched, you hum a low refrain,

Of such supreme and rare contentment born,

Its happy monotone mocks our human pain.

And subtly stings us with unconscious scorn.

Thence, honey-freighted, you steal lazily out,

Pausing a moment on some leafy brink,
As if enmeshed by viewless webs of doubt

From what next fount of luscious life to drink —

A moment only. Soon your matchless flight

Cleaves the far blue; your elfin thunder booms

In elfin echoes from yon glimmering height,

To fall and die amid these ravished blooms.

Gone, like a vision! Yet, be sure that he
Hath only flown through lovelier flowers to stray,
Anacreon's soul, thus prisoned in a bee.
Still sips and sings the springtide hours away!

THE FIRST MOCKING-BIRD IN SPRING.

WINGED poet of vernal ethers!

Ah! where hast thou lingered long?

I have missed thy passionate, skyward flights

And the trills of thy changeful song.

Hast thou been in the hearts of woodlands old,

Half dreaming, and, drowsed by the winter's cold,

Just crooning the ghost of thy springtide lay

To the listless shadows, benumbed and gray?

Or hast thou strayed by a tropic shore,
And lavished, O sylvan troubadour!

The boundless wealth of thy music free
On the dimpling waves of the Southland sea?

What matter? Thou comest with magic strain,

To the morning haunts of thy life again,
And thy melodies fall in a rhythmic rain.

The wren and the field-lark listen

To the gush from their laureate's throat;

And the blue-bird stops on the oak to catch

Each rounded and perfect note.

The sparrow, his pert head reared aloft,
Has ceased to chirp in the grassy croft,

And is bending the curves of his tiny ear
In the pose of a critic wise, to hear.

A blackbird, perched on a glistening gum,

Seems lost in a rapture, deep and dumb;
And as eagerly still in his trance'd hush,

'Mid the copse beneath, is a clear-eyed
thrush.
No longer the dove by the thorn-tree
root
Moans sad and soft as a far-off flute.
All Nature is hearkening, charmed and
mute.

We scarce can deem it a marvel,
For the songs *our* nightingale sings
Throb warm and sweet with the
rhythmic beat

Of the fervors of countless springs.
All beautiful measures of sky and earth
Outpour in a second and rarer birth
From that mellow throat. When the
winds are whist,

And he follows his mate to their sunset
tryst,

Where the wedded myrtles and jasmine
twine,

Oh! the swell of his music is half di-
vine!

And I vaguely wonder, O bird! can it be
That a human spirit hath part in thee?
Some Lesbian singer's, who died per-
chance

Too soon in the summer of Greek ro-
mance,

But the rich reserves of whose broken
lay,

In some mystical, wild, undreamed-of
way,

Find voice in thy bountiful strains to-
day!

THE RED AND THE WHITE ROSE.

THE Red Rose bowed one golden sum-
mer's night,
The Red Rose bent, low whispering to
the White,

"Thou pallid shadow of a beauteous
flower,

Unchanged from purpling dawn to sun-
set hour;

Whose calm, cold heart beneath all lights
that beam,
Seems centred always in an Arctic
dream;

Prim, puritanic, passionless, austere,
What would'st thou give my opulent
life to share?

To every breeze—the daintiest breeze
that blows,

Each petalled curve of mine more richly
glows;—

And all the countless tints of heaven-
born grace

But touch to make more bright my Hebe
face!"

"Ah! well, fulfil thy fate!" the White
Rose said;

"List to the wooing winds! uplift thy
head

In sovereign pride through every radiant
phase

Of star-illuminated nights and cloudless
days;

Let winged lovers thy warm leaves dis-
part,

To find voluptuous shelter next thy
heart.

Fulfil thy fate, O Queen! but leave to me
My stainless calm and cloistral sanctity;

Those passionate airs that trembling
round thee meet,

Sink in soft worship at my veiled feet;

The reverent sun-rays shimmering gently
down.

Weave o'er my brows a halo for a crown;

And while I muse in star, or moonshine
faint,

The flowers seem murmuring, 'Lo! our
garden saint!'"

The Red Rose heard, but ere she spoke,
her mouth
Thrall'd by the light, quick kisses of the
South,

Passed from arch wonder, blent with gay
disdain,
Back to its dimpled mirthfulness again;

And she,—the garden's empress—proud
yet fond,—
Of summer flowers, the matchless Rosa-
mond,—

Looked at her pale-hued sister, dew-
impearled,
As that fair marvel of the island world,

Might, in her ruddier nature's Tropic
glow,
Have viewed a calm St. Agnes' brow of
snow,

With some dim sense of mystic space
between
The heaven-bound votaress and the
earthly queen!



BEFORE THE MIRROR.

WHERE in her chamber by the Southern
sea,

Hertaper's light shone soft and silvery,
Fair as a planet mirrored in the main,
Fresh as a blossom bathed by April
rain,

A maiden robed for restful sleep aright,
Stood in her musing sweetness, pure and
white

As some shy spirit in a haunted place;
Her dew-bright eyes and faintly flushing
face

Viewed in the glass their delicate beauty
beam,

Strange as a shadowy "dream within a
dream"

With fingers hovering like a white dove's
wings,

'Mid little, tender sighs and murmur-
ings

(Joy's scarce articulate speech), her
eager hands

Loosed the light coil, the ringlet's golden
bands,

Till, by their luminous loveliness em-
braced,

From lily-head to lithe and lissome waist,
Poured the free tresses like a cascade's
fall.

Her image answered from the shimmer-
ing wall,

Answered and deepened, while the
gracious charms

Of brow and cheek, bared breast and
dimpling arms,

To innocent worship stirred her happy
heart:

Her lips—twin rosebud petals blown
apart—

Quivered, half breathless; then, subdued
but warm,

Around her perfect face, her pliant
form

A subtler air seemed gathering, touched
with fire

By many a fervid thought and swift de-
sire,

With dreams of love, that, bee-like, came
and went,

To feel the honeyed core of life's con-
tent!

Closer toward her mirrored self she
pressed,

With large child-eyes, and gently pant-
ing breast,

Bowed as a flower when May-time
breezes pass,

And kissed her own dear Image in the
glass!



TWO EPOCHS.

LOVERS by a dim sea strand
Looking wave-ward, hand in hand;
Silent, trembling with the bliss
Of their first betrothal kiss:

Lovers still, tho' wedded long!
 (Time true love can never wrong!
 Gazing—faithful hand in hand,
 O'er a darker sea and strand:

Ah! one lover's face is wan
 As a wave the moon shines on;
 But those strange tides stretched afar
 Know not sun, nor moon, nor star!



"O masterful wind and cruel! at thy sweep,
 From the bold hill-top to the valley deep,
 Surprise and fear through all the woodlands run."

WIND FROM THE EAST.*

THE Spring, so fair in her young incom-
 pleteness,
 Of late the very type of tender sweet-
 ness;
 Now, through frail leaves and misty
 branches brown,
 Looks forth, the dreary shadow of a
 frown
 Chasing the frank smile from her inno-
 cent face;
 What marvel this? for the East Wind's
 disgrace
 Smites, like a buffet, April's tingling
 cheek,
 Whence the swift, outraged blood doth
 ebb to seek
 The affrighted heart!

The Earth, herself so gay,
 Buoyant, and happy, at the dawn of day,

* This piece is (for the most part) a
 rhymed version of an exceedingly graphic de-
 scription of the East wind, which occurs in
 Mr. Blackmore's admirable novel, "Cripps, the
 Carrier." Mr. Blackmore is a poet, although
 he writes in prose.

Thrills, shivering low with every flaw
 increased,
 And fraught with salt-sea coldness from
 the East!

O masterful wind and cruel! at thy
 sweep,
 From the bold hill-top to the valley-
 deep,
 Surprise and fear through all the wood-
 lands run,
 Till the coy nestling-places of the sun
 Are ruffled up, from shine to shade, as
 when
 At the first note of storm the moorland
 hen
 Ruffles her wings ere yet their warmth
 be spread
 About each tremulous nestling's dusky
 head.

On the tall trees the foremost buds, half
 bare,
 Stared, as wild-eyed, on the keen, rasp-
 ing air;

Then shook — but not with softly-palpitant thrills,
As when, o'erlooking the freed mountain-rills,

They felt their life by loving arms caressed —

Warm, viewless arms of zephyrs of the West —

But with the sense, the cold and shivery stress

Of utter and forlornest nakedness.

The twigs that bore them flattened upward, lost

To all but rigid consciousness of frost;
And their full-foliaged branches which so blindly

Bowed in meek homage when the winds were kindly

Strained upward, too, in stiff, rebellious fashion,

With throes of anguish and deep moans of passion,

Wrung from them by wild beatings of the gale!

Then many a tiny leaf, though waxing pale,

Cloud-shadowed; all unfrayed, yet quivering, shrunk

Behind the mosses of some giant trunk,

To wait till the shrewd tempest hurtling by

Left Spring once more empress of earth and sky —

While many a large leaf, almost riven apart,

Piped a sad dirge from out its fluted heart,

And knowing what sombre selvaage must be seen —

Alas, too soon! — to film its glow of green,

Bewailed the hour whose treacherous brightness came

To warm its life-blood into genial flame
Only to send the blissful-flowing tide

Back through the baffled veins unsatisfied,

Its nascent joy nipped by the arctic breath
And merciless waftage of this Wind of Death!

—◆—
PEACH BLOOMS.

O! tenderly beautiful, beyond compare,
Flushed from pale pink to deepest rosebud hue —

Nurslings of tranquil sunshine and mild air,

Of shadowless dawn, and silvery twilight dew —

Ye blush and burn, as if your flickering grace

Were love's own tint on Spring's enamored face!

And day by day — yea, golden hour by hour

Your subtle fragrance and rich beauty tell

(Each fairy blossom rounded into flower).
How matchless once that lost Arcadian spell,

Which dwelt in leafy bowers and vernal dyes

Whence coyly peeped the Dryad's fawn-like eyes!

And yet, while all so fair and bounteous seems,

While the birds carol — each his daintiest part,

Veiled in soft brightness, and like musical dreams

In some blithe soul — the bee-swarm haunts your heart.

Lo! severed slowly from yon roseate crown,

A scarlet snowdrift, silent, falters down.

The reign of these rich blooms is almost done;

Soon to the languid Zephyr's feeblest breath,

Their loosened petals, yielding one by one,

Must find the Lethe of unwakening
death.
Ah me! of all the bourgeoned buds that
shoot
Even to full flower, how few shall bear
us fruit!

Their little day is closing fast in gloom;
Nor will they reck — poor wilted waifs,
and blind!
What germs of richness wax from faded
bloom,
To charm the pampered taste of hu-
man kind;
Forever dropped from off their parent
stem,
What have man's thoughts or tastes to
do with them?

So let them rest, I pray you, let them rest,
Small, perishing sweethearts of the
sun and rain:
O! mother-earth, thou hast a ruthless
breast,
Which yearns to fold thy humblest
child from pain.
Men fall like flowers; both claim the
self-same balm,
The equal peace of thy majestic calm!

THE AWAKENING.

From day to day the dreary heaven
Outpoured its hopeless heart in rain;
The conscious pines, half shuddering,
heard
The secret of the East wind's pain.

Mist veiled the sun — the sombre land,
In floating cloud-wracks densely fuiled,
Seemed shut forever from the bloom
And gladness of the living world.

From week to week the changeless
heaven
Wept on — and still its secret pain
To the bent pine-trees sobbed the wind,
In hollow truces of the rain.

Till in a sunset hour, whose light
Pale hints of radiance pulsed o'erhead,
Afar the moaning East wind died,
And the mild West wind breathed in-
stead.

Then the clouds broke, and ceased the
rain;
The sunset many a kindling shaft
Shot to the wood's heart; nature rose,
And through her soft-lipped verdures
laughed.

Low to the breeze; as some fair maid,
Love wakes from troublous dreams,
might rise,
Half dazed, yet happy — mists of sleep
Still hovering in her haunted eyes.

LOVE'S AUTUMN.

[To My Wife.]

I WOULD not lose a single silvery ray
Of those white locks which like a milky
way
Streak the dusk midnight of thy raven
hair;

I would not lose, O sweet! the misty
shine
Of those half-saddened, thoughtful eyes
of thine,
Whence Love looks forth, touched by
the shadow of care;

I would not miss the droop of thy dear
mouth,
The lips less dewy-red than when the
South, —
The young South wind of passion sighed
o'er them;

I would not miss each delicate flower that
blows
On thy wan cheeks, soft as September's
rose
Blushing but faintly on its faltering
stem;

I would not miss the air of chastened
grace
Which breathed divinely from thy patient
face,
Tells of love's watchful anguish, merged
in rest;

Naught would I miss of all thou hast, or
art,
O! friend supreme, whose constant,
stainless heart,
Doth house unknowing, many an angel
guest;

Their presence keeps thy spiritual
chambers pure;
While the flesh fails, strong love grows
more and more

Divinely beautiful with perished years;

Thus, at each slow, but surely deepening
sign

Of life's decay, we will not, Sweet! re-
pine,

Nor greet its mellowing close with thank-
less tears;

Love's spring was fair, love's summer
brave and bland,

But through love's autumn mist I view
the land,

The land of deathless summers yet to be;

There, I behold thee, young again and
bright,

In a great flood of rare transfiguring
light,

But there as here, thou smilest, Love! on
me!

THE SPIREA.

[This exquisite plant blooms in the Southern
States as early as the middle of February.]

OF all the subtle fires of earth
Which rise in form of spring-time
flowers,

Oh, say if aught of purer birth
Is nursed by suns and showers

Than this fair plant, whose stems are
bowed

In such lithe curves of maiden grace,
Veiled in white blossoms like a cloud
Of daintiest bridal lace?

So rare, so soft, its blossoms seem
Half woven of moonshine's misty lars.
And tremulous as the tender gleam
Of the far Southland stars.

Perchance — who knows? — some virgin
bright,

Some loveliest of the Dryad race,
Pours through these flowers the kindling
light

Of her Arcadian face.

Nor would I marvel overmuch

If from yon pines a wood-god came,
And with a bridegroom's lips should
touch

Her conscious heart to flame;

While she, revealed at that strange tryst,
In all her mystic beauty glows,
Lifting the cheek her Love had kissed,
Paled like a bridal rose.

COQUETTE.

[Among the family portraits.]

I.

YES! there from out the gallery gloom,
Retaining still a flush of bloom,
I mark our bright ancestress glow —
The maiden Rose of long ago.
She lived in times of sumptuous dress,
And rich colonial stateliness;
But through the strong restraints of art
I seem to view her heaving heart,
As if a protest warm it made
'Gainst that stiff bodice of brocade,
While in her fair cheeks' deepening dyes,
Her lifted brows and roguish eyes,
Her swan-like neck and dimpled chin —
Cleft for small Loves to ambush in —



"Ah! many a gallant loved her well
In those old days "



I can not fail (who could ?) to see
 All potent charms of coquetry —
 The wiles whose glamour, swift and
 sure,
 Smote hapless victims by the score;
 And even now (although they be
 Discerned in pictured phantasy)
 Not all innocuous, but possessed
 Of power to pierce the manly breast,
 If frosted to its shivering core
 By forty arctic years or more.

II.

Ah! many a gallant loved her well
 In those old days! Her features tell
 The world-wide story o'er again,
 Of *others'* passion, *her* disdain;
 Of hearts that spent their best to make
 Her own more tender for love's sake,
 Only in time to find, perchance,
 Dull ending to a life's romance,
 Since trivial natures are not stirred
 Save by the lightly trivial word;
 And much I fear, despite the fine
 Rare beauty of each faultless line —
 Her face, of gay *insouciance*, shows
 No golden gulfs of pure repose
 Deep in her inmost being shrined —
 But shallow thoughts and purpose blind.
 And yet who knows? My erring sight
 May not have read its meanings right,
 And something of ethereal grace
 May lurk beneath that careless face,
 Which masks with inconsiderate mirth
 A soul not wholly wed to earth!

III.

Therefore, sweet flesh and blood, I trust
 That, ere ye passed to senseless dust,
 Your beauty played a worthier part —
 The love-*rôle* of the loyal heart.

No answer comes; for time doth mar
 Our records. Only, like a star
 Scarce touched by vapors vague and chill,
 Your gracious image haunts us still.
 But none, alas! may truly guess
 What fate befell your loveliness.

SKATING.

I CHASED the maid with rapid feet,
 Where ice and sunbeam quiver;
 But still beyond me, shyly fleet,
 She flashed far down the river.

Sometimes, blown backward in the chase,
 With balmy, soft caresses,
 I felt across my glowing face
 The waft of perfumed tresses.

Sometimes a glance she shot behind,
 O'er graceful shoulders turning
 A cheek whose tints the eager wind
 Had set like sunrise burning.

Then, in a sudden onward glide,
 She rushed with even motion,
 As a long wave the restless tide
 Drives shoreward fast from ocean;

And swift as some winged creature sped
 Far down the crystal river,
 Until the shining form that fled
 I dreamed might fly forever.

THE WORLD WITHIN US.

A FANTASY.

PERCHANCE our *inward* world may
 partly be
 But *outward* Nature's fine epitome;

Now, o'er it floats some cloud of tender
 pain
 Too frail to hold the sad reserves of rain;

And now behold some breezy impulse
 run
 O'er Thought's bright surface, glittering
 in the sun;

Whereon, like birds, the flocks of fancy
 throng,
 And all is peace and sweetness, light and
 song:

Anon, dim moods like shadowy wood-
lands rise
As 'twere between the spirit's earth and
skies:

All fair suggestions, hints of twilight
grace,
Safe harborage seek within the spell-
bound space;

Music is there, low laughter, and the
sound
Of fairy voices, echoing gently round

The cool recesses of the veiled mind:
While on the surge of memory's phan-
tom wind,

Ghosts of dead loves, swathed in a
silvery mist
Pass by us; and the lips our lips had
kissed,

In youth's glad prime, unutterable things
Whisper, through wafts of visionary
wings.

Ah, yes! our *inward* world but mirrors
true,
This *outward* world of sense; — it hath
its dew,

Its sunshine, and fresh roses, white and
red;
It holds a tender moonlight over head;

The dews of yearning, mild, or fiery-
bright,
The flowers of peace, or passion; the
calm light

Of reasoning thought, and retrospection
fine,
All merged in subtlest beauty — half
divine!

It hath its mounts of vision, and its vales
Of contemplation, where fond nightin-
gales,

Born of the brain, and 'gainst some
thorns of woe,
Setting their breasts — but sing more
sweetly so:

Fountains it owns of shyest fantasie;
Glad streams of inspiration, swift and
free,

Rolling toward Thought's central ocean
vast
Wherein all lesser forms of thought, at
last

Sink, as the rivulets perish in a sea: —
Thus, rounded, whole, our spirit-land-
scapes be,

Our spirit-world thus perfect; over all,
No clouds of doubt hang, stifling as a
pall;

But if the soul be healthful, noble,
high,
God's promise lights it, like a sleepless
eye!

— ♦ —
FOREST QUIET.

[In the South.]

So deep this sylvan silence, strange and
sweet,
Its dryad-guardian, virginal Peace, can
hear
The pulses of her own pure bosom beat;

And her low voice echoed by elfin rills,
And far-off forest fountains, sparkling
clear
'Mid haunted hollows of the hoary
hills;

No breeze, nor wrath of any breeze that
blows,
Stirs the charmed calm; not even yon
gossamer-chain,
Dew-born, and swung 'twixt violet and
wild rose,

Thrills to the airy elements' subtlest
breath;
Such marvellous stillness almost broods
like pain
O'er the hushed sense, holding dim hints
of death!

What shadows of sound survive, the
waves' far sigh,
Drowsed cricket's chirp, or mock-bird's
croon in sleep,
But touch this sacred, soft tranquillity

To yet diviner quiet: the fair land
Breathes like an infant lulled from deep
to deep
Of dreamless rest, on some wave-whis-
pering strand!

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

[At night.]

A GOLDEN pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm southern night:
The moon, clear orb'd, above the sylvan
scene

Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the
while,

What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains and unruffled
streams?

Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I
strayed,

Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine,
swiftly came

A fairy shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvellous melodies, silvery trill
on trill;

The very leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to hearken; while
for me,
Heart-trilled to ecstasy,

I followed — followed the bright shape
that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its
height.
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing
lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-
mist,
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

A STORM IN THE DISTANCE.

[Among the Georgian Hills.]

I SEE the cloud-born squadrons of the
gale,
Their lines of rain like glittering
spears deprest
(While all the affrighted land grows
darkly pale),
In flashing charge on earth's half-
shielded breast;

Sounds like the rush of trampling
columns float
From that fierce conflict; volleyed
thunders peal,
Blent with the maddened wind's wild
bugle-note;
The lightnings flash, the solid wood-
lands reel!

Ha! many a foliaged guardian of the
height,
Majestic pine or chestnut, riven and
bare,
Falls in the rage of that aerial fight,
Led by the Prince of all the powers of
air!

Vast boughs, like shattered banners
hurtling fly
Down the thick tumult: while, like
emerald snow,

Millions of orphaned leaves make wild
the sky,
Or drift in shuddering helplessness
below.

Still, still, the levelled lances of the rain
At earth's half-shielded breast take
glittering aim;
All space is rife with fury, racked with
pain,
Earth bathed in vapor, and heaven
rent by flame!

At last the cloud-battalions through long
rifts
Of luminous mists retire; . . . the
strife is done;
And earth once more her wounded
beauty lifts,
To meet the healing kisses of the sun.

THE VISION BY THE SEA.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

I.

A HAUNTING face! with strange, ethereal
eyes,
Deep as unfathomed gulfs of tranquil
skies
When o'er their brightness a vague mist
is drawn,
Breathed from the half-veiled lips of
melting dawn;
A mouth whose passionate love and
sweetness seem
But just released from kisses in a dream;
A brow like Psyche's, pensive, broad,
and low
And white as winter's whitest wreath of
snow;
While round that gracious forehead,
calmly fair,
Ripples an April rain of golden hair.

II.

For some rapt moments, on the ocean
strand,
Unconscious, beautiful, I saw her stand,

As tremulous wave on wave, with
freightage sweet
Of murmured music, fawned about her
feet,
Then died in one divine, harmonious
sigh;
The breeze bewitched, could only falter
nigh,
And in shy delicate wafts of homage
play
With her rare tresses; like incarnate
May,
She seemed the earth, the tides, the
heaven, to bless:
For once I gazed on Beauty's perfectness.

III.

I gazed for some rapt moments, but no
more;
Then lowered mine eyes and slowly left
the shore
Made marvellous by that vision of de-
light;
Yet evermore its beauty, day and night,
Standing between the blue sky and the
sea,
Shines like a star of immortality
Through all my being; it becomes a part
Of the deep life that quickens soul and
heart
To sense of things ideal and supreme —
A palpable bliss, yet wedded to a dream.

THE VISIONARY FACE.

I AM happy with her I love,
In a circle of charmed repose;
My soul leaps up to follow her feet
Wherever my darling goes;
Whether to roam through the garden
walks,
Or pace the sands by the sea; —
There's never a shadow of doubt or fear
Brooding 'twixt her and me: —
But through memory's twilight mists,
Sometimes, I own, in sooth,
Falters the face of one I loved
In the fervent years of youth; —

The soft pathetic brow is there,
 With its glimmer and glance of golden
 hair,
 And scarcely shadowed by death's eclipse
 The delicate curve of the faultless lips,
 The tremulous, tender lips I kissed,
 So coyly raised at the sunset tryst,
 As we stood from the restless world
 apart,
 'Mid the whispering foliage, heart to
 heart.

In the fair, far years of youth.
 Yet, the vision is pure as heaven,
 Untouched by a hint of strife
 From the passion that moved itself to
 sleep,

On the morning strand of life;
 And I know that my living Love would
 feel

The tremor of ruthless tears,
 If I told of the sweetness and hope that
 drooped,

So soon in the vanished years:
She would not banish the phantom
 sad

Of a beauty disrowned and low;—
 Can jealousy rest in the rose's breast
 Of a lily under the snow?
 Can the passion so warm and strong
 to-day

Envy a ghost from the cypress shades
 For an hour astray?
 Or, the love that waned like a blighted
 May,

In the dead days, long ago,
 Ah! long, how long ago!

—◆—
 THE ROSE AND THORN.

SHE's loveliest of the festal throng
 In delicate form and Grecian face;
 A beautiful, incarnate song:
 A marvel of harmonious grace;
 And yet I know the truth I speak:
 From those gay groups she stands
 apart,
 A rose upon her tender cheek,
 A thorn within her heart.

Though bright her eyes' bewildering
 gleams,
 Fair tremulous lips and shining hair,
 A something born of mournful dreams,
 Breathes round her sad enchanted
 air;
 No blithesome thoughts at hide and seek
 From out her dimples smiling start;
 If still the rose be on her cheek,
 A thorn is in her heart.

Young lover, tossed 'twixt hope and fear,
 Your whispered vow and yearning
 eyes
 Yon marble Clytie pillared near
 Could move as soon to soft replies;
 Or, if she thrill at words you speak,
 Love's memory prompts the sudden
 start;
 The rose has paled upon her cheek,
 The thorn has pierced her heart.

—◆—
 THE RED LILY.

I CALL her the Red Lily. Lo! she stands
 From all her milder sister flowers
 apart;
 A conscious grace in those fair-folded
 hands,
 Pressed on the guileful throbbings of
 her heart!

I call her the Red Lily. As all airs
 Of North or South, the Lily's leaves
 that stir,
 Seem lost in languorous sweetness that
 despairs
 Of blissful life or hope, except through
 her;

So this Red Lily of maids, this human
 flower,
 Yielding no love, all sweets of love
 doth take,
 Twining such spells of passion's secret
 power
 As, woven once, what lordliest will
 can break?

LAKE WINNIPISEOGEE.

ONE day the River of Life flowed o'er
The verge of heaven's enchanted shore,
And falling without lapse or break.
Its waters formed this wondrous lake.

Hence the far sheen of Eden palms
Is mirrored in its silvery calms,
And all its rich cerulean dyes
Are deep as Raphael's splendid eyes.

And hence the unimagined grace
Which sanctifies this lonely place,—
A subtle, soft, ethereal spell
Of light and sound ineffable.

Surely such tempered glory paints
The mystic City of the Saints;
Such music breathes its dying falls
Above the heavenly palace walls.

O lake of peace! whose still expanse
Gleams through a golden-misted trance,
Earth holds thee sacred and apart,
The cloistered darling of her heart.

LAKE MISTS.

[Composed near Lake Winnipiseogee.]

As I gazed on the prospect enchanted,
On waves the sun-glory had kissed,
There slowly swept down from the distance,

The phantom-like bands of the mist.

On their feet that were spectrally soundless,

They glided fantastic and chill,
While a prescient pallor crept over
The beauty of lake-side and hill!

All nature grew cold at their advent!

Like Thugs of the air, demon-born,
With their coils of blue vapor they
strangled

The virgin effulgence of morn.

By that ambush of darkness was girdled
Each bright beam in dreary embrace,

Till the fairest young dawn of September
Lay wan on her death-shadowed face.

When wildly and weirdly from sea-ward,
A low wind how mournfully stole!
Like an anthem outbreathed for the
morning,
Thus sternly divorced from her soul!

THE INEVITABLE CALM.

THE sombre wings of the tempest,
In fetterless force unfurled,
Buffet the face of beauty,
And scar the grace of the world;

But they fade at length with the darkness,

And softly from sky to sod
Peace falls like the dew of Eden,
From the opened palm of God!

Earthquake, the angered Titan,
A continent cleaves apart;
Yet soon the glamour of quiet heals
Earth's smitten and tortured heart.

And soon o'er the ruin of cities
The sun-bright virginal grass
Courtesies and curves into dimples,
At the kiss of the winds that pass.

One lesson all nature teaches,
As balm to the troubled breast,
That after the turmoil of passion
There cometh a time of rest.

For the anguish of life wanes downward
Like fire unfanned by a breath;
And deep is the ashen stillness
On the hearthstone cold of death!

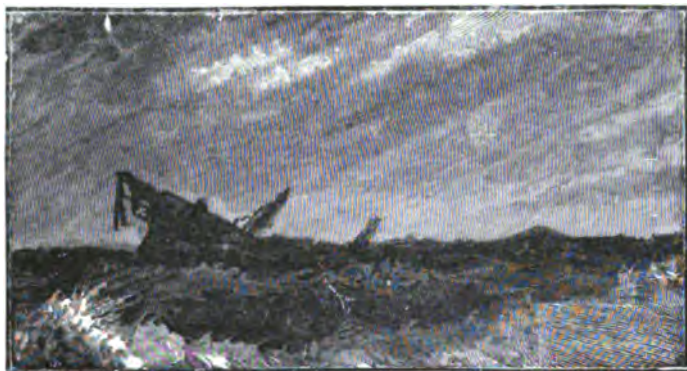
THE DEAD LOOK.

Lo! in its still, soft-shrouded place,
The pathos of a death-pale face!

I view the marks of mortal care
Time's hopeless sorrows branded there.

Waning beneath the noiseless glide
Of Lethe's dim, ethereal tide,
As furrows on some twilight lea
Fade in calm wave-sweeps of the sea!
Across that bare, unbended brow
The chrism of peace has fallen now,
And, lightening life's austere eclipse,
A star-soft smile hath touched the
lips;

Though his sealed sight the death-mists
mar,
He hath a strange look, fixed afar:—
As if wan folds of curtained eyes
Trembled almost in act to rise,
And show where each cold-lidded sheath
Now veils the wide, weird orbs beneath,
The mirrored glow, the blest surprise
Of some first glimpse of Paradise!



"While grimly down the moonlit bay,
The wrecked hull gleamed from far."

JETSAM.

BESIDE the coast for many a rood
Were fragments of a shipwreck
strewn;
And there in sad and sombre mood
I walked the sands alone.
Torn bales and broken boxes lay,
Heaped high 'mid shattered sails and
spar,
While grimly down the moonlit bay
The wrecked hull gleamed from far.
Well had the storm its mission wrought,
With thunder crash and billowy roar;
For not one precious waif was brought
Safe to the rugged shore.

Yet stay! what tiny sparkling thing
Shines faintly in the moonbeams
cold?
I stooped, and wondering, grasped a
ring,
A fairy ring of gold.
Of great and small, of rich and rare,
Of all yon stranded vessel bore,
Only this gem the waves would spare
To cast unharmed ashore.
With what a deep and tender thrill
I put the modest gem away,
And while the silvery vapors chill
Crept ghost-like up the bay,

I dreamed of shivering human lives
 Wrecked on Fate's cold and cruel
 lee,
 Trusting that some small hope survives,
 Spared to them from the sea!

—◆—
FAMELESS GRAVES.

I WALKED the ancient graveyard's ample round,
 Yet found therein not one illustrious
 name
 Wedded by Death to Fame.

The sea-winds moaned by each deserted
 mound,
 Where mouldering marbles shed their
 pungent must
 O'er that worn human dust.

Thin cloudlets passed, with purpled
 skirts of rain
 Grazing the sentinel pine-trees, gaunt
 and tall;
 Some trembling to their fall.

From out the misty marsh-lands next
 the main,
 Long lines of curlews in the sunset
 flame,
 With dissonant noises came;

O'erswept the tombs in slow, high-
 wheeling flight,
 And while the sunset verged on eve-
 ning's gray,
 Faded, ghostlike, away.

Yet down the dusky, shimmering, weird
 twilight
 (Though lost their forms beyond the
 outmost hill),
 Their strange cries sounded still;—

Prolonged by elfin echoes, 'mid the
 rocks,
 Or lapsing in sad, plaintive wails to
 die
 'Twixt darkling wave and sky.

The garrulous sparrows, in home-wend-
 ing flocks,
 Sought their rude nests among those
 shattered tombs,
 Veiled now in vesper glooms;

Till o'er the scene a mystic influence
 stole;
 The wave-enamored winds their pin-
 ions furled;
 Pale Silence clasped the world.

Beside a grave, the lowliest of the whole
 Obscure republic of the fameless dead,
 Pausing, I mused, and said:—

All graves are equal! His, the laurelled,
 great,
 Miraculous Shakspeare's, some far day
 shall rest
 As level on Earth's breast, —

And all unknown — through stern be-
 hests of Fate —
 As this, round which the rustling
 dock-leaves meet
 Here, tangled at my feet.

All graves are equal to all-conquering
 Time;
 Scornful, he laughs at monumental
 stones, —
 Wasting a great man's bones,

A great man's sepulchre, though reared
 sublime
 Toward heaven, until both stone and
 record pass,
 Mocked by the flippant grass;

The feeblest weeds in Nature flaunting
 high
 Above a Shakspeare's or a Dante's
 dust:—
 Just then a gentle gust

Breathed from beyond the gloaming:
 Night's first sigh
 Of conscious life touched the awakened
 trees,
 And blended with the sea's

Monotonous murmur, seemed to whisper low:

"I rise, and sink, am born, and lose my breath,
Yet am not held by Death.

"For since the world began — when sunset's glow
Melts in the western tides — my air of balm
Rises, if earth be calm.*

"My spell is sacred, wheresoe'er it falls;
The dreariest graves grow brighter at my voice,
And human hearts rejoice,

"Because that I, winged from these twilight halls,
In this, my life renewed, would subtly seem
A sweet, half-uttered dream

"Of immortality, made bright by love:
That love which binds the humblest human clod
Fast to the throne of God."

I left the graves; but now my gaze above
Ranged through the heavenly spaces, clear and far;
I marked the vesper star

Silver the edges of the wavering mist,
And centred in an air-wrought, luminous isle
Of lambent glory, smile; —

Smile like an angel whom the Lord hath kissed,
And freed from arms divine, in soft release,
To bless our earth with peace.

* What dweller by the ocean can have failed to remark the almost invariable rising, just after sunset on quiet evenings, of this gentle air, a very sigh of tranquillity, a breath, as it were, from God?

WINTER ROSE.

God's benison upon each happy day
Dead now and gone! — its gentle ghost
our feet

Doth follow, singing faintly; and how sweet —

Tenderly sweet, as through a luminous mist —

Its shadowy lips draw near us, to be kissed!

And though they melt upon the yearning mouth

Like fairy balm from some phantasmal south,

Their touch is magic; and we feel the start

As of an unsealed fountain, close at heart —

Till, warmed, restored, breathing a fine repose,

Our innermost nature, wakening, glows anew;

While, gemmed by sunset memory's radiant dew,

Lo! the heart blossoms, like a Winter Rose!



TRISTRAM OF THE WOOD.

ONCE, when the autumn fields were dim and wet,

The trumpets rang; the tide of battle set
Toward gray Broceliande, by the western sea

In the fore-front of conflict grimly stood,

Clothed in dark armor, Tristram of the Wood,

And round him ranged his knights of Brittany.

Of lordlier frame than even the lordliest there,

Firm as a tower, upon his vast *destrere*,
He looked as one whose soul was steeped in trance.

Ne'er spake nor stirred he, though the
trumpet's sound
Echoed abroad, and all the glittering
ground
Shook to the steel-clad warriors' swift
advance;

Ne'er spake nor stirred he, for the mystic
hour
Closed o'er him then; the glamour of its
power
Dream-wrought, and sadly beautiful
with love—

Love of the lost Iseult. In marvellous
stead
Of thronging faces, with looks stern and
dread,
Through the dense dust, the hostile
plumes above,

He saw his fair, lost Iseult's passionate
eyes,
And o'er the crash of lances heard her
cries,
Shrill with despair, when last they
twain did part.

While others thrilled to strife, he, thrilled
with woe,
Felt his life-currents shuddering cold and
low
Round the worn bastions of his broken
heart.

Then rolled his way the battle's furious
flood;
Squadrons charged on him blindly;
blows and blood
Showered down like hail and water;
vainly drew

The whole war round him; still his
broadsword's gleam
Flashed in death's front, and still, as
wrapped in dream,
He fought and slew, witting not whom
he slew,

Nor knew whose arm had smitten him
deep and sore—
So deep that Tristram never, never
more
Shone in the van of conflict; but the
smart

Of his fierce wound tortured him night
and day,
Till, through God's grace, his life-blood
ebbed away,
And death's sweet quiet healed his
broken heart.

HINTS OF SPRING.

[COMPOSED IN SICKNESS.]

"When the hill-side breaks into green, every
hollow of blue shade, every curve of tuft, and
plume and tendril, every broken sunbeam on
spray of young leaves is new! *No spring
is a representation of any former spring!*"—
GOETHE.

A SOFTENING of the misty heaven,
A subtle murmur in the air;
The electric flash through coverts old
Of many a shy wing, touched with gold;
The stream's unmuflled voice, that calls,
Now shrill and clear, now silvery low,
As if a fairy flute did blow
Above the sylvan waterfalls;
Each mellowed sound, each quivering
wing
Heralds the happy-hearted Spring:
Earth's best beloved is drawing near.

Amid the deepest woodland dells,
So late forlornly cold and drear,
Wafts of mild fervor, procreant breaths
Of gentle heat, unclothe the sheaths
Of fresh-formed buds on bower and tree;
A spirit of soft revival looks
Coily from out the young-leaved nooks,
Just dimpling into greenery;
Through flashes of faint primrose bloom,
Through delicate gleam and golden
gloom,
The wonder of the world draws near.

On some dew-sprinkled, cloudless morn,
 She, in her full-blown joyance rare,
 Will pass beyond her Orient gate,
 Smiling, serene, calmly elate,
 All garmented in light and grace:
 Her footsteps on the hills shall shine
 In beauty, and her matchless face
 Make the fair vales of earth divine.
 O goddess of the azure eyes,
 The deep, deep charm that never dies,
 Delay not long, delay not long!
 Come clad in perfume, glad with song,
 Breathe on me from thy perfect lips,
 Lest mine be closed, and death's eclipse
 Rise dark between
 Me and thine advent, tender queen,
 Albeit thou art so near, so near!

THE HAWK.

AMBUSHED in yonder cloud of white,
 Far-glittering from its azure height,
 He shrouds his swiftness and his might!

But oft across the echoing sky,
 Long-drawn, though uttered suddenly,
 We hear his strange, shrill, bodeful cry.

Winged robber! in his vaporous tower
 Secure in craft, as strong in power,
 Coolly he bides the fated hour,

When thro' cloud-rifts of shadowy rise,
 Earthward are bent his ruthless eyes,
 Where, blind to doom, the quarry lies!

And from dense cloud to noontide glow,
 (His fiery gaze still fixed below),
 He sails on pinions proud and slow!

Till, like a fierce, embodied ray,
 He hurtles down the dazzling day, —
 A death-flash on his startled prey;

And where but now a nest was found,
 Voiceful, beside its grassy mound,
 A few brown feathers strew the ground!

OVER THE WATERS.

I.

OVER the crystal waters
 She leans in careless grace,
 Smiling to view within them
 Her own fair happy face.

II.

The waves that glass her beauty
 No tiniest ripple stirs:
 What human heart thus coldly
 Could mirror grace like hers?

THE TRUE HEAVEN.

THE bliss for which our spirits pine,
 That bliss we feel shall yet be given,
 Somehow, in some far realm divine,
 Some marvellous state we call
 heaven.

Is not the bliss of languorous hours
 A glory of calm, measured range,
 But life which feeds our noblest powers
 On wonders of eternal change?

A heaven of action, freed from strife,
 With ampler ether for the scope
 Of an immeasurable life
 And an unbaffled, boundless hope.

A heaven wherein all discords cease,
 Self-torment, doubt, distress, turmoil,
 The core of whose majestic peace
 Is godlike power of tireless toil.

Toil, without tumult, strain or jar,
 With grandest reach of range endued,
 Unchecked by even the farthest star
 That trembles thro' infinitude;

In which to soar to higher heights
 Through widening ethers stretched
 abroad,
 Till in our onward, upward flights
 We touch at last the feet of God.

Time swallowed in eternity!
 No future evermore; no past,
 But one unending now, to be
 A boundless circle round us cast!

—◆—
THE BREEZES OF JUNE.

Oh! sweet and soft,
 Returning oft,
 As oft they pass benignly,
 The warm June breezes come and go,
 Through golden rounds of murmurous
 flow,
 At length to sigh,
 Wax faint and die,
 Far down the panting primrose sky,
 Divinely!

Though soft and low
 These breezes blow,
 Their voice is passion's wholly;
 And ah! our hearts go forth to meet
 The burden of their music sweet,
 Ere yet it sighs,
 Faints, falters, dies,
 Down the rich path of sunset skies —
 Half glad, half melancholy!

Bend, bend thine ear!
 Oh! hark and hear
 What vows each blithe new-comer,
 Each warm June breeze that comes and
 goes,
 Is whispering to the royal rose,
 And star-pale lily, trembling nigh,
 Ere yet in subtlest harmony
 Its murmurs die,
 Wax faint and die,
 On thy flushed bosom, passionate sky,
 Of youthful summer!

—◆—
A MOUNTAIN FANCY.

[Respectfully inscribed to Mrs. R. S. Storrs.]

CLOSE to each mountain's towering peak
 A white cloud leans its tearful cheek,
 Till all its soul of mystic pain
 Dissolves in slow, soft, vaporous rain.

Thus, when our heart-griefs seek aright
 Some heavenly Thought's majestic
 height,
 Their passion, touched by loftier air,
 Dissolves in tender mists of prayer!

Jefferson Hill House, White Mountains, N.H.,
 September, 1879.

—◆—
ABSENCE AND LOVE.

WE need the clasp of hand in hand,
 The light flashed warm from neighbor-
 ing eyes:
 Or else as weary seasons pass —
 Alas! alas!
 Our tenderest love grows wan and
 dies.

The fatal years like seas expand
 'Twixt souls that long have dwelt
 apart,
 Till, broadening o'er our being's verge,
 The ruthless surge
 Love's memory sweeps from out the
 heart.

O Absence! thou unreverenced Death!
 Thy dense, unconsecrated clay
 Inurns affection past regret;
 No hint is set
 Thereon of Resurrection Day.

—◆—
THE FALLEN PINE-CONE.

I LIFT thee, thus, thou brown and rug-
 ged cone,
 Well poised and high,
 Between the flowering grasses and the
 sky;
 And, as sea-voices dwell
 In the fine chambers of the ocean-shell,
 So fancy's ear
 Within thy numberless, dim complexities
 Hath seemed oftentimes to hear
 The imprisoned spirits of all winds that
 blow;
 Winds of late autumn that lamenting
 moan

Across the wild sea-surges' ebb and flow;
 Storm-winds of winter mellowed to a
 sigh,
 Long-drawn and plaintive; or—how
 lingeringly!—
 Soft echoes of the spring-tide's jocund
 breeze,
 Blent with the summer south wind, mur-
 muring low!

What wonder, fairy cone, that thou
 should'st hold
 The semblance of these voices? day and
 night,
 Proudly enthroned upon the wavering
 height
 Of yon monarchal pine, thou did'st
 absorb
 The elemental virtues of all airs,
 Timid or bold.
 Measures of gentle joys and wild despairs,
 Breathed from all quarters of our change-
 ful orb;

Whether with mildness freighted or with
 might,
 Into thy form they entered, to remain
 Each the strange phantom of a perished
 tone.

An eerie, marvellous strain
 Pent in this tiny Haies made to fold
 Ghosts of the heavenly couriers long ago,
 Sunk as men dreamed by ocean and by
 shore,
 Into the void of silence evermore!

STERN TRUTHS TRANSFIGURED.

THOSE mountain forms of giant girth
 Are rooted deep in moveless earth;
 But lo! their yearning heights with-
 drawn,
 Are melting in soft seas of dawn.

What golden lights and shadows kiss
 Brown ledge and Titan precipice!
 Till all the rock-bound, sullen space
 Glows like a visionary face:

Thus frowning truths whose roots are
 furled

Round bases of some granite world,
 May lift their mellowed light afar.
 Transfigured by love's morning-star.

DISTANCE.

WHY is it that you far-off, mellowed
 horn
 Sounds like an antique story, half-for-
 lorn,
 Half-sweet, with iterance of rare echoes
 sent
 Up the serenely listening firmament?

I thrill, soul-smitten by each melting
 tone
 About the golden distant spaces blown,
 As if soft pathos came on rhythmic sighs
 From out the heart of vanished centu-
 ries.

Distance is magic! in its fairy hold
 Are alchemies that change even dross to
 gold,—
 While beauty's nymph, too closely seen
 or pressed,
 Melts to mere shadow from the enamored
 quest!

HORIZONS.

I LOVE to gaze along the horizon's
 verge —
 To strain my sight where steeped in
 golden-gray
 The sun-illuminated vapors gently surge,
 To melt in measureless distances away.

I gaze and gaze, till tears bedim my eyes,
 And tongueless fancies haunt me,
 vague and fond;
 Ethereal boundary! blending earth and
 skies,
 Ah! dost thou veil some marvellous
 realm beyond?

Deep spirit of mine! thou, too, art
strangely bound
By far horizons, vaporous, dim, and
vast;
Beyond the range of whose enchanted
round,
Not even the genii of weird dreams
have passed!

IN THE GRAY OF THE EVENING.

AUTUMN.

WHEN o'er yon forest solitudes
The sky of autumn evening broods —
A heaven whose warp, but palely bright,
Shot through with woofs of crimson
light,

So slowly wanes with waning day —
Whatever thoughts, pathetic, sweet
Are wont to fawn round Memory's feet,
Pleading with soft and sacred stress
To be upcaught in tenderness;
Whatever thoughts like these there are,
Choose the weird hour 'twixt sun and
star,

Of failing breeze, and whisperous sea,
And that still heaven o'er leaf and lea,
To come — each thought a temperate
bliss —

Embracing the calmed soul, to kiss
The pallor of old cares away.

O twilight sky of mellow gray,
Flushed with faint hues! O voiceful
trees,
Lilting low ballads to the breeze!
O all ye mild amenities
Wherewith the solemn eve is rife,
At this strange hour 'twixt death and
life;

The death of beauteous day, whose last
Dim tints are almost overpast,
Who lives alone in odors blent
Of every subtlest element.
Borne on a fairy rain-like dew,
Exhaled, not dropped from out the blue;
The life of stars that one by one
Are mustering o'er the sunken sun,

And wafts of vague earth-perfume blown
Up to the pine-tree's quivering cone,
From heath-flowers hidden in cool
grass, —

Like spells of delicate balm, ye pass
Into my wearied heart and brain.

What room for any sordid pain
Within me now? Ah! Nature seems
Through something sweeter than all
dreams.

To woo me; yea, she seems to speak
How closely, kindly, her fond cheek
Rested on mine, her mystic blood
Pulsing in tender neighborhood,
And soft as any mortal maid,
Half veiled in the twilight shade,
Who leans above her love to tell
Secrets almost ineffable!

THE VISION AT TWILIGHT.

[To E. R., October, 1879.]

WITHOUT the squares of mistle pane,
I saw the wan autumnal rain,
And heard, o'er tufts of churchyard
grass,
The wind's low *miserere* pass.

Within, more bright for outward gloom,
I saw her wild-rose cheeks abloom,
And, deep as stars in uppermost skies,
The lustre of dark Syrian eyes!

Without, still drearier grew the sigh
Of the chill east wind shuddering by,
Wilder the sad, strange moaning made
Beneath the elm-trees' rayless shade.

Within, as if the embodied south
Had opened her enchanted mouth,
I caught, through twilight's gray eclipse,
The music from her gracious lips.

It breathed such sweetness, purely deep,
On my dull pain it dropped like sleep.
"How vain," I thought, "this gathering
gloom;
Some heavenly presence fills the room!"



"O twilight sky of mellow grey,
Flushed with faint hues."



And when her warm hand, pulsing
youth,
On mine she pressed in guileless ruth,
One moment, charmed through blood
and brain,
I felt my own lost youth again!

With quickened heart and lifted head
I viewed the vision near my bed,
But lovelier for that envious gloom,
Her heavenly presence blessed the room!

AN HOUR TOO LATE.

I HAVE loved you, oh, how madly!
I have wooed you softly, sadly,
As the changeful years went by;
Yet you kept your haughty distance,
Yet you scorned my brave persistence,
While the long, long years went by.

Now that colder lovers leave you,
Now that Fate and Time bereave you
(For the cruel years *will* fly),
In your beauty's pale declension
You would grace with condescension
The love that touched you never
When your bloom and hopes were high.

Ah! but what if I discover
That too long in antique fashion
I have nursed a fruitless passion,
Whose rage and reign (thank Heaven!)
Are passed at length and over—
That fate hath locked forever love's
golden Eden gate?
There's a wrong beyond redressing,
There's a prize not worth possessing,
And a lady's condescension
May come an hour *too late*!

"TOO LOW AND YET TOO HIGH!"

He came in velvet and in gold;
He wooed her with a careless grace;
A confidence too rashly bold
Breathed in his language and his face.

While she—a simple maid—replied:
"No more of love 'twixt thee and me!
These tricks of passion I deride,
Nor trust thy boasted verity.
Thy suit, with artful smile and sigh,
Resign, resign:
*No mate am I for thee or thine,
Being too low, and yet too high!*"

His spirit changed; his heart grew warm
With genuine passion; morn by morn
More perfect seemed the virgin charm
That crowned her 'mid the ripening
corn.

And now he wooed with fervent mien,
With soul intense, and words of fire,
But reverence-fraught, as if a queen
Were hearkening to his heart's desire.
She brightly blushed, she gently sighed,
Yet still the village maid replied
(Though in sad accents, wearily):
"Thy suit resign,
Resign, resign!
*Lord Hugh, I never can be thine.
Too low am I, and yet too high!*"

THE LORDSHIP OF CORFU.

A LEGEND OF 1516.

WHAT time o'er gory lands and threat-
ening seas
Fair fortune, wearied, fled the Genoese—
What time from many a realm the
waters woo
In the warm south, "*Who now shall
rule Corfu?*"
Rose with the eager passion and fierce
greed
Of those who preyed on every empire's
need,—
There fell upon that isle's disheartened
brave
A wild despair, such as in one dark
grave
Might well have whelmed the prostrate
nation's pride,
Her honor, strength, traditions—all
beside

Which crowns a race with sovereignty.
Sublime

Above the reckless purpose of his time
Their Patriarch stood, and such wise
words he spake

The basest souls are thrilled, the feeblest
wake

To some high aim, some passion grand
and free,

Some cordial grace of magnanimity:
By such unwonted power they yield their
all

To him that came, as if at Godhead's
call,

To save the state, whose stricken pillars
reel.

How works the Patriarch for his people's
weal?

Calmly he bids them launch their stanch-
est keel—

A gorgeous galley: on her decks they
raise

Great golden altars, girt by lights that
blaze

Divinely, and by music's mystic rain,
Blent of soft spells, half sweetness and
half pain,

Fallen from out the highest heaven of
song.

And there, to purify all souls of wrong
And latent sin, he calls from far and
near

Nobles and priests and people. Every
where

The paths are full, which, sloping
steeply down

From the green pasture and the walled
town,

Lead oceanward, where, anchored near
the quay,

That sacred galley heaved along the
sea—

Her captain no rude mariner, with soul
Tough as the cordage his brown hands
control,

But the gray Patriarch, lifting eyes of
prayer,

While o'er the reverent thousands, calm
in air,
The sacred host shone like an awful
star.

"Children!" the Patriarch cried, "If
strong ye are

To trust in heaven—albeit heaven's
message sent

This day through me, seem strange, and
strangely blent

With chance-fel issues—swear, what-
e'er betide,

When once our unmoored bark doth
fleetly glide

O'er the blue spaces of the midland
sea—

What flag soe'er first greets our eager
view,

Our own to veil, and humbly yield there-
to

The faith and sovereign claims of fair
Corfu."

They vowed a vow methinks ne'er vowed
before,

The while their galley, strangely laden,
bore

Down the south wind, which freshly
blew from shore.

Past Vido and San Salvador they
sped,

Past stormy heights and capes whose
rock-strewn head

Baffled the surges; still no ship they
met,

Till, sailing far beyond the rush and
fret

Of shifting sand-locked bars, at last they
gain

The open and illimitable main.

There in one line two gallant vessels
rode;

From this the lurid Crescent banner
glowed,

From that the rampant Lion of St.
Mark's!

Much, much they wondered when
athwart them drew,
With glittering decks, the galley from
Corfu,
Lighted by tapers tall of myriad dyes,
And echoing chants of holy litanies.

Soon unto both the self-same message
came;
For loud o'er antique hymn and altar
flame
Thrilled the chief's voice, "Hearken, ye
rival powers!
Whichever first may touch our armed
towers*
Thenceforth shall be the lords of fair
Corfu!"

Changed was the wind, and landward
now it blew;
Smiting the waves to foam-flakes wild
and white.
All sails were braced, the rowers rowed
with might,
But soon the island men turned pale to
see
The Turk's prow surging vanward stead-
ily,
Till five full lengths ahead, careering
fast,
With flaunting flag and backward-swoop-
ing mast,
And scores of laboring rowers bent as one
Toward oars which made cool lightnings
in the sun,
The Paynim craft — unless some mar-
vellous thing
Should hap to crush her crew or clip her
wing —
Seemed sure as that black Fate which
urged her on
Victor to prove, and that proud island
race
To load with sickening burdens of dis-
grace!

* These "Towers," we must remember, were
built in with the substance of the city walls,
which rose abruptly out of the waters of the
sea.

And now on crowded decks and crowd-
ed shore
Naught but the freshening sea wind's
hollow roar
Was heard, with flap of rope and clang
of sail,
Veering a point to catch the changing
gale,
Or furious lashes of the buffeting oar!

Just then the tall Venetian strangely
changed
Her steadfast course, with open por-
t-holes ranged
'Gainst the far town. Across the sea-
waste came,
First, a sharp flash and lurid cloud of
flame,
Then the dull boom of the on-speeding
ball,
Followed by sounds which to the isles-
men seem
Sweet as the wakening from some night-
mare dream —
The sounds of splintered tower and
crashing wall!
Then rose a shrill cry to the shivering
heaven —
"Thus, thus to us your island realm is
given!"
Burst as one voice from out the conquer-
ing crew:
"Thus Venice claims the lordship of
Corfu!"

— ♦ —
TALLULAH FALLS.

ALONE with nature, where her passion-
ate mood
Deepens and deepens, till from shadowy
wood,
And sombre shore the blended voices
sound
Of five infuriate torrents, wanly crowned
With such pale-misted foam as that
which starts
To whitening lips from frenzied human
hearts!

Echo repeats the thunderous roll and boom

Of these vexed waters through the foliaged gloom

So wildly, in their grand reverberant swell

Borne from dim hillside to rock-bounded dell,

That oft the tumult seems

The vast fantastic dissonance of dreams;

A roar of adverse elements, torn and riven

In dark recesses of some billowy hell,

But sending ever through the tremulous air,

Defiance laden with august despair

Up to the calm and pitiful face of heaven!

From ledge to ledge the impetuous current sweeps

Forever tortured, tameless, unsubdued,

Amid the darkly humid solitude,

Through waste and turbulent deeps

It cleaves a terrible pathway, over-rum

Only by doubtful flickerings of the sun,

To meet with swift cross-eddies, whirl-pools set

On verges of some measureless abyss,

Above the stir and fret,

The lion's hollow roar, or serpent hiss

Of whose unceasing conflict waged below

The gorges of the giant precipice,

Shines the mild splendor of a heavenly bow.

But blinded to the rainbow's glory shed

Fair as the aureole round an angel's head

Still with dark vapors all about it furled

The demon spirit of this watery world,

Through many a maddened curve, and stormy throes,

Speeds to its last tumultuous overflow.

When downward hurled, from 'wilder-ing shock to shock,

Its wild heart breaks upon the outmost rock

That guards the empire of this rule of wrath!

Henceforth, beyond the shattered cata-ract's path,

The tempered spirit of a gentler guide

Enters, methinks the unperturbed tide;

Its current sparkling in the blest re-lease

From wasting passion, glides through shores of peace. —

O'er brightened spaces and clear con-fluent calms,

Float the hale breathings of near mead-ow balms,

And still by silent cove and silvery reach,

The murmurous wavelets pass;

Lip the green tendrils of the delicate grass,

And tranquil hour by hour,

Uplift a crystal glass,

Wherein each lithe Narcissus-flower,

May mark its slender frame and beau-teous face

Mirrored in softly visionary grace,

And still, by fairy-bright and shelving beach,

The fair waves whisper low as leaves in June

(Small gossips lisping in their woodland bower),

And still, the ever-lessening tide

Lapses, as glides some once imperious life

From haughty summits of demoniac pride,

Hatred and vengeful strife,

Down through time's twilight-valleys purified:

Yearning, alone, to keep

A long-predestined tryst with night and sleep,

Beneath the dew-soft kisses of the moon;

DIVIDED.

As not a bud that burgeons 'mid the
bowers;

As not a leaf on any tree that grows,
But to its neighbor some unlikeness
shows,

Made clearer still through all the blos-
soming hours.

Thus hath it chanced that, since the
world began,

No soul hath found its fellow; fates
may blend

In the close ties of lover, husband,
friend,

Yet through some subtle difference, man
from man

Severed, sees not his brother's innermost
life;

The lover his sweet mistress knows
in part,

And each to other half revealed in
heart,

Pass deathward, the true husband and
true wife.

Shall heaven make all things plain?
Nay, who can tell?

Only, sick heart! like the sore-
wounded dove

Seeking her distant nest, *hold fast to
love,*

Till death's deep curfew tolls its vesper
bell.



"Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle,
Over ledge and stone."

THE MEADOW BROOK.

GURGLE, gurgle, gurgle,
Over ledge and stone;

How I'm going, flowing,
Westward, all alone;

All alone, but happy,
Happy and hale am I,

Clasped by the emerald meadows,
Flushed by the golden sky!

No kindred brook is calling.
To woo these tides in glee;

I hear no neighboring voices
Of inland rill, or sea;

But the sedges thrill above me,
And where I blithely pass,
Coy winds, like nymphs in ambush,
Seem whispering through the grass.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle;

Hark! the tiny swell
Of wavelets softly, silverly
Toned like a fairy bell,

Whose every note, dropped sweetly
In mellowed glamour round,

Echo hath caught and harvested
In airy sheaves of sound!

THE VALLEY OF ANOSTAN.

[In Ælián's "Various History," book iii., chapter xviii., the following legend, or parable, will be found. How vividly it recalls to us the words of the Master: "Unless ye be converted, and become as little children, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven!"]

AN Orient legend, which hath all the
light
And fragrance of the asphodels of
heaven.
Smiles on us from old Ælián's mellowed
page;
And thus it runs, smooth as the stream
of joy
Whereof it tells, yet with some discord
blent,
Which, hearkened rightly, makes the
music true
To man's mysterious instincts and his
fate:

In the strange valley of Anostan dwelt
The far Meropes, through whose mur-
murous realm
Two mighty rivers—one a stream of
joy,
Divine and perfect: one a stream of
bale—
Flowed side by side, 'twixt forest shades
and flowers
(Bright shades and sombre, poison
flowers and pure),
Down to a distant and an unknown sea.

On either bank were fruit-trees and ripe
fruit,
Whereof men plucked and ate: but
whoso ate
Of the wan fruitage of the stream of
bale
Went ever after weeping gall for tears,
Till death should find him: but whoso
partook
Of the rare fruitage of the stream of
joy
Straightway was lapped in such ecstatic
peace,
Such fond oblivion of all base desires,

His soul grew fresh, dew-like, and sweet
again,
And through his past, his golden yester-
days.
He wandered back and back, till youth,
regained,
Shone in the candid radiance of his eyes,
That still waxed larger, holier, crystal-
clear,
With resurrection of life's tenderest
dawn
Of childlike faith; by which illumed and
warmed,
He walks, himself a dream within a
dream,
Yearning for infancy. This found at
last,
Gently he passes upward unto God,
Not through death's portal, wrapped in
storms and wrath,
But the fair archway of the gates of
birth!

TWO SONGS.

FIRST SONG.

LET me die by the sea!
When his billows are haughty and high,
And the storm-wind's abroad, —
When his dark passion grasps at the sky
With the power of a god, —
When all his fierce forces are free —
Let me die by the sea.

Let me die by the sea!
To his rhythms of tempest and rain,
I would pass from the earth,
Through death that is travail and pain,
Through death that is birth;
'Mid the thunders of waves and of lea,
Let me die by the sea.

Let me die by the sea!
When the great deeps are sundered and
stirred,
And the night cometh fast,
Let my spirit mount up like a bird,
On the wings of the blast.

O'er the tumults of wave and of lea,
 O'er their ravage and roar,
 She would soar, she would soar,
 Where peace waits her at last:
 Oh! Fate, let me die by the sea.

SECOND SONG.

Ah, no! Ah, no! I would not go
 While earth and heaven are black:—
 When all is wildly drear and dark,
 Guard, guard, O God! this vital
 spark!

But I would go when winds are low,
 And distant, dreamy rills
 Are heard to lapse with lingering flow,
 Between the twilight hills:
 With earth, and wave, and heaven at
 peace,
 Then let these outworn pulses cease.

SONNETS.

ON VARIOUS THEMES.

I.

FRESHNESS OF POETIC PERCEPTION.

DAY followed day; years perish; still
 mine eyes
 Are opened on the self-same round of
 space;
 Yon fadeless forests in their Titan grace,
 And the large splendors of those opulent
 skies.
 I watch, unwearied, the miraculous dyes
 Of dawn or sunset; the soft boughs
 which lace
 Round some coy dryad in a lonely place,
 Thrilled with low whispering and strange
 sylvan sighs:
 Weary? the poet's mind is fresh as dew,
 And oft re-filled as fountains of the
 light.
 His clear child's soul finds something
 sweet and new
 Even in a weed's heart, the carved
 leaves of corn.

The spear-like grass, the silvery rim of
 morn,
 A cloud rose-edged, and fleeting stars at
 night!

II.

LAOCOON.

A GNARLED and massive oak log, shape-
 less, old,
 Hewed down of late from yonder hill-
 side gray,
 Grotesquely curved, across our hearth-
 stone lay;
 About it, serpent-wise, the red flames
 rolled
 In writhing convolutions; fold on fold
 They crept and clung with slow portent-
 ous sway
 Of deadly coils; or in malignant play,
 Keen tongues outflashed, 'twixt vapor-
 ous gloom and gold.
 Lo! as I gazed, from out that flaming
 gyre
 There loomed a wild, weird image, all
 astrain
 With strangled limbs, hot brow, and
 eyeballs dire,
 Big with the anguish of the bursting
 brain:
 Laocoon's form, Laocoon's fateful pain,
 A frescoed dream on flickering walls of
 fire!

III.

AT LAST.

IN youth, when blood was warm and
 fancy high,
 I mocked at death. How many a quaint
 conceit
 I wove about his veiled head and feet.
 Vaunting aloud. *Why need we dread
 to die?*
 But now, enthralled by deep solemnity.
 Death's pale phantasmal shade I darkly
 greet:
 Ghostlike it haunts the hearth, it haunts
 the street.
 Or drearier makes drear midnight's
 mystery.

Ah, soul-perplexing vision! oft I deem
That antique myth is true which pictured death
A masked and hideous form all shrank
to see;
But at the last slow ebb of mortal
breath,
Death, his mask melting like a night-
mare dream,
Smiled,—heaven's high-priest of Im-
mortality!

IV.

A PHANTOM IN THE CLOUDS.

ALL day the blast, with furious ramp
and roar,
Sweeps the gaunt hill-tops, piles the
vapors high,
Thro' infinite distance, up the tortured
sky—
Till to one nurtured on the ocean-
shore,
It seems—with eyes half-shut to hill
and moor—
The anguished sea waves' multitudinous
cry—
It changes! deepening . . Christ! what
agony
Doth some doomed spirit on these
wild winds outpour!
At last a hull! stirred by slow wafts of
air!
When lo! o'er dismal wastes of stormy
wreck,
Cloud-wrought, an awful form and face
abhorred!
Thine, thine, Iscariot! smitten by mad
despair,
With lurid eyeballs strained, and writh-
ing neck,
Round which is coiled a blood-red
phantom cord!

V.

JAPONICAS.

BENEATH the sullen slope of shadowy
skies,
Midmost this flowerless, wind-bewil-
dered space

(Once a fair garden, now a desert-
place)

Ah! what voluptuous hues are these
that rise

In sudden lustre, on my startled eyes?
They glow like roses on an orient face.
Glimpsed in swift flashes of enchant-
ing grace,

'Twixt the shy harem's gold-wrought
tapestries!

Ye bright Japonicas! your glorious
gleam

Tints with strange light the enamored
waves of air,

And wafts of such coy fragrance round
you float

Fancy transcends these boundaries
blanched and bare,

For beauty lures her in a ravishing
dream

Of roseate lips, dark locks, and swan-
white throat!

VI.

THE USURPER.

FOR weeks the languid southern wind
had blown,

Fraught with Floridian balm; thro'
winter skies

We seemed to catch the smile of April's
eyes;

A queenly waif, from her far temperate
zone

Wayfaring—half bewildered and alone.
Yet, by the delicate fervor of her grace.

And the arch beauty of her changeful
face,

Making an alien empire all her own.

So day by day that sweet usurper's reign
Gladdened the world. One eve the
south wind sighed

Her soft soul out; the north wind raved
instead;

All night he raved; when morning
dawned again,

Winter, rethroned, looked down with
scornful pride

Where April, dying, bowed her golden
head!

VII.

DECEMBER SONNET.

ROUND the December heights the clouds
are gray —
Gray, and wind-driven toward the
stormy west,
They fly, like phantoms of malign un-
rest,
To fade in sombre distances away.
A flickering brightness o'er the wreck
of day,
Twilight, like some sad maiden, grief-
oppressed,
Broods wanly on the farthest mountain
crest;
All nature breathes of darkness and
decay
Now from low meadow land and drowsy
stream.
From deep recesses of the silent vale,
Night-wandering vapors rise formless
and chill,
When, lo! o'er shrouded wood and
shadqwy hill,
I mark the eve's victorious planet
beam,
Fair as an angel clad in silver mail!

VIII.

A COMPARISON.

I THINK, ofttimes, that lives of men may
be
Likened to wandering winds that come
and go,
Not knowing whence they rise, whither
they blow
O'er the vast globe, voiceful of grief or
glee.
Some lives are buoyant zephyrs sporting
free
In tropic sunshine; some long winds
of woe
That shun the day, wailing with mur-
murs low,
Through haunted twilights, by the un-
resting sea;
Others are ruthless, stormful, drunk
with might,

Born of deep passion or malign desire:
They rave 'mid thunder-peals and clouds
of fire.

Wild, reckless all, save that some power
unknown
Guides each blind force till life be
overblown,
Lost in vague hollows of the fathomless
night.

IX.

FATE, OR GOD?

BEYOND the record of all eldest things,
Beyond the rule and regions of past
time,
From out Antiquity's hoary-headed
rime,
Looms the dread phantom of a King of
kings:
Round His vast brows the glittering
circular clings
Of a thrice royal crown; behind Him
climb,
O'er Atlantean limbs and breast sublime
The sombre splendors of mysterious
wings;
Deep calms of measureless power, in
awful state,
Gird and uphold Him; a miraculous rod,
To heal or smite, arms His infallible
hands:
Known in all ages, worshipped in all
lands,
Doubt names this half-embodied mys-
tery — Fate,
While Faith, with lowliest reverence,
whispers — God!

X.

SONNET.

Written on a fly-leaf of "The Rubaiyat"
of Omar Khāyyām, the astronomer-poet
of Persia.

Who deems the soul to endless death is
thrall,
That no life breathes beyond that mo-
ment dire,
When every sense seems lost as out-
blown fire; —

Must walk, clothed round with darkness
like a pall,

Or on false gods of sensual rapture call;
*Pluck the rich rose-leaves! lift the wine
cup higher!*

*Wed delicate Instinct to malign Desire,
(Like some Greek girl clasped by a barbarous Gaul!)*

Thus Omar preached, thus practised,
centuries since;

Wine, beauty, idlesse, orgies crowned
by lust;

All these he chanted in voluptuous song;
Yet who shall vow, deep Thinker!
poet Prince!

Thy rhythmic creed the unnatural voice
of wrong,

*If man, dust-born, shall still return to
dust?*

XI.

EARTH ODORS—AFTER RAIN.

LIFE-YIELDING fragrance of our mother
earth!

Benignant breath exhaled from summer
showers!—

All Nature dimples into smiles of flowers,
From unclosed woodland, to trim garden
glades!—

These perfumes softening the harsh
soul of dearth,

Are older than old Shinar's arrogant towers,—

And touched with visions of rain-freshened
hours,

On Syrian hill-slopes 'ere the patriarch's
birth!

Nay! the charmed fancy plays a subtler
part!—

Lo! banished Adam, his large, wondering
eyes

Fixed on the trouble of the first dark
cloud!

Lo! tremulous Eve,—a pace behind,
how bowed,—

Not dreaming, 'midst her painful pants
of heart,

What balm shall fall from yonder ominous
cloud!

XII.

SONNET.

I LAY in dusky solitude reclined,
The shadow of sleep just hovering
o'er mine eyes,

When from the cloudland in the western
skies

Rose the strange breathings of a tremulous
wind.

As sound upborne o'er water, through
some blind,

Mysterious forest, so this wind did rise.
Laden, methought, with half-articulate
sighs,

Wasted like spirit-memories o'er the
mind.

Then the night deepened; through my
window-bars

I saw the gray clouds billowing fast and
free,

Smit by the splendor of the solemn
stars.

Then the night deepened; wind and
cloud became

A blended tumult, crossed by spears of
flame,

While the great pines moaned like a
moaning sea.

XIII.

POVERTY.

ONCE I beheld thee, a lithe mountain
maid,

Embrown'd by wholesome toils in lusty
air;

Whose clear blood, nurtured by strong,
primitive cheer,

Through Amazonian veins, flowed unafraid.

Broad-breasted, pearly-teethed, thy pure
breath strayed,

Sweet as deep-uddered kine's curled in
the rare

Bright spaces of thy lofty atmosphere,
O'er some rude cottage in a fir-grown
glade.

Now, of each brave ideal virtue stripped,
O Poverty! I behold thee as thou art,

A ruthless hag, the image of woeful
dearth
Or brute despair, gnawing its own
starved heart.
Thou ravening wretch! fierce-eyed and
monster-lipped,
Why scourge forevermore God's beaute-
teous earth?

XIV.

WASTE.

How many a budding plant is born to
fade!
How many a May bloom wilt with quick
decay!
Ofttimes the ruddiest rose holds briefest
sway,
While heart and sense are evermore be-
trayed
Alike in nature's shine and nature's
shade.
Vainly earth-tendered seeds have sought
the day,
And countless threads of rivulets wind
astray,
For one that joins the vast main unem-
bayed.
O prodigal nature, why this spendthrift
waste
Of light, strength, beauty given to earth
or man?
Thy richest realm may lie in trackless
seas,
Thy tenderest loves, perchance, die un-
embraced;
While faith and reason watch thy 'wil-
dering plan,
The baffled soul's cloud-compassed Hy-
ades!

XV.

A MORNING AFTER STORM.

ALL night the north wind blew; the
harsh north rain
Lashed like a spiteful whip at roof and
sill.
Now the pale morning lowers, bewil-
dered, chill,

Leaning her cheek against the misted
pane,
Like some worn outcast, sick in heart
and brain.
The wind that raved all night, though
muttering still,
Moans fitfully, with faint, irresolute
will,
Through dreary interludes, its low re-
frain.
In desolate mood I turn to rest once
more,
Closing my senses to this hopeless
morn,
This dismal wind. Still must the
morning gloom,
Still the low sighing pass sleep's muffled
door,
Till her veiled life is filled with dreams
forlorn,
With hollow sounds and bodeful shapes
of doom.

XVI.

DEAD LOVES.

WHENE'ER I think of old loves wan and
dead,
Of passion's wine outpoured in senseless
dust,
Of doomed affection's and long-buried
trust,
Through all my soul an arctic gloom is
shed;
And ah! I walk the world disquieted.
Thou, my own love! white lily of April!
must
Thy beauty, perfume, radiance, all be
thrust
Earthward, to crumble in a grass-grown
bed?
Yea, sweet, 'tis even so! How long, how
long
The dust of her who once was tender
Ruth,
Hath mouldered dumbly! And how oft
the clod,
Which binds, like hers, all perished love
and truth,

Strives with pale weeds to veil death's
hopeless wrong,
Or through chill lips of flowers appeals
to God!

XVII.

NATURE AT EASE.

I FEEL the kisses of this lingering
breeze,
Warm, close, and ardent as the lips of
love,
I quaff the sunshine streaming from
above,
Like mellow wine of antique vintages;
Now, serene nature, at luxurious ease,
Her deep toils perfected, and richly
rife
With subtlest meanings — all her opu-
lent life
Reveals in tremulous brakes and whis-
pering seas.
If, then, the reverent soul doth lean
aright,
Close to those voices of wood, wind, and
wave,
What wondrous secrets bless the spir-
itual ear,
Born, as it were, of music winged with
light,
Sweeter than those strange songs which
Orpheus gave
To earth and heaven, while both grew
dumb to hear!

XVIII.

THE CNYDIAN ORACLE.

"What though the Isthmus lacks an
ocean-gate,
Delve not the soil! If Jove had willed
it so,
His watchful power had opened long ago
The channelled pathways of a billowy
strait."
Thus spake the Cnydian Oracle but too
late;
For men are blinder than blind winds
that blow
Round midnight waves, yet idly dream
they know

Some Hermes' trick to steal the goods of
fate.

Fools! trench your Isthmus, delving fast
and deep;

And as ye toil uplift your boastful
breath

O'er swift intrusings of the turbulent
sea —

Too swift, by heaven! for, lo! its
treacherous sweep

O'erwhelms the graded dykes, the oppos-
ing lea,

While ye that mocked at fate, fate
whirls to death!

XIX.

THE HYACINTH.

HERE in this wrecked storm-wasted gar-
den-close

The grave of infinite generations fled
Of flowers that now lay lustreless and
dead,

As the gray dust of Eden's earliest rose.
What bloom is this, whose classical
beauty glows

Radiantly chaste, with the mild splen-
dor shed

Round a Greek virgin's poised and per-
fect head.

By Phidias wrought 'twixt rapture and
repose?

Mark the sweet lines whose matchless
ovals curl

Above the fragile stem's half shrink-
ing grace,

And say if this pure hyacinth doth not
seem

(Touched by enchantments of an an-
tique dream)

A flower no more, but the low droop-
ing face

Of some love-laden, fair Athenian girl?

XX.

THE WOOD FAR INLAND.

I CLOSE mine eyes in this lone inland
place.

This wood, far inland, thronged with
sombrous trees —



**"Now, serene nature, at luxurious ease,
... all her opulent life
Reveals in tremulous brakes and whispering seas."**



Our southland pines—in whose dark
boughs the breeze
Mourns like a spirit shorn of joy and
grace;
The same wild genius whose half-
veiled face
Dawns on the barren brink of wave-
washed leas,
Fraught with the ancient mystery of the
seas,
Whose hoary brow bears many a
storm-bolt's trace;
I close mine eyes; but lo! a spiritual
light
Steals round me: I behold through foam
and mist
A dreary reach of wan, slow-shifting
sand,
By transient glints of flickering star-
beams kissed,
And hear upborne athwart the desolate
strand
Voices of ghostly billows of the night.

XXI.

[Composed just after midnight on the 31st of
December, 1878.]

A MOMENT since his breath dissolved in
air!
And now divorced from life's last hectic
glow,
He joins the old ghostly years of long
ago,
In some cloud-folded realm of vague de-
spair;
Ah me! the unseptred years that wan-
der there!
With cold, wan hands, and faces white
as snow,
And echoes of dead voices quavering low
The phantom-burden of long-perished
care!
Perchance all unsubstantialized and
gray,
Time's earliest year now greets his last,
deceased:
Or he that dumbly gazed on Adam's
fall,
Palely emerging from the shadowy east,

With flickering semblance of cold crown
and pall,
Clothes the dim ghost of him just passed
away!

XXII.

MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

Yes, found at last,— the earthly para-
dise!
Here by slow currents of the silvery
stream
It smiles, a shining wonder, a fair dream,
A matchless miracle to mortal eyes:
What whorls of dazzling color flash and
rise
From rich azalean flowers, whose pet-
als teem
With such harmonious tints as bright-
ly gleam
In sunset rainbows arched o'er perfect
skies!
But see! beyond those blended blooms
of fire,
Vast tier on tier the lordly foliage tower
Which crowns the centuried oaks' broad
crested calm:
Thus on bold beauty falls the shade of
power;
Yet beauty still unquelled, fulfils desire,
Unfolds her blossoms, and outbreathes
her balm!

XXIII.

ENGLAND.

CLOUD-GIRDED land, brave land beyond
the sea!
Land of my father's love! how oft I
yearn
Toward thy famed ancestral shores to
turn,
Roaming thy glorious realm in liberty:
All English growths would sacred seem
to me.
From opulent oak to flickering wayside
fern:
Much from her delicate daisies could I
learn,
And all her home-bred flowers by lake
or lea.

But most I dream of Shropshire's meadow grass,
 Its grazing herds, and sweet hay-scented air;
 An ancient hall near a slow rivulet's mouth;
 A church vine-clad; a graveyard glooming south;
 These are the scenes through which I fain would pass;
 There lived my sires, whose sacred dust is there.

XXIV.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Ah! phantom pale, why hast thou come with pace
 Thus slow, and such sad deprecating eyes?
 What! dost thou dream *thy* presence could surprise
 One the born vassal of thy realm and race?
 I looked in boyhood on thy clouded face;
 In youth dis severed from all cordial ties,
 Heard the deep echoes of thy murmured sighs
 In many a shadowy, grief-en shrouded place;
 Therefore, O sombre Genius, be not coy!
 When have we dwelt so alien and apart
 I could not faintly feel thy muffled heart?
 Till even should hope's fruition softly shine,
 I well might deem beneath the mask of joy
 Lurked that sad brow, those twilight eyes of thine!

XXV.

THE LAST OF THE ROSES.

A ROYAL rose! A rose how darkly red!
 A proud, voluptuous, full blown flower,
 that sways
 Her sceptre o'er the wind-swept garden-ways,

With mantling cheek and bold, imperious head!

Alone she lifts above yon desolate bed
 A beauty past all terms of raptured praise,

The stately that she rules in autumn days,

When every rival flower is dimmed or dead!

A haughty Cleopatra! there she smiles.
 Unwitting that her sovereign love is lost —

Her Antony! a gorgeous sunflower bloom!

Ah! vain henceforth her beauty and sweet wiles!

Queen! art thou blind? Thy lord hath met his doom;

His Actium came with winter's vanguard — Frost!

XXVI.

THE AXE AND PINE.

ALL day, on bole and limb the axes ring.
 And every stroke upon my startled brain

Falls with the power of sympathetic pain;

I shrink to view each glorious forest-king

Descend to earth, a wan, discrowned thing.

Ah, Heaven! beside these foliaged giants slain,

How small the human dwarfs, whose lust for gain

Hath edged their brutal steel to smite and sting!

Hark! to those long-drawn murmurings, strange and drear!

The wail of Dryads in their last distress;
 O'er ruined haunts and ravished loveliness

Still tower those brawny arms; tones coarsely loud

Rise still beyond the greenery's waning cloud.

While falls the insatiate steel, sharp, cold and sheer!

XXVII.

BETROTHAL NIGHT.

THROUGH golden languors of low glim-
mering light,
Deep eyes, o'erbrimmed with passion's
sacred wine,
Heart-perfumed tears—yearning towards
me, shine
Like stars made lovelier by faint mists
at night;
Her cheeks, sweet lilies change to roses
bright,
Blown in love's realm, fed by his breath
divine;
And even those virginal tremors seem
the sign
Of perfect joy through love's unchal-
lenged right:
O happy breast, that heaviest soft and
fair
Through silvery clouds of luminous silk
and lace!
O, gracious hands, O flower-enwoven
head,
O'er which hope's charm its delicate
warmth has shed!
While smiles and blushes wreath her
dimpling face,
Set in the splendor of dark Orient hair!

XXVIII.

"THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA."

GRIEVOUS, in sooth, was luckless Sind-
bad's plight,
Saddled with that foul monster of the
sea;
But who of some soul-harrowing weight
is free?
And though we veil our woe from public
sight,
Full many a weary day and dismal
night,
It chafes our spirits sorely! Yet, for
thee,
Whate'er, O friend, thy special grief
may be,
Pledge thou against it all thy manhood's
might.

Thus, though thou may'st not smite on
brow or breast
That irksome incubus, be sure some
day
The load that blights shall droop and fall
away,
And thou, because of torture borne so
well,
Shall pass from out thy long, malign
unrest
And walk thy future paths invincible!

XXIX.

TWO PICTURES.

SHE stood beneath the vine-leaves flushed
and fair;
The dimpling smiles around her tender
mouth,
Seemed born of mellow sunshine of
the South;
A light breeze trembled in her unbound
hair;
No young Greek goddess, in the violet
air
Of vales immortal, shone with purer
grace;
A delicate glory touched her form and
face,
Whence the sweet soul looked on us,
nobly bare, —
As Heaven itself, unclouded: — thus she
stood,
But when I saw her next (O God! the
woe!)
Love, mirth, and life had fled forever
more;
Prostrate she lay, about her a dark wood,
And many a helpless mourner, wailing
low;
The cruel waves which drowned her
lapped the shore.

XXX.

THE MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

ONCE in the twilight hour there stole on
me
A strange, sweet spirit! In her tender
eyes

Shone a far beauty, like the morning
 skies,
 And tranquil was she as a summer sea;
 An air of large, divine benignity
 Breathed, like a living garb of spiritual
 dyes
 About her—with the gentle fall and
 rise
 Of her heart pulses tuned to mystery—
 But, as I gazed, a sadness deep as death
 Crept o'er the beauty of her brow serene—
 And a faint tremor stirred her shadowy
 lips;
 "Thou know'st me not," she sighed,
 with mournful breath;
 "How can'st thou know me? Lo,
 through Fate's eclipse,
 Thou seest, too late, too late, thy MIGHT
 HAVE BEEN!"

XXXI.

NIGHT-WINDS IN WINTER.

WINDS! *are* they winds?—or myriad
 ghosts, that shriek?
 Ghosts of poor mariners, drowned in
 Northern seas,
 Beside the surf-tormented Hebrides,
 Whose voices now of tide-born terror
 speak
 In tones to blanch the boldest listener's
 cheek?
 Hark! how they thunder down the far-off
 leas,
 Sweep the scourged hills, and smite the
 woodland trees,
 To die where towers yon glittering moun-
 tain-peak!
 A moment's stillness! Then with lus-
 tier might
 Of wing and voice, these marvellous
 wraiths of air
 Fill with dread sound the ominous
 heights of night.
 Athwart their stormful breath the star-
 throngs fade:
 How dimmed is Cassiopæia's radiant
 chair,
 While Perseus droops, touched by trans-
 figuring shade!

XXXII.

TO THE QUERULOUS POETS.

THROW by the trappings of your tinsel
 rhyme!
 Hush the crude voice, whose never-
 ending wail
 Blights the sweet song of thrush, or
 nightingale,—
 Set to the treble of our querulous time:
 Is earth grown dim? Hath heaven
 her grace sublime,
 Her pomp of clouds, and winds, and
 sunset showers
 Merged in the twilight of funereal hours,
 And Time's death-signal struck its iron
 ghime?
 O! false, frail dreamer! not one tiniest
 note
 From yonder green-girt copse, but whis-
 pers "shame!"—
 Love, beauty, rapture, swell the war-
 bler's throat,—
 The self-same joy, the passion blithe
 and young,
 Thrilled by the force of whose innacu-
 late flame,
 The first glad stars, the stars of morn-
 ing, sung!

XXXIII.

IN THE PORCH.

IN this old porch, fast mouldering to de-
 cay,
 But wreathed in vines and girt by shad-
 ovy trees,
 All day I hear the dreamful hum of
 bees,
 Soft-rustling foliage, and the fragrant
 sway
 Of breezes borne from some far ocean
 bay;
 And oft with half-closed eyelids,
 stretched at ease—
 The pines above me voiced like distant
 seas—
 I seem to mark a coy young Dryad stray
 Out from the tangled greenery over-
 head,

*"Winds! are they winds?—or myriad ghosts, that shriek? . . .
Hark! how they thunder down the far-off leas."*





Her brow leaf-crowned, her eyes of twilight fire
 Deep with Arcadian mysteries softly shed;
 And near her, wafted from the ambrosial South,
 A white-limbed Nereid, round whose balmy mouth
 Breathe the wave's freshness and the wind's desire.

XXXIV.

THE PHANTOM—SONG.

IN museful hours, when thoughts of grace divine
 Roll wave-like up the stormless strand of dreams;—
 When that which *is* grows vague as that which *seems*,—
 I mark, far-off, a radiant shade incline
 From heaven to earth,—whose face of marvellous shine,
 (Half veiled in mystic beauty), softly beams;
 With delicate lustres, and elusive gleams,
 Caught from some viewless Eden—hyaline:—
 Ethereal, as the wavering hues that start
 From chorded rainbows;—lingering scarce so long
 As the last sun-ray flashed in twilight's eye,
 I hail this phantom of a perfect song;—
 And I, some day, shall pass the phantom by,—
To feel the embodied music next my heart!

XXXV.

SMALL GRIEFS AND GREAT.

How oft by trivial griefs our spirits tossed
 Drift vague and restless round this changeful world!
 Yet when great sorrows on our lives are hurled,
 And fate on us has wreaked his uttermost,

O'er wounded breasts our steadfast arms are crossed;
 We front the blast, silent, with unbowed head
 And stoic men; for fear with hope is dead;
 And calm the voice which whispers: "*All is lost!*"
 Thence to the end, our being, stripped and bare
 Of love, and peace, and gracious joys of earth,
 Like some storm-shattered tree, its withered might
 May lift defiant, dauntless in its dearth,
 Seeming Death's bolt, that final stroke, to dare,
 A dreary watcher on a blasted height!

XXXVI.

THE SHALLOW HEART!

"PITY her," say'st thou, "pity her!"
 nay, not I!
 Her heart is shallow as yon garrulous rill
 That froths o'er pebbles: grief, *true* grief is still,
 Deathfully solemn as eternity
 Thro' whose dread realm its silent fancies fly
 Seeking the lost and loved; sorrows that kill
 Life's hope, are like those poisons which distil
 Their noiseless dews beneath the midnight sky:—
 Their venom works in secret! gnaws the heart,
 And withers the worn spirit, albeit no sign
 Shows the sad inward havoc, till some day,
 (Pledging our calm friend o'er the purpling wine),
 Sudden, he falls amongst us, and we start
 At a low whisper, "*He has passed away!*"

XXXVII.

THE STORMY NIGHT.

[Written on a stormy Christmas night (1873).]

How roars this wintry tempest, fierce
and loud,
Borne from far passes of the ice-locked
hills!
How raves this desolate rain, whose tu-
mult fills
The whole dark heaven up-piled with
cloud on cloud;
While yonder quivering pine-trees,
drenched and bowed,
Blend their strange moaning with the
noise of rills,
And one swift stream, whose angry
clarion shrills,
Piercing the mists which o'er it cling and
crowd!
Roar, mighty wind! rave on, thou mer-
ciless rain!
Uproot, and madly ravage—whilst ye
may;
Your furious voices smite mine ears in
vain,
For, housed and warmed by this bright
fireside cheer, —
Safe as on some calm springtide's calm-
est day,
I mock your ire, nor heed your wild de-
spair.

PERSONAL SONNETS.

I.

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I THINK earth's noblest, most pathetic
sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-
crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly
down;—
Whose evening, touched by prescient
shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal
light:—

Such, such art *thou*, O master! worthier
grown

In the fair sunset of thy full renown. —
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings
for flight!

Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy
place depart?

God's court is thronged with minstrel,
rich with song;

Even now, a new noteswells the manna-
ulate choir, —

But thou, whose strains have filled our
lives so long,

Still from the altar of thy reverent
heart

Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts
of fire!

II.

TO GEORGE H. BOKER.

Addressed to George H. Boker, of Philadel-
phia—after the perusal of Sonnets contained
in his "Plays and Poems."

It hath been thine to prove what use
and power,

What sweetness, and what glorious-
strength belong

To the brief compass of that slandered
song

We term the Sonnet. Thine hath been
the dower

Whereby its richly fruitful, fairy shower
Of poesy hath flooded o'er our hearts;

And thine the dominant magic which
imparts

Life to its thrilling music. Hour by
hour,

My soul from this small fountain, in
whose deep

The sunshine of thy passionate genius
plays,

Doth drink delight, till fancy melts in
sleep,

Charmed by the witchery of thy perfect
lays, —

Not dreamless, but flushed through with
joys that keep

Some fervent gleam of youth's volup-
tuous days.

III.

TO ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

NOT since proud Marlowe poured his
 potent song
 Through fadeless meadows to a marvel-
 lous main,
 Has England hearkened to so sweet a
 strain —

So sweet as thine, and ah! so subtly
 strong!

Whether sad love it mourns, or wreaks
 on wrong

The rhythmic rage of measureless dis-
 dain,

Dallies with joy, or swells in fiery pain,
 What ravished souls the entrancing
 notes prolong!

At thy charmed breath pale histories
 blush once more:

See! Rosamond's smile! drink love from
 Mary's eyes;

Quail at the foul Medici's midnight
 frown.

Or hark to black Bartholomew's an-
 guished cries!

Blent with far horns of Calydon widely
 blown

O'er the grim death-growl of the ensan-
 guined boar!

But crowned by hope, winged with
 august desire,

Thy muse soars loftiest, when her breath
 is drawn

In stainless liberty's ethereal dawn,
 And "songs of sunrise" her warm lips
 suspire:

High in auroral radiance, high and
 higher,

She buoys thee up, till, earth's gross
 vapors gone,

Thy proud, flame-girdled spirit gazes on
 The unveiled fount of freedom's crystal
 fire.

When thou hast drained deep draughts
 divinely nurst

'Mid lucid lustres, and hale haunts of
 morn,

On lightning thoughts thy choral thun-
 ders burst

Of rapturous song! Apollo's self, new-
 born,

Might thus have sung from his Olympian
 sphere;

All hearts are thrilled; all nations
 hushed to hear!

IV.

TO EDGAR FAWCETT.

ART thou some reckless poet, fiercely
 free,

Singing vague songs an errant brain
 inspires?

Mad with the ravening force of inward
 fires,

Whose floods o'erwhelm him like a
 masterless sea?

No! art and nature wisely blend in
 thee!

Thy soul has learned from lays of loftiest
 lyres

What laws should bind weird fancy's
 wild desires,

Rounded to rhythmic immortality!

Thus golden thoughts in golden har-
 monies meet:

Thy fairy conceptions reel not with false
 glow,

Through frenzied realms by metrical
 motley swayed;

But passion-curbed, with voices strong
 and sweet,

Born of regret or rapture, love or woe.

Pass from rich sunshine to dew-haunted
 shade!

V.

CARLYLE.

O GRANITE nature; like a mountain
 height

Which pierces heaven! yet with founda-
 tions deep,

Rooted where earth's majestic forces
 sleep,

In quiet breathing on the breast of
 night :—

Proud thoughts were his that scaled the
infinite
Of loftiest grasp, and calm Elysian
sweep;
Fierce thoughts were his that burnt the
donjon keep
Of ancient wrong, to flood its crypts
with light:
Yet o'er his genius, firm as Ailsa's
rock,
Large, Atlantean, with grim grandeur
dowered, —
Love bloomed, and buds of tender
beauty flowered: —
Yet down his rugged massiveness of
will
Unscarred by alien passion's fiery shock,
Mercy flowed melting like an Alpine
rill!

VI.

TO JEAN INGELow.

BRAVE lyrist! like the sky-lark, heaven-
possessed,
Thy glance is sunward; and thy soul
grown wise,
Fronts the full splendor of Apollo's
eyes,
While following still thy muse's high
behest:
Strength, sweetness, subtlety, are all
expressed
In thy clear lays, — whether they dare
the skies,
O'ertopping radiant dawns, or rill-like
rise,
To thread with rhythmic pulse earth's
pastoral breast!
Proud inspiration, hand in hand with
act

Hath made thy winged feet beautiful
along
The haloed heights of thine eternal song:
So near our human love, though born
afar,
Its mellow concord on the listener's
heart
Melts with the softness of a falling star!

VII.

TO M. I. P.

YOUNG gracious words steal o'er like the
breeze
That blows from far-off southland isles
benign, —
All steeped in perfume, sweet as fairy
wine,
Yet touched with salt keen breathings
of the seas!
What smiling thoughts of tender min-
istries
Passionless service, and strong faith
divine,
Rest with this pictured sister's face of
thine,
And sister's love: — (blent fire and
balms of ease!)
O love! a two-faced shield of light thou
art,
Whose golden-sided glamour long hath
shone,
In wedded bliss and affluence on my
life;
A sister's love — the fair shield's silvery
zone,
Turns on me now! — thy deathless
fervor, wife,
Blends with the sweetness of this new
found heart!

MACDONALD'S RAID. — A.D. 1780.

AS NARRATED MANY YEARS AFTER BY A VETERAN OF "MARION'S BRIGADE."

[The hero of the following ballad, though a Scotchman by birth, was a determined, enthusiastic Whig. Marion's men, among whom he served during the whole of the war for Independence, regarded him with an admiration bordering sometimes upon awe. His gigantic size and strength, and a species of "Berserker rage" which came over him in battle, were the means by which he performed many a feat of "derring-do," characteristic rather of the Middle Ages than the times of practical "Farmer George." Of all his desperate escapades, the raid through Georgetown, South Carolina, with a force of only four troopers (Georgetown being a fortified post, defended by a garrison of three hundred English regulars), proved, naturally enough, the most notorious. Authorities differ as to the origin and details of this remarkable affair. Some inform us that Sergeant Macdonald had been commanded by Marion to take a small party of his men and merely reconnoitre the enemy's lines, and that he chose to exceed his orders; while others affirm that Macdonald himself, acting independently, as he often did, proposed the mad scheme of "bearding the British lion in his den," as a charming relief to the ennui of camp life. The latter authorities have furnished the groundwork of our ballad. "Nothing," observes Horry, in his *Life of General Marion*, "ever so mortified the British as did this mad frolic. 'That half a dozen d—d young rebels,' they exclaimed, 'should thus dash in among us, in open daylight, and fall to cutting and slashing the *king's troops* at this rate! And after all, to gallop away without the least harm in hair and hide! 'Tis high time to turn our bayonets into pitchforks, and go to foddering the cows.'"]

I REMEMBER it well; 'twas a morn dull and gray,
And the legion lay idle and listless that day,
A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul,
And with not a spare bumper to brighten the bowl,
When Macdonald arose, and unsheathing his blade,
Cried, "Who'll back me, brave comrades? I'm hot for a raid.
Let the carbines be loaded, the war harness ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

We leaped up at his summons, all eager and bright,
To our finger-tips thrilling to join him in fight;
Yet he chose from our numbers *four* men and no more.
"Stalwart brothers," quoth he, "you'll be strong as fourscore,
If you follow me fast wheresoever I lead,
With keen sword and true pistol, stanch heart and bold steed.
Let the weapons be loaded, the bridle-bits ring,
Then swift death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

In a trice we were mounted; Macdonald's tall form
Seated firm in the saddle, his face like a storm
When the clouds on Ben Lomond hang heavy and stark,
And the red veins of lightning pulse hot through the dark;
His left hand on his sword-belt, his right lifted free,
With a prick from the spurred heel, a touch from the knee,
His lithe Arab* was off like an eagle on wing—
Ha! death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

* Macdonald owned a magnificent horse, named Selim, of pure Arabian blood, which he obtained possession of through a cunning trick played at the expense of a certain wealthy Carolina Tory.

'Twas three leagues to the town, where, in insolent pride,
 Of their disciplined numbers, their works strong and wide,
 The big Britons, oblivious of warfare and arms,
 A soft *dolce* were wrapped in, not dreaming of harms,
 When fierce yells, as if borne on some fiend-ridden rout,
 With strange cheer after cheer, are heard echoing without,
 Over which, like the blast of ten trumpeters, ring,
 "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Such a tumult we raised with steel, hoof-stroke, and shout,
 That the foemen made straight for their inmost redoubt,
 And therein, with pale lips and cowed spirits, quoth they,
 "Lord, the whole rebel army assaults us to-day.
 Are the works, think you, strong? God of heaven, what a din!
 'Tis the front wall besieged — have the rebels rushed in?
 It must be; for, hark! hark to that jubilant ring
 Of 'death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!'"

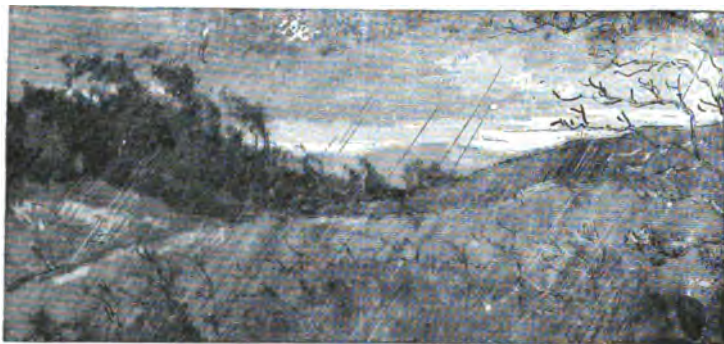
Meanwhile, through the town like a whirlwind we sped,
 And ere long be assured that our broadswords were red;
 And the ground here and there by an ominous stain
 Showed how the stark soldier beside it was slain:
 A fat sergeant-major, who yawed like a goose,
 With his waddling bow-legs, and his trappings all loose,
 By one back-handed blow the Macdonald cuts down,
 To the shoulder-blade cleaving him sheer through the crown,
 And the last words that greet his dim consciousness ring
 With "Death, death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!"

Having cleared all the streets, not an enemy left
 Whose heart was unpierced, or whose headpiece uncleft,
 What should we do next, but — as careless and calm
 As if we were scenting a summer morn's balm
 'Mid a land of pure peace — just serenely drop down
 On the few constant friends who still stopped in the town.
 What a welcome they gave us! One dear little thing,
 As I kissed her sweet lips, did I dream of the King? —

Of the King or his minions? No; war and its scars
 Seemed as distant just then as the fierce front of Mars
 From a love-girdled earth; but, alack! on our bliss,
 On the close clasp of arms and kiss showering on kiss,
 Broke the rude bruit of battle, the rush thick and fast
 Of the Britons made 'ware of our rash *ruse* at last;
 So we haste to our coursers, yet flying, we fling
 The old watch-words abroad, "Down with Redcoats and King!"

As we scampered pell-mell o'er the hard-beaten track
 We had traversed that morn, we glanced momentarily back,
 And beheld their long earth-works all compassed in flame:
 With a vile plunge and hiss the huge musket-balls came,
 And the soil was ploughed up, and the space 'twixt the trees
 Seemed to hum with the war-song of Brobdingnag bees;
 Yet above them, beyond them, victoriously ring
 The shouts, "Death to the Redcoats, and down with the King!

Ah! *that* was a feat, lads, to boast of! What men
 Like you weaklings to-day had durst cope with *us* then?
 Though I say it who should not, I am ready to vow
 I'd o'ermatch a half score of your fops even now —



"I remember it well; 'twas a morn cold and gray, . . .
 A thin drizzle of rain piercing chill to the soul."

The poor puny prigs, mincing up, mincing down,
 Through the whole wasted day the thronged streets of the town:
 Why, their dainty white necks 'twere but pastime to wring —
 Ay! *my* muscles are firm still; *I* fought 'gainst the King!

Dare you doubt it? well, give me the weightiest of all
 The sheathed sabres that hang there, unlooped on the wall;
 Hurl the scabbard aside; yield the blade to my clasp;
 Do you see, with one hand how I poise it and grasp
 The rough iron-bound hilt? With this long hissing sweep
 I have smitten full many a foeman with sleep —
 That forlorn, final sleep! God! what memories cling
 To those gallant old times when we fought 'gainst the King.

THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Supposed to have been narrated by an aged volunteer, who had taken part in the fight, to certain of his friends and neighbors, upon the fiftieth anniversary of the conflict, viz. Oct. 7. 1830.

[Written for the Centennial Celebration of the battle on Oct. 7, 1880.]

OFTTIMES an old man's yesterdays o'er his frail vision pass,
Dim as the twilight tints that touch a dusk-enshrouded glass;
But, ah! youth's time and manhood's prime but grow more brave, more bright,
As still the lengthening shadows steal toward the rayless night.

So deem it not a marvel, friends, if, gathering fair and fast,
I now behold the gallant forms that graced our glorious past,
And down the winds of memory hear those battle bugles blow,
Of strife-fueled breath, or wails of death, just fifty years ago.

Yes, fifty years this self-same morn, and yet to me it seems
As if time's interval were spanned by a vague bridge of dreams,
Whose cloud-like arches form and fade, then form and fade again,
Until a beardless youth once more, 'mid stern, thick-bearded men,

I ride on Rhoderic's bounding back, all thrilled at heart to feel
My trusty "smooth-bore's" deadly round, and touch of stainless steel —
And quivering with heroic rage — that rush of patriot ire
Which makes our lives from head to heel, one seething flood of fire.

There are some wrongs so blackly base, the tiger strain that runs,
And sometimes maddens thro' the veins, of Adam's fallen sons,
Must mount and mount to furious height, which only blood can quell,
Who smite with hellish hate must look for hate as hot from hell!

And hide it as we may with words, its awful need confessed,
War is a death's-head thinly veiled, even warfare at its best;
But *ice* — heaven help us! — strove with those by lust and greed accurst,
And learned what untold horrors wait on warfare at its worst.

You well may deem my soul in youth dwelt not on thoughts like these;
Timed to strong Rhoderic's tramp my pulse grew tuneful as the breeze,
The hale October breeze, whose voice, borne from far ocean's marge,
Pealed with the trumpet's resonance, which sounds "To horse, and charge!"

A mist from recent rains was spread about the glimmering hills;
Far off, far off, we heard the lapse of streams and swollen rills,
While mingling with them, or beyond, from depths of change-fueled sky,
Rose savage, sullen, dissonant, the eagle's famished cry.

We marched in four firm columns, nine hundred men and more,
Men of the mountain fortresses, men of the sea-girt shore;

Rough as their centuried oaks were these, those fierce as ocean's shocks,
When mad September breaks her heart across the Hatteras rocks.

We marched in four firm columns, till now the evening light
Glinted through rifted cloud and fog athwart the embattled height,
Whereon, deep-lined, in dense array of scarlet, buff or dun,
The haughtiest British "regulars" outflashed the doubtful sun.

Horsemen and footmen centred there, unflinching rank on rank,
And the base Tories circled near, to guard each threatened flank;
But, pale, determined, sternly calm, our men, dismounting, stood,
And at their leader's cautious sign, crouched in the sheltering wood.

What scenes come back of ruin and wrack, before those ranks abhorred!
The cottage floor all fouled with gore, the axe, the brand, the cord;
A hundred craven deeds revived, of insult, injury, shame—
Deeds earth nor wave nor fire could hide, and crimes without a name.

Such thoughts but hardened soul and hand. Ha! "dour as death" were we,
Waiting to catch the voice which set our unleashed passion free.
At last it came deep, ominous, when all the mountain ways
Burst from awed silence into sound, and every bush ablaze,

Sent forth long jets of wavering blue, wherefrom, with fatal dart,
The red-hot Deckhard bullets flew, each hungering for a heart;
And swift as if our fingers held strange magic at their tips,
Our guns, reloaded, spake again from their death-dealing lips,

Again, again, and yet again, till in a moment's hush,
We heard the order, "Bay'nets charge!" when, with o'ermastering rush,
Their "regulars" against us stormed, so strong, so swift of pace,
They hurled us backward bodily for full three furlongs' space.

But, bless you, lads, we scattered, dodged, and when the charge was o'er,
Felt fiercer, pluckier, madder far, than e'er we had felt before;
From guardian tree to tree we crept, while upward, with proud tramp,
The British lines had slowly wheeled to gain their 'leaguered camp.

Too late; for ere they topped the height, Hambright and Williams strode
With all their armed foresters, across the foeman's road,
What time from right to left there rang the Indian war-whoop wild,
Where Sevier's tall Waturga boys through the dim dells defiled.

"Now, by God's grace," cried Cleveland (my noble colonel he)
Resting (to pick a Tory off) quite coolly on his knee—
"Now, by God's grace, we have them! the snare is subtly set;
The game is bagged; we hold them safe as pheasants in a net."

And thus it proved; for galled and pressed more closely hour by hour,
Their army shrank and withered fast, like a storm-smitten flower;
Blank-eyed, wan-browed, their bravest lay along the ensanguined land,
While of the living, few had 'scaped the bite of ball or brand.

Yet sturdier knave than Ferguson ne'er ruled a desperate fray:
By heaven! you should have seen him ride, rally, and rave that day.
His fleet horse scoured the stormy ground from rock-bound wall to wall,
And o'er the rout shrilled wildly out his silvery signal call.

"That man must die before they fly, or yield to us the field."
Thus spake I to three comrades true beneath our oak-tree shield;
And when in furious haste again the scarlet soldiers came
Beside our fastness like a fiend, hurtling through dust and flame,

Their sharp demurrers on the wind our steadfast rifles hurled,
And one bold life was stricken then from out the living world.
But, almost sped, he reared his head, grasping his silver call,
And one long blast, the faintest, last, wailed round the mountain wall.

Ah, then the white flags fluttered high; then shrieks and curses poured
From the hot throats of Tory hounds beneath the avenger's sword —
Those lawless brutes who long had lost all claims of Christian men,
Whereof by sunset we had hanged the worst and vilest ten.

We slept upon the field that night, 'midmost our captured store,
That seemed in gloating eyes to spread and heighten more and more.
Truly the viands ravished us; our clamorous stomachs turned
Eager toward the provender for which they sorely yearned.

Apicius! what a feast was there blended of strong and sweet,
Cured venison hams, Falstaffian pies, and fat pigs' pickled feet:
While here and there, with cunning leer, and sly Silenus wink,
A stoutish demijohn peered out, and seemed to gurgle, "Drink!"

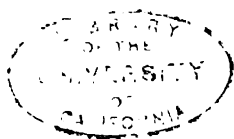
Be sure we revelled merrily, till eyes and faces shone;
Our lowliest felt more lifted up than any king on throne;
Our singers trolled; our jesters' tongues were neither stiff nor dumb;
And, by Lord Bacchus! how we quaffed that old Jamaica rum!

Perchance (oh, still, through good and ill, his honest name I bless!) —
Perchance my brother marked in me some symptoms of excess;
For gently on my head he laid his stalwart hand and true,
And gently led me forth below the eternal tent of blue;

He led me to a dewy nook, a soft, sweet, tranquil place,
And there I saw, upturned and pale, how many a pulseless face!



"That man must die before they fly, or yield to us the field,"



Our comrades dead — they scarce seemed fled, despite their ghastly scars.
But wrapped in deep, pure folds of sleep beneath the undying stars.

My blood was calmed; all being grew exalted as the night,
Whence solemn thoughts sailed weirdly down, like heavenly swans of white,
With herald strains ineffable, whose billowy organ-roll —
Thrilled to the loftiest mountain peaks and summits of my soul.

Then voices rose (or seemed to rise) close to the raptured ear,
Yet fraught with music marvellous of some transcendent sphere,
While fancy whispered: These are tones of heroes, saved and shriven,
Who long have swept the harps of God by stormless seas in heaven!

Heroes who fought for right and law, but, purged from selfish dross,
Above whose conquering banners waved a shadowy Christian cross:
Whose mightiest deed no ruthless greed had smirched with sad mistrust,
And whose majestic honors scorn all taint of earthly dust.

Doubt, doubt who may! but, as I live, on the calm mountain height
Those voices soared, and sank, and soared up to the mystic night.
A dream! perhaps; but, ah! such dreams in ardent years of youth
Transcend, as heaven transcends the earth, your sordid daylight truth.

The voices soared, and sank, and soared, till, past the cloud-built bars,
They fainted on the utmost strand and silvery surge of stars.
Then *something* spoke: Your friends who strove the battle tide to stem,
Who died in striving, have passed up beyond the stars with them.

What, lads! you think the old man crazed to talk in this high strain,
Or deem the punch of years gone by still buzzes in his brain?
Down with such carnal fantasy! nor let your folly send
Its blunted shafts to smite the truth you may not comprehend.

Would ye be worthy of your sires who on King's Mountain side
Welcomed dark death for freedom's sake as bridegrooms clasp a bride?
Then must your faith be winged above the world, the worm, the clod,
To own the veiled infinitudes and plumbless depths of God!

The roughest rider of my day shrank from the atheist's sneer,
As if Iscariot's self were crouched and whispering at his ear;
The stormiest souls that ever led our mountain forays wild
Would oftentimes show the simple trust, the credence, of a child.

True faith goes hand in hand with power — faith in a holier charm
Than fires the subtlest mortal brain, the mightiest mortal arm;
And though 'tis right in stress of fight "to keep one's powder dry,"
What strength to feel, beyond our steel, burns the great Captain's eye!

THE HANGING OF BLACK CUDJO.

(1780.)

A DIALECT BALLAD.

The incidents of this Ballad are literally true. Our readers will find them circumstantially recorded in Horry's "Life of Marion." Captain Snipes (Phoebus! *what* a name) was a notable patriot during the Revolutionary war, but is likely to be known to the future, rather as the master of Cudjo, than as an active member of a Partisan Band.

He resided in the low country of South Carolina; and Cudjo's quaint *patois* is an *exact* representation of the broken English spoken by the slaves of that section in the *ante bellum* times:

"WELL, Maussa! if you wants to heer, I'll tell you 'bout um 'true.

Doh de berry taut ob dat bad time is fit to tun me blue;
A sort ob brimstone blue on black, wid jist a stare o' wite,
As when dem cussed Tory come fur wuck deir hate dat nite!

"Mass Tom and me was born, I tink, 'bout de same year and day,
And we was boys togedder, Boss! in ebbery sport and play—
Ole missis gib me to Mass Tom wid her las' failin bret:
Aud so I boun'—in conscience boun', fur stick to him till det.

"At las' ole Maussa, *he* teck sick wid chill and feber high,
And de good Dokter shake 'e head, and say he sur fur die,
And so true 'nuff de sickness bun' and freeze out all he life,
And soon ole Maussa sleep in peace long side e' fateful wife.

"Den ebbery ting de lan' could show, de crap, de hoss, de cows.
Wid all dem nigger in de fiel', and all dem in de house,
Dey b'long to my Mass Tom fur true, and so dat berry year,
He pick *me* out from all de folks to meck me Obersheer!

"I done my bes', but niggars, sir—dey seems a lazy pack,
One buckra man will do mo' wuck dan five and twenty black,
I jeered dem and I wolloped dem, and cussed dem too—but law!
De Debble self could nebber keep dem rascal up to tau!

"But still we done as good as mose, wid cotton, rice and corn,
Till in de year dat '*Nuttin' tall*'* (my oldest chile) was born,
De Tory war, de bloody war, 'bout which you've heerd dem tell,
Come down on all de country yeh, as black and hot as hell!

"Mass Tom he jine de Whig, you know; in course I follow him,
And Gor' a mighty! how he slash dem Tory limb from limb,
When fust I heer the war-cry shout and see de flow ob blood—
I long fur hide this woolly head like cootah in de mud!

* The negro is a humorous creature. We have credibly heard of a negro father whose son being *abnormally small*, at birth, coolly had the ebony youngster christened, "*Nuttin' Tall*" (*Nothing at all*). We have borrowed so characteristic a name, and bestowed it upon Cudjo's supposititious "son and heir."

This is the single touch of fancy in the whole ballad.

"But Lawd! I soon git n'used to blood, de broadswed and de strife,
And nebbber care a pig tail eend fur 'tudder folks' s life;
Only, I heerd my Maussa yell thro' all dem battle-call,
And sneaked di; big fat karkiss up betwixt him and de ball!

"Well, sir! one day Mass Tom come home, 'e close and hoss blood red,
And say sense all dem Tory kill, he gwine dat once to bed;
'I needs a long fine snooze,' sez he, 'so don't you wake me soon,
'But Cudjo! let me snore oncalled till late to-morrow noon!';

"Somehow, my mine misgib me dem; so by de kitchin light,
I sot and smoked, with open ears, a listenen' true de nite:
And when de fus cock crow, I heer a fur soun, down de road,
And knowed 'um fur de hosses' trot, and de clash ob spur and sword:

"Quick I run outside in de yad, and quick outside de gate—,
And there I see de Tory come as fas' and sho' as fate;
I run back to my Maussa room, and den wid pull and push
I shub 'um by de side way out, and hide 'um in de bush!

"He only hab he nite shut on, and how he rabe and cuss!
'But Maussa! hush,' sez I, 'before you meck dis matter wuss;'
I tun to fin' some hidin' too, but de moon shine bright as sun,
And de d—d Tory ride so swif', dey ketch me on de run.

"Den, dey all screech togedder, loud, 'Boy, is your Boss widin ?
'Say where he hide, or by de Lawd! your life not wut a pin!'
I trembled at dese horrid tret, but sweer my Boss was fled,
Yet when, or where, poor Cudjo knowed no better dan de dead.

"One Tory debble teck my head, another teck my foot
To drag me like a Chrismass hog to de ole oak tree root;
Dey fling a tick rope roun' my neck, dey drawed me quick and high,
I seed a tousan' million star a-flashin' from de sky.

"And den I choke, and all de blood keep rushin' to my head
I tried to yell, but only groaned, and guggled low enstead;
Till ebbery ting growed black as nite, and my last taut was, sho,
Dis nigger is a gone coon now, he'll see de wuld no mo'!

"But, Boss! I was a hale man den, and tough as tough could be;
Dey loose de rope and let me down quite safely from de tree;
But when I seed and heered agen, come de same furious cry,
'Say where your Maussa hide, you dog, quick, quick, or else you die!'

"I gib dem de same answer still, and so, dey hang me higher;
I feel de same hot chokin' sob; see de same starry fire;
Dey heng me twice, tree time dey heng; but de good Lawd was dere,
And Jesus self, he bring me safe from all de pain and fear.

"Mose dead dey lef' me, stiff and cole, stretched on de swashy groun'
While all de house, big house and small, was blazin', fallin' roun'.
When pore Mass Tom from out de briar creep in he half-torn shut,
To bless and ring me by bote han' dere in de damp and dut!

"And when de war was ober, Boss, Mass Tom, he come to me,
And say, I sabe he life dat time, and so he meck me free;
'I'll gib you house and lan' (sez he,) 'and wid dem plough and mule,'
I tenk him kind, 'but Boss,' (says I,) 'wha' meck you tink me fool?'

"'If you, Mass Tom, was like,' (sez I,) *some* buckra dat I know,
Cudjo bin run and hug de swamp — Lawd bless you! — long ago,
But I got all ting dat I want, wid not one tax to pay;
Now go long, Maussa! why you wish for dribe ole Cuj away?

"'I nebber see free nigger yet, but what he lie and steal,
Lie to 'e boss, 'e wife, 'e chile, in de cabin, and de fiel' —
And as for tieffin', dem free cuss is all like 'lightfoot Jack,'
Who carry de lass blanket off from he sick mudder back!

"'I stays wid you, (sez I again,) I meck de nigger wuck,
I wuck myself, and may be, Boss, we'll bring back de ole luck;
But don't you pizen me no more wid talk ob "freedom sweet,"
But sabe dat gab to stuff de years of de next fool you meet!'"

CHARLESTON RETAKEN.

DEC. 14, 1782.

As some half-vanquished lion,
Who long hath kept at bay
A band of sturdy foresters
Barring his blood-stained way —
Sore-smitten, weak and wounded —
Glared forth on either hand;
Then, cowed with fear, his cavernous lair
Seeks in the mountain land:

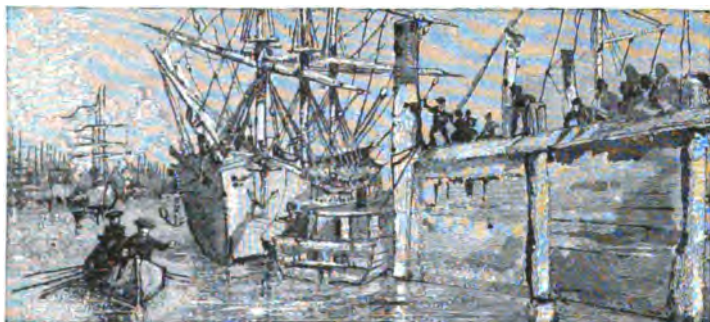
So when their stern Cornwallis,
On Yorktown heights resigned,
His sword to our great leader,
Of the stalwart arm and mind —
So when both fleet and army
At one grand stroke went down
And Freedom's heart beat high once
more
In hamlet, camp and town; —

Through wasted Carolina,
Where'er from plain to hill
The Briton's guarded fortresses
Uprose defiant still,
Passed a keen shock of terror,
And the breasts of war-steeled men
Quailed in the sudden blast of doom
That smote their spirits then.

"Our cause is lost!" they muttered,
Pale browed, with trembling lips;
"Our strength is sapped, our hope o'er-
whelmed,
In final, fierce eclipse;
And what to us remaineth
But to blow our earthworks high,
And hurl our useless batteries
In wild fire to the sky?"

'Twas done! each deadly fastness
 In flaming fragments driven
 Farther than e'er *their* souls could
 climb
 Along the path to heaven —
 Coastward the Britons hurried,
 In reckless throngs that flee
 Wild as December's scattered clouds
 Storm-whirled toward the sea.

In Charleston streets they gathered,
 Each dazed wisacre's head
 Wagging, perchance in prophecy,
 Or more perchance in dread.
 Horsemen and footmen mingled,
 They talked with bated breath
 Of the shameful fate that stormed the
 gate,
 Of wrack, and strife, and death!



"Three hundred noble vessels
 Rose on the rising flood,
 Wherein with sullen apathy
 Embarked those men of blood."

Meanwhile our squadrons hastened,
 Keen as a sleuth-hound pack
 That near their destined quarry
 By some drear wild-wood track,
 Ah, Christ! what desolation
 Before us grimly frowned!
 The roadways trenched and furrowed,
 The gore-ensanguined ground,
 With many a mark (oh! deep and dark!)
 Made ghastlier by the star-white frost,
 'Twixt broken close and thorn-hedge-
 row,
 Of desperate charge and mortal blow
 In conflicts won or lost!

Proud manors once the centre
 Of jubilant life and mirth,
 Now silent as the sepulchre,
 Begirt by ruin and dearth;

Their broad domains all blackened
 With taint of fire and smoke,
 And corpses vile with a death's-head
 smile,
 Swung high on the gnarled oak.

No sportive flocks in the pasture,
 No aftermath on the lea;
 No laugh of the slaves at labors
 No chant of birds on the tree;
 But all things boeiful, dreary,
 As a realm by the Stygian flood,
 With odors of death on the uplands,
 And a taste in the air of blood!

On, on our squadrons hastened,
 Sick with the noisome fumes
 From man and beast unburied,
 Through the dull funeral gloom

Till in unsullied sunshine
 One glorious morn we came
 Where far aloof, o'er tower and roof,
 We viewed our brave St. Michael's
 spire
 Flushed in the noontide flame!

Without their ruined ramparts,
 Beyond their shattered lines,
 Just where the soil, bent seaward,
 In one long slope declines,
 The foe had sent their messengers,
 Who vowed the vanquished host
 Would leave unscathed our city,
 Would leave unscathed our coast!

Only due time they prayed for
 (Meek, meek our lords had grown)
 To range their broken legions,
 And rear ranks overthrown —
 So that, though smirched and tainted
 Their martial fame might be,
 In order meet their stately fleet
 Should bear them safe to sea.

Who win, may well be gracious;
 We did not stint their boon,
 Though the white 'kerchiefs of our
 wives
 Were fluttered in the noon,
 On house-top and on parapet
 Each token fair and far
 Shone through the golden atmosphere
 Like some enchanted star!

Next morn their signal-cannon
 Roared from the vanward wall,
 And to the ranks right gleefully
 We gathered, one and all,
 Our banners scarred in many a fight,
 Could still flash back the winter light,
 And proud as knights of old renown,
 With sunburnt hands and faces
 brown,

Borne through the joyous, deepening
 hum,

'Mid ring of fife and beat of drum,
 'Mid purpling silk and flowery arch,
 Our long, unwavering columns march;

And yet (good sooth!) we almost seem
 Like weird battalions of a dream;
 Our souls bewildered scarce can deem
 We tread once more,
 Released; secure,
 With fetterless footsteps as of yore,
 The pathways of the ancient town!

And still, as borne through dreamland.
 We glanced from side to side,
 While mothers, wives and daughters
 rushed
 To greet us, tender-eyed;
 Each hoary patriot proudly
 Lifted his brave, gray head,
 And the forms of careworn captives
 rose

Like spectres from the dead —

Like spectres whom the trumpets
 Of freedom's cohorts call
 To burst their grave-like dungeon,
 And spurn their despot's thrall;
 To take once more the image
 Of manhood's loftier grace,
 And, chainless now, the universe
 Look boldly in the face!

And the young girls scattered flowers,
 And the lovely dames were bright
 With something more than beauty,
 In their faithful hearts' delight;
 The very babes were crowing
 Shrill welcome to our bands,
 And, perched on matron shoulders,
 clapped
 Blithely their dimpled hands:

And naught but benedictions
 Lightened that sacred air,
 Freed from the awful burden
 Of two long years' * despair —
 Two years so thronged with anguish,
 So fraught with bitter wrong,
 They seemed in mournful retrospect
 Well nigh a century long.

* The precise period of the British occupation of Charleston was two years, seven months and two days.

But if years of mortal being
 Trebled threescore and ten,
 At the last, our souls exultant,
 Would recall that scene again,
 With its soft "God bless you, gentle-
 men?"

Its greetings warm and true,
 And the tears of bliss our lips did
 kiss
 From dear eyes black or blue.

Nathless, despite our rapture,
 Down to the harbor-mouth
 We dogged the Britons doomed to
 fly

Forever from our South!
 They left as some foul vulture
 Might leave his mangled prey,
 And pass with clotted beak and wing
 Reluctantly away.

Three hundred noble vessels
 Rose on the rising flood,
 Wherein with sullen apathy
 Embarked those men of blood;
 Then streamed their admiral's pen-
 nant—

The northwest breeze blew free;
 With sloping mast, and current fast,
 Out swept their fleet to sea.

We strained our vision waveward,
 Watching the white-winged ships,
 Till the vague clouds of distance
 Wrapped them in half eclipse:
 And still we strained our vision
 Till, dimmer and more dim,
 The rearmost sail, a phantom pale,
 Died down the horizon's rim.

Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
 Did thoughts of blood and war,
 Through time's enchanted distances
 Receding, fade afar,
 Thus o'er the soul's horizon,
 Our strife's last ghastly fear,
 Like all the rest, down memory's west
 Did slowly disappear.

TO THE AUTHOR OF "THE VICTO-
 RIAN POETS."

So keen, so clear thy genius, that no mist
 Of subtlest phrase can baffle or delay
 The lance-like, swift illuminating ray,
 Wherewith, O art-enamored annalist,
 Thy lightning logic cleaves the elusive
 gist

Of thoughts Protean; or, in lowlier
 play,
 Smites tinselled weakness to a red dis-
 may—

As swordsmen smite by one deft turn of
 wrist.

Yet oft that glittering and remorseless
 blade

Thy logic wields is dropped that thou
 may'st take

Some gracious lyre, and sing with liquid
 breath

By many a haunted dell and shadowy
 lake,

Where faun and naiad wander undis-
 mayed,

Lays of Arcadian love, or painless
 death.

HERA.

(IN THE HERAEUM.)

ONCE between Argos and Mycenæ shone
 Half-veiled in myrtle and mysterious
 pine,

The ivory splendors of that holy shrine,
 Wherein embowered, majestic, and alone
 Her sculptured brow with wavering locks
 o'erblown,

As if by airs ethereal and divine,
 Smiled the calm goddess of Olympian
 line,

Girt by awed silence, like a sacred zone:

Save that mild murmurings sounding
 vague and far,

From suppliant women—through frail-
 hearted dread

Touched the shy pulses of that strange
 repose,

Till the last petal dropped from sun-
 set's rose,

And gleamed through twilight, like a
flawless star,
The chastened glory of proud Hera's
head!

—◆—
BELOW AND ABOVE.

I SEE in the forest coverts
The sheen of shimmering lights;
They gleam from the dusky shadows,
They flash from the ghostly heights:

No lights of the tranquil homestead,
Or the hostel warm are they;
But warring flames of the Titan fire
Which stormed through the woods to-day.

Each darts with an aimless passion,
Or sinks into lurid rest
Like the crest of a wounded serpent
drooped
On the scales of its treacherous breast.

Let them idly dart and quiver,
Or sink into lurid rest—
Above, like a child-saint's face in heav-
en,
There's a sole, sweet star in the west.

Ah! slowly the earth-lights wither;
But the star, like a saintly face,
Shines on, with the steadfast strength of
peace,
In its God-appointed place.

—◆—
THE WOODLAND GRAVE.

WE roam, my love and I,
'Mid the rich woodland grasses,
Where, through dense clouds of green-
ery,
The softened sunshine passes;
But near a rivulet's lonely wave
We come half startled, on—a grave!

We pause, my love and I,
Each thinking, "Who reposes
Here, in the forest tranquilly,
Beneath these sylvan roses?"
When, 'twixt the wild flowers' tangled
flame,
Wind-parted, we beheld—a name.

We mark, my love and I,
With thoughts that swiftly vary.
Of doubt, surprise, solemnity,
The flickering name of "Mary;"
My love's own name!—but flickering
there,
Each letter burns a hint of fear.

We shrink, my love and I,
Pierced by prescient sorrow,
"To think, my sweet! that *thou may'st*
die
To-night or else to-morrow!"
Each murmurs sadly, under breath:
"O love, malignly watched by death!"

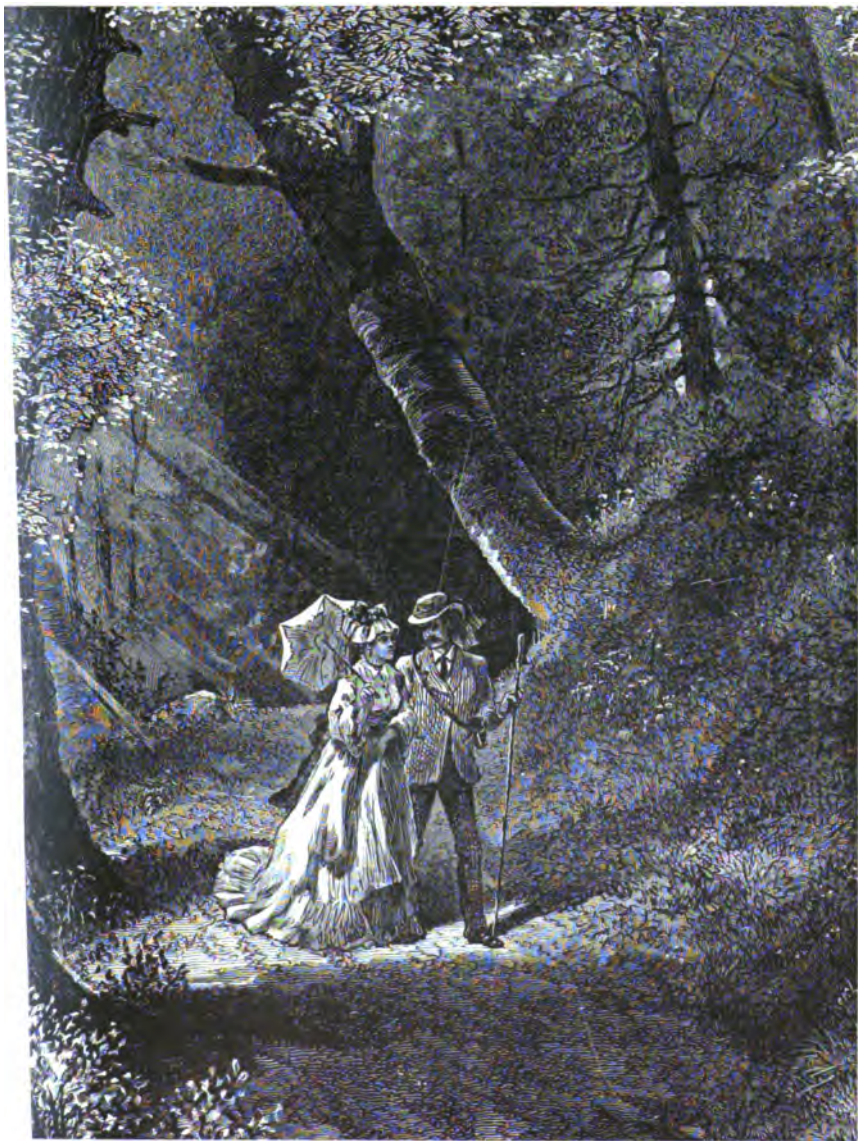
We turn, my love and I,
From that strange grave together,
And o'er our spirits' darkened sky
Roll mists of mournful weather;
With boding grief our hearts are rife—
Death's shadow steals 'twixt love and
life!

—◆—
A CHARACTER.

"The most impenetrable mask for a ma-
licious design is—well-acted candor."—*From*
the French of De Larrimere.

YES, madame, I know you better, far
better than those can know
Whose plummet of judgment never is
dropped to the depths below;

Whose test is a surface-seeming, the
glitter of lights that gleam
With a moment's rainbow lustre on the
shifting face of the stream.



**"We turn, my love and I,
From that strange grave together."**



Because you have bold, blunt manners,
because you can broadly smile,
With the devil's own art in veiling your
infinite gulfs of guile,

There are some who bring you homage,
who vow your nature is free
And frank as the life of summer, when
fullest on land and sea:

And yet your soul is a charnel where
many a ruined name
Rots, festering vile and loathsome in
burial-shrouds of shame;

A sepulchre dark, that's crowded with
ashes of old and young,
Dead fames you have foully poisoned
with your pitiless serpent's tongue!

Beware! by the God above us, who part-
eth the false from true,
There's a curse in the future, *some-*
where—an ambushed curse for you.

It will burst from the wayside fiercely,
when least you dream of a blow.
A tigerish fate in its fury, to rend, and
to lay you low!

But ere it has sucked your heart's blood,
and stifled your latest breath,
The thought of *your* victims, woman!
will sharpen the sting of death!

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past that is withered and
dead:

What though the heart's roses are ashes
and dust?

What though the heart's music be
fled?

Still shine the grand heavens o'er-
head,

Whence the voice of an angel thrills
clear on the soul,
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on
to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate
waste

Of a jealous and craven despair
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and man-
hood arise,
With the faith that illumines and the will
that defies.

"Too late!" through God's infinite
world,

From his throne to life's nethermost
fires,

"Too late!" is a phantom that flies at
the dawn

Of the soul that repents and aspires.

If pure thou hast made thy desires.

There's no height the strong wings of
immortals may gain

Which in striving to reach thou shalt
strive for in vain.

Then, up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead!
What though the heart's roses are ashes
and dust?

What though the heart's music be
fled?

Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the seraph who rules in
the sun

Beams the promise of joy when the con-
flict is won!

BY A GRAVE.

IN SPRING.

AH, mother! canst thou feel her? . . .
spring has come!

Birds sing, brooks murmur, woods no
more are dumb;

And for each grief that vexed thine
earthly hour,
Nature has kissed thy grave! and lo! . .
a flower.

Here wails no nightingale against her
thorn,
But like the incarnate soul of May-
flushed morn,
The mocking-bird above thy splendor
sings,
With rapturous throat, and upraised
quivering wings;

Half drowsed between brief glooms and
mellowed gleams,
The sun smiles gently, like a god in
dreams;
His sacred light across thy place of
rest,
Steals with the softness of a hand that
blessed!

Thro' magic ministers of spring-tide
grace,
Thy grave transfigured lifts a radiant
face,
O'er which elusive golden shadows
run,
A waft of wind-wrought dimples in the
sun;

Ah! if thy soul, that loved all beauty
here,
May yet look earthward from her holier
sphere,
'Twill joy to mark, from even those
heights august,
In what a mantle Nature wraps thy
dust.

And still the brown bird rears his poet-
head,
And pours his matchless music o'er the
dead,
'Till touched and wakened by the mar-
vellous flow,
I seem to hear a thrilled heart throb be-
low!

SEVERANCE.

Ah! who can tell how strong the tie
Which subtly binds us, heart to heart
Till the dark master, Death, comes
nigh,
To wrench our kindred lives apart?

Then, pondering on the sombre bed,
Where one we cherished dumbly
lies,
With pulseless hands, low-smitten head,
And the wan droop of curtained eyes.

The torpor of the death-sleep cold,
The mystic quiet's awful spell,
Whose fathomless silence seems to hold
Such pathos of supreme farewell,

Our clouded spirits throb and reel,
As if some viewless power in air
Had driven a keen ethereal steel
Through quivering heart-depths of
despair!

Paled is the dream of heavenly grace.
The jasper sea, the unwaning calms;
We can but mark that breathless face,
Those sightless orbs and folded palms!

A moment since, she softly spake,
Her soul looked forth still hale and
clear;
Now, who her wondrous sleep can
break?
And she! where hath she vanished, —
where?

Ah, Christ! yon shape of ice-locked
clay,
Yon fading image, frail and thin,
Touched, as we gaze, by swift decay,
Shrivelled without, and wan within,

What is it but an empty husk,
O'er which (at Death's mysterious
kiss)
Freed Psyche soars from doubt and dusk
Beyond earth's crumbling chrysalis?

Ay! "dust to dust!" — the soil she trod
 Claims soon her outworn fleshly dress;
 At her true life puts forth, with God,
 Fresh blooms of everlastingness!

— ♦ —
 TWO GRAVES.

I.

It glooms forlornly 'mid wan ocean
 dunes,

A desolate grave-mound on a dreary
 lea,

Touched by sad splendors of gray-misted
 moons,

Or veiled by shivering spray-drifts
 from the sea.

There, all unmarked, the dim days come
 and go;

No tender hand renews its crumbling
 turf,

On which the o'erwearied sea-winds
 faintly blow,

Blent with far murmurings of the
 mournful surf.

Vaguely the uncompanioned hours flit
 by,

Wrapped in pale clouds that some-
 times mutely weep

Some ghost of Lethe haunts that hollow
 sky,

Where even the doubtful noontides
 seem asleep,

Save when autumnal tempests fiercely
 rise,

Baring the harbor-mouth's black teeth
 of rocks,

And like a Maenad, with wild hair and
 eyes,

Raves from the North the infuriate
 Equinox.

II.

Here, peace divine, o'er glimmering
 grove and grass,

Hallows the sunshine in the noon's
 warm lull;

Ethereal shadows gently pause, or
 pass,
 Flecking with gold the hill-slope beau-
 tiful.

This grave, all wreathed with flowers
 and glad with spring

Looks skyward like a half-veiled,
 museful eye,

Which answers subtly while the woo-
 birds sing

Heaven's smile of forecast immortal-
 ity.

Can deathly dust pervade a spot so
 sweet?

Or hath the form it guarded stolen
 away,

And ere its hour of ransom, gone to
 meet

The unborn soul of Resurrection Day?

— ♦ —
 THE WORLD.

QUATRAINS.

THE world is older than our earliest
 dates;

All thoughts, all feelings, all desires, all
 fates,

Were known and tested, long ere
 Adam's crime

Set the keen sword of flame at Eden-
 gates!

Billions of years on billions more have
 fled,

Since first love's kiss a maiden cheek
 turned red;

Since the first mother nursed her inno-
 cent babe —

The first wild mourner wept above his
 dead.

These ancient clods our vagrant feet dis-
 place,

May once have held the loftiest soul of
 grace;

This dateless dust that dims our garden
flowers,
May once have smiled—a beauteous
woman's face!

Older than all man's wisdom and his
dreams,
Older than all which is, than all which
seems,
Our world rolls on, where wrapped in
cloud-like fire,
Phantasmal, pale, her awful death-morn
gleams!

THE MAY SKY.

O SKY! O lucid sky of May!
O'er which the fleecy clouds have
stolen,
In bands snow-white, and glimmering-
gray,
Or heart-steeped in a lustre golden.
O sky! that tak'st a thousand moods,
Enshadowed now, and now out-beam-
ing,
Swept by low winds like interludes
Of music 'twixt soft spells of dreaming,
Type of the poet's soul thou art
In spring-time of his teeming fancies,
When heavenly glammers brim his heart,
And heavenly glory lights his glances;
As morning's dubious vapors form
In wavering lines and circlets tender,
Pure as an infant's brow, or warm
With tintings of a primrose splendor;
Thus o'er the poet's soul his thought
Pale first as mist-wreaths scarce cre-
ated,
With fire-keen breaths of ardor fraught,
From radiance born, to beauty mated,
Takes shape like yonder cloud out-
spanned
Above the murmurous woodland
spaces,

Whose brightening rifts, methinks, are
grand
With mystic lights and marvellous
faces;

Or, merges in some fancy vain,
Yet rare beyond the worldling's
measure;
Some delicate cloudlet of the brain
That melts far up its quivering azure!

A LYRICAL PICTURE.

COMPOSED NEAR THE SEA-COAST.

SEE! see!
How the shadows steal along,
Blending in a golden throng,
Softly, lovingly;
From each mossed and quaint tree-col-
umn,
Stretched toward the dimpling river,
How they quiver!
While in low, pathetic tone
Twilight's herald-breeze is blown
Down the sunset solemn!

Hear! hear!
Dropped from gray mists, circling high,
The sea-wending curlew's cry,
Strangely wild and drear;
Echoed by a voice that thrills us,
From the murmurous verge of ocean—
Voice that fills us
With a sense of mystery old,
And vague memories which enfold
Many a weird emotion.

Turn! turn!
From yon loftier cloud-land dun;
Mark what splendors of the sun
Westward throb and burn—
Burn as if some glorious angel
Blessed the air and land and river
With his mute evangel:
All things own so rich a grace
That in Heaven's divine embrace
Earth seems clasped forever!

LAMIA UNVEILED.

HER step is soft as a fay's footfall,
And her eyes are wonderful founts of
blue;
But I've seen that small foot spurning
hearts,
And the soul that burns so strangely
through
Those orbs of blue,
O! is't a human soul at all?

I never have gazed on their cloudless
light,
But there came a chill to my blood and
brain,
And their ominous beauty hath struck
me dumb
With a secret and nameless pain:
Ay, blood and brain
Grew cold as with spells of a witch's
blight.

Is't true? Can it be that a mortal
frame
Of the tenderest mould, of the fairest
grace,
May hold but a serpent's soul in sooth?
That the white and red of the daintiest
face
May mask the trace
Of subtle guile, that shall wake to
flame

And smite with the sting of a poisoned
jest,
Or the sudden flashing of deadly
scorn,
If it be, I know that your Charmian
there,
In her fragile grace, is a Lamia, born
To blight the morn
Of the passion that clings to her faithless
breast!

Why, look! As we speak, she has turned
her wiles
On the gilded wooer her eyes had
sought,

While you were steeped in the roseate
gulf
Of a sweet, voluptuous thought:
Some loves are bought,
And you'll yearn in vain for her 'wilder-
ing smiles.

From this night forth, until placid and
meek,
(Oh! meek as a saint, as an angel bland!)
With a faint rose flushing her brow and
cheek,
She whispers, "*Adieu! I must give my
hand,
At the heart's command.*
*Win a worthier love; you have only to
seek!*"

RACHEL.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. D., OF GEORGIA.

"A more desolate Rachel than she of old,
because, although her children 'are not,' yet
the fountain of her tears is sealed."

THE wan September moonbeams, strug-
gling down
Through the gray clouds upon her des-
olate head,
The coldness of their muffled radiance
shed
Faintly above her like a spectral crown:

So, glimmering ghostlike in the dreary
light,
Recounting her strange sorrows o'er
and o'er,
Her words rang hollow as far waves
ashore
Rolled through the sombre void of win-
less night.

Nor in her mortal weakness could she win
Even brief redemption from the soul's
eclipse.
She looked like suffering Patience, on
whose lips
Cold fingers press to keep the wild grief
in.

Suddenly on the pathos and the woe
Of that sad vision broke the gleeful
noise

From the near playground of blithe
girls and boys,
Through shine and shadow hurrying to
and fro.

A wearier shade the pallid face o'er-
crossed:

She shivered, drooping; but through
flowery bars
Of the rude trellis sought the distant
stars,
Saying, low: "*Where dwell in heaven
my loved and lost?*"

Dear Christ, I thought, if soft and ruth-
ful, thou

Still reign'st beyond us,—ah! assuage
the pain
Of this worn soul, more laden than
hers of Nain;
Ope thy deep heavens for one swift mo-
ment now;

And, while her very heart-throbs seem
to cease

For rapture, let those hungering eyes
behold
Her lost beloved transfigured in thy
fold,
Crowned with the palm, walking the
fields of peace!

THE SNOW-MESSENGERS.

Dedicated to John Greenleaf Whittier and
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with pen por-
traits of both.

THE pine-trees lift their dark bewildered
eyes —

Or so I deem — up to the clouded skies;
No breeze, no faintest breeze, is heard
to blow:

In wizard silence falls the windless
snow.

It falls in breezeless quiet, strangely
still;

'Scapes the dulled pane, but loads the
sheltering sill.

With curious hand the fleecy flakes I
mould,

And draw them inward, rounded, from
the cold.

The glittering ball that chills my finger-
tips

I hold a moment's space to loving lips;
For from the northward these pure
snow-flakes came,

And to *my* touch their coldness thrills
like flame.

Outbreathed from luminous memories
nursed apart,

Deep in the veiled *adytum* of the heart.
The type of Norland dearth such snows
may be:

They bring the soul of summer's warmth
to me.

Beholding them, in magical light ex-
pands

The changeful charm that crowns the
northern lands,

And a fair past I deemed a glory fled
Comes back, with happy sunshine
round its head.

For Ariel fancy takes her airiest flights
To pass once more o'er Hampshire's
mountain heights,

To view the flower-bright pastures
bloom in grace

By many a lowering hill-side's swarthy
base;

The fruitful farms, the enchanted vales,
to view,

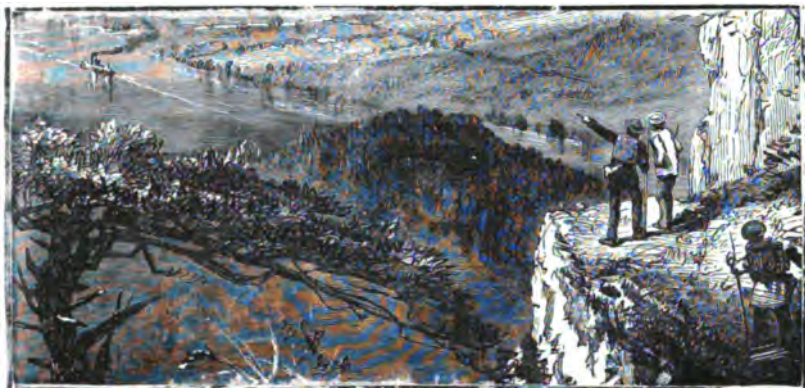
And the coy mountain lakes' transcen-
dent blue,

Or flash of sea-waves up the thunderous
dune,

With wan sails whitening in the mid-
night moon;

The cataract front of storm, malignly
rife
With deathless instincts of demoniac
strife,
Or, in shy contrast, down a shaded dell,
The rivulet tinkling like an Alpine
bell;

And many a cool, calm stretch of cul-
tured lawn,
Touched by the freshness of the crystal
dawn,
Sloped to the sea, whose laughing waters
meet
About the unrobed virgin's rosy feet.



"To pass once more o'er Hampshire's mountain heights, . . .
The fruitful farms, the enchanted vales, to view,
And the coy mountain lakes' transcendent blue."

*But, tireless fancy, stay the wing that
roams,
And fold it last near northern hearts
and homes.*

These tropic veins still own their kin-
dred heat,
And thoughts of thee, my cherished
South, are sweet —
Mournfully sweet — and wed to memories
vast,
High-hoivering still o'er thy majestic
past.

But a new epoch greets us; with it blends
The voice of ancient foes now changed
to friends.

Ah! who would friendship's outstretched
hand despise,
Or mock the kindling light in generous
eyes?

So, 'neath the Quaker-poet's tranquil
roof,
From all dull discords of the world aloof,
I sit once more, and measured converse
hold
With him whose nobler thoughts are
rhythmic gold;

See his deep brows half puckered in a
knot
O'er some hard problem of our mortal
lot,
Or a dream soft as May winds of the
south
Waft a girl's sweetness round his firm-set
mouth.

Or should he deem wrong threats the
public weal,
Lo! the whole man seems girt with
flashing steel:

His glance a sword thrust, and his words
of ire
Like thunder-tones from some old proph-
et's lyre.

Or by the hearth-stone when the day is
done,
Mark, swiftly launched, a sudden shaft
of fun;
The short quick laugh, the smartly smit-
ten knees,
And all sure tokens of a mind at ease.

Discerning which, by some mysterious
law,
Near to his seat two household favor-
ites draw,
Till on her master's shoulders, sly and
sleek,
Grimalkin, mounting, rubs his furrowed
cheek;

While terrier Dick, denied all words to
rail,
Snarls as he shakes a short protesting tail,
But with shrewd eyes says, plain as plain
can be,
"Drop that sly cat. I'm worthier far
than she."

And he who loves all lowliest lives to
please,
Conciliates soon his dumb Diogenes,
Who in return his garment nips with
care,
And drags the poet out, to take the air.

God's innocent pensioners in the wood-
lands dim,
The fields and pastures, know and trust
in him;
And in *their* love his lonely heart is
blessed,
Our pure, hale-minded Cowper of the
West!

The scene is changed; and now I stand
again
By one, the cordial prince of kindly men,

Courtly yet natural, comrade meet for
kings,
But fond of homeliest thoughts and
homeliest things.

A poet too, in whose warm brain and
breast
What birds of song have filled a golden
nest,
Till in song's summer prime their wings
unfurled,
Have made Arcadian half the listening
world,

Around whose eve some radiant grace of
morn
Smiles like the dew-light on a mountain
thorn.
Blithely he bears Time's envious load to-
day:
Ah! the green heart o'ertops the head of
gray.

Alert as youth, with vivid, various
talk
He wiles the way through grove and gar-
den walk,
Fair flowers untrained, trees fraught
with wedded doves,
Past the cool copse and willow glade he
loves.

Here gleams innocuous of a mirthful
mood
Pulse like mild fire-flies down a dusky
wood,
Or keener speech (his leonine head un-
bowed)
Speeds lightning-clear from thought's
o'ershadowing cloud.

O deep blue eyes! O voice as woman's
low!
O firm white hand, with kindest
warmth aglow!
O manly form, and frank, sweet, courte-
ous mien,
Reflex of useful days and nights se-
rene!

Still are ye near me, vivid, actual still,
Here in my lonely fastness on the hill;
Nor can ye wane till cold my life-blood
flows,
And fancy fades in feeling's last repose.

What! snowing yet? The landscape
waxes pale;
Round the mute heaven there hangs a
quivering veil.
Through whose frail woof like silent
shuttles go
The glancing glammers of the glittering
snow.

Yes, falling still, while fond remem-
brance stirs
In these wan-faced, unwonted messen-
gers.
Dumb storm! outpour your arctic heart's
desire!
Your flakes to me seem flushed with
fairy fire!

TO ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

LAST of a stalwart time and race gone
by,
That simple, stately, God-appointed
band,
Who wrought alone to glorify their
land,
With lives built high on truth's eternity,
While placemen plot, while flatterers
fawn or lie,
And foul corruptions, wave on wave,
expand,
I see thee rise, stainless of heart as
hand,
O man of Roman thought and radiant
eye!

Through thy frail form, there burn
divinely strong
The antique virtues of a worthier day;
Thy soul is golden, if thy head be gray,
No years can work that lofty nature
wrong;

They set to concords of ethereal song
A life grown hollower on its heavenward
way.

THE ENCHANTED MIRROR.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

WHAT time o'er Persia ruled that up-
right Khan
Khosru the Good, in Shiraz lived a
man,
A beggar-carle, to whose rough hands
were given —
I know not how — a mirror clear as
heaven
On beauteous, vernal mornings, and
more bright
Than streamlets sparkling in midsum-
mer's light;
And, strange to say, whoso should look
therein,
Though uglier than a nightmare dream
of sin,
Grew comely as the loveliest shapes we
know;
The while — oh, wonder! a fair form and
face
Caught straightway somewhat of celest-
ial grace.

Where'er in twilight dusk, or noontide
glow
With swift, firm pace or footstep sad
and slow,
Where'er he walked through the broad
land of palms,
Or yet his lips unclosed to plead for
alms,
The beggar held his mystic treasure
high
To glass the forms of those who passed
him by;
And all who came within that marvel's
range,
Paused spell-bound by the strangely-daz-
zling change;

Lords, ladies, gazed! the prospect
pleased them well;
"Ah, heavens!" they sighed, "how
irresistible!"
E'en the coarse hag, foul, wrinkled, and
unclean,
Beamed like a blushing virgin of sixteen.

Hearts are transformed with faces; outward beauty
Seems to make quick the inward sense of duty;
For none, of all the charmed throng that pass
Revivified within the fairy glass,
But pours upon the beggar pence with
praise,
Invoking on his head long, golden days,
And every joy that lights our mortal ways.

In vain! — the beggar sickened. While he lay
In death's cold shadow, prostrate and forlorn,
He bade his wife call to him, on a morn,
His only son: "Guard well when I am dead,"
Feebly, with fluttering breath, the old man said;
"This mystic glass, whereby great things are won —
Be shrewd, be watchful; do as I have done,
And thou shalt prosper likewise, O my son!"

He took the precious gift — that brainless wight —
But, scorning to employ its powers aright,
Returned all pale and penniless at night.

"Fool!" cried the angry father, "well I guess
Why thus thou seek'st me, pale and penniless:
O stupid dolt! vain peacock! arrant ass!

*Thou hast watched all day thine own face in the glass;
Go to! this foolish fruit of idle pride
No human heart hath ever satisfied,
Far less an empty pocket lined with gold;
Thy coxcomb pate to base self-love is sold!
Yet hearken once again: he's only wise
Who dupes the world through flattery's mirrored lies;
But past all terms of scorn the insensate elf
Who holds its glass therein to view — himself!"*

THE IMPRISONED SEA-WINDS.

VOICES of strange sea breezes caught,
Half tangled in the pine-tree tall,
With ocean's tenderest music fraught,
Serenely rise, and sweetly fall.

They charm the lids of wearied eyes,
And all the dreamy senses bless
With breath of wave-born symphonies,
And balms of mild forgetfulness,

'Till o'er the fragrant calms of peace,
My soul, scarce moved, benignly glides,
Or in all sorrows' soft surcease,
Rocks tranced on the phantom tides:

But still those faint sea voices speak,
Those prisoned sea winds rise and fall,
The ghost of sea foam sweeps my cheek,
And the sea's mystery sighs through all.

BLANCHE AND NELL.

A BALLAD.

Oh, Blanche is a city lady,
Bedecked in her silks and lace:
She walks with the mien of a stately queen,
And a queen's imperious grace.

But Nell is a country maiden,
Her dress from the farmstead loom:
Her step is free as a breeze at sea,
And her face is a rose in bloom.

The house of Blanche is a marvel
Of marble from base to dome;
It hath all things fair, and costly and
rare,
But alas! it is not—home!

Nell lives in a lonely cottage
On the shores of a wave-washed isle;
And the life she leads with its loving
deeds
The angels behold and smile.

Blanche finds her palace a prison,
And oft, through the dreary years,
In her burdened breast there is sad un-
rest,
And her eyes are dimmed with tears.

But to Nell her toils are pastime,
(Though never till night they cease);
And her soul's afloat like a buoyant
boat
On the crystal tides of peace.

Ah! Blanche hath many a lover,
But she broodeth o'er old regret;
The shy, sweet red from her cheek is
fled
For the star of her heart has set.

Fair Nell! but a single lover
Hath she in the wide, wide world;
Yet warmly apart in her glowing heart
Love bides, with his pinions furled.

To Blanche all life seems shadowed,
And she but a ghost therein;
'Thro' the misty gray of her autumn
day
Steal voices of grief and sin.

To Nell all life is sunshine,
All earth like a fairy sod,
Where the roses grow, and the violets
blow,
In the softest breath of God.

What meaneth this mighty contrast
Of lives that we meet and mark?
One bright as the flowers from May-tide
showers,
One rayless, sombre, and dark?

O, folly of mortal wisdom,
That neither will break nor bow,
That riddle hath vexed the thought per-
plexed
Of millions of souls ere now!

O, folly of mortal wisdom!
From your guesses what good can
come?
We can learn no more than the wise of
yore;
'Tis better to trust, and—be dumb!

— — —
THE DARK.

A FANTASY.

THE passionless twilight slowly fades
Beyond the gray, grim woodland glades,
Till now, with mournful eyes, I mark
The approaching dark:

A clouded spirit, borne from far,
Whose sombre front no delicate star
Brightens,—to tint with silvery light
Her realms of night:

An awful spirit! her pale lips
Low whispering down the drear eclipse,
Send thro' those rayless spaces chill
An ominous thrill:

Her tongue's strange language none
may know;
We only feel it ebb and flow
In murmurs of half-muffled sighs,
And vague replies:

All hail! akin to me thou art,
Dim angel of the veiled heart—
Ah! wrap me close, ah! fold me deep!
I fain would sleep!

IN THE STUDIO.

You walk my studio's modest round,
 With slowly supercilious air;
 While in each lifted eyebrow lurks,
 The keenness of an ambushed sneer.

You lift your glass, and scan the walls,
Between the pictures — with a glance
 Which takes the curtained drapery in,
 But views the art-work all askance:

A sigh! a shrug! and then you turn
 Homeward — your judgment fixed as
 fate —

The labors of a life-time gauged,
 Serenely in your shallow pate!

WASHINGTON!

Feb. 22, 1732.

BRIGHT natal morn! what face appears
 Beyond the rolling mist of years? —
 A face whose loftiest traits combine
 All virtues of a stainless line
 Passed from leal sire to loyal son;
 The face of him whose steadfast zeal
 Drew harmonies of law and right
 From chaos and anarchic night:
 Who with a power serene as Fate's
 Wrought from rude hordes of turbu-
 lent States
 The grandeur of our commonweal: —
 All hail! all hail! to Washington!

Freedom he wooed in such brave guise,
 Men gazing in her luminous eyes
 Beheld all heaven reflected shine
 Far down those sapphire orbs divine:
 And, worshipped her so chastely won;
 If still she panted, fresh from strife,
 And blood-stains flecked her gar-
 ment's rim,
 They could not make its whiteness
 dim;
 For, shed by hearts sublimely true,
 Such drops are changed to sacred dew.
 The chrism of patriot light and life, —
 Baptizing first our Washington.

For cloudless years, benignant still.
 This Freedom worked her bounteous
 will; —

Mingling with homespun man and maid,
 Her pale cheek caught a browner shade
 In fields where harvest toils were done;
 To theirs she tuned her rhythmic
 tongue

Veiling in part her goddess-mien:
 The woman smiled above the queen;
 While stationed always by her side,
 Men saw — as bridegroom near his bride,
 (O bride, forever fair and young!) —
 Her chosen hero — Washington!

She wove for him a civic crown;
 She made so pure his hale renown,
 All glories of the antique days,
 Waned in the clear, immaculate blaze
 Poured from his nature's noontide
 sun;

No slave of folly's catchword school,
 His instincts proud of blood and race
 She tempered with sweet, human
 grace,
 Till his broad being's rounded flow
 Sea-like, embraced the high and low,
 Swayed by the golden-sceptred rule,
 The equal will of Washington.

His influence spread so wide and deep,
 Earth's fettered millions stirred in sleep;
 And murmurs born of wakening flame
 On the wild winds of twilight came
 From lands by despot-swarms o'errun;
 They too would win the priceless boon
 Of Freedom's dower; — they too
 would see,
 And clasp the robes of Liberty;
 But, throned within the virgin west,
 She heard them not; — she loved to rest
 In dew-lit dawn and tranquil noon,
 Next the strong heart of Washington!

Through shower and sun the seasons
 rolled,
 November's gray and April's gold;
 They only raised (more calmly grand)
 His genius of supreme command,



"You walk my studio's modest round, . . .
While in each eyebrow lurks
The keenness of an ambushed sneer."



Whose course, in blood and wrath begun,
 Grew gentler, as the mellowing lights
 Of peace made beauteous sky and sod;
 His evening came;—he walked with
 God;
 And down life's gradual sunset-slope,
 He hearkened to a heavenly hope;—
 "Look up! behold the fadeless heights
 Which rise to greet thee,—Washington!"

He dies! the nations hold their breath!
 He dies! but is he thrall to Death?—
 Thousands who quaff earth's sunshine
 free,
 Are less alive on earth than he;
 Lacking that power which thrills
 through none
 But God's elect, that wingèd spell
 Which like miraculous lightning darts
 Electric to all noble hearts;—
 Flashed from his soul's sublimer
 sphere,
 'Tis still a matchless influence here!
 Majestic spirit! all is well,
 Where'er thou rulest,—Washington!

—◆—
 IN AMBUSH.

THE crescent moon, with pallid glow,
 Swept backward like a bended bow:
 Across, a shaft of phantom light
 Thrilled, like an arrow winged for
 flight.

Just when that flickering shaft was
 aimed
 Venus in mellow radiance flamed,
 Unmindful of the treacherous dart
 Which seemed upreared to pierce her
 heart;

For, fain to smite her through and
 through,
 Dian lay ambushed in the blue:
 Half veiled from sight, still, still below,
 She aimed her shaft, she clasped her
 bow.

For ever thus, since time was born,
 Cold virtue points *her* shaft of scorn
 At passionate love, in whose warm
 beam
 Her own but seems a crescent dream.

—◆—
 SOUTH CAROLINA TO THE STATES
 OF THE NORTH.*

ESPECIALLY TO THOSE THAT FORMED A
 PART OF THE ORIGINAL THIRTEEN.

Dedicated to His Excellency, Wade Hampton.

I LIFT these hands with iron fetters
 banded:
 Beneath the scornful sunlight and cold
 stars
 I rear my once imperial forehead
 branded
 By alien shame's immedicable scars;
 Like some pale captive, shunned by all
 the nations,
 I crouch unpitied, quivering and
 apart—
 Laden with countless woes and desola-
 tions,
 The life-blood freezing round a broken
 heart!

About my feet, splashed red with blood
 of slaughters,
 My children gathering in wild, mourn-
 ful throngs;
 Despairing sons, frail infants, stricken
 daughters,
 Rehearse the awful burden of their
 wrongs;
 Vain is their cry, and worse than vain
 their pleading:

* This Poem was composed at a period when
 it seemed as if all the horrors of misgovern-
 ment, so graphically depleted by Pike in his
 "*Prostrate State*," would be perpetuated in
 South Carolina.

It was a significant and terrible epoch; a
 time American statesmen would do well to
 remember occasionally as a warning against
 patchwork political re-constructions.

I turn from stormy breasts, from
yearning eyes,
To mark where Freedom's outraged form
receding,
Wanes in chill shadow down the mid-
night skies!

I wooed her once in wild tempestuous
places,
The purple vintage of my soul out-
poured,
To win and keep her unrestrained em-
braces,
What time the olive-crown o'ertopped
the sword;
O! northmen, with your gallant heroes
blending,
Mine, in old years, for this sweet god-
dess died;
But now — ah! shame, all other shame
transcending!
Your pitiless hands have torn her
from my side.

What! 'tis a tyrant-party's treacherous
action —
Your hand is clean, your conscience
clear, ye sigh;
Ay! but ere now your sires had throt-
tled faction,
Or, pealed o'er half the world their
battle-cry;
Its voice outrung from solemn mountain-
passes
Swept by wild storm-winds of the At-
lantic strand,
To where the swart Sierras' sullen
grasses,
Droop in low languors of the sunset-
land!

Never, since earthly States began their
story,
Hath any suffered, bided, borne like
me:
At last, recalling all mine ancient glory,
I vowed my fettered commonwealth to
free:

Even at the thought, beside the pros-
trate column
Of chartered rights, which blasted lay
and dim —
Uprose my noblest son with purpose sol-
emn,
While, host on host, his brethren fol-
lowed him:

Wrong, grasped by truth, arraigned by
law, (whose sober
Majestic mandates rule o'er change
and time) —
Smit by the ballot, like some flushed Oc-
tober,
Reeled in the autumn rankness of his
crime;
Struck, tortured, pierced — but not a
blow returning.
The steadfast phalanx of my honored
braves
Planted their bloodless flag where sun-
rise burning,
Flashed a new splendor o'er our mar-
tyrs' graves!

What then? O, sister States! what wel-
come omen
Of love and concord crossed our
brightening blue,
The foes we vanquished, are they not
your foemen,
Our laws upheld, your sacred safe-
guards, too?
Yet scarce had victory crowned our
grand endeavor,
And peace crept out from shadowy
glooms remote —
Than — as if bared to blast all hope for-
ever,
Your tyrant's sword shone glittering
at my throat!

Once more my bursting chains were re-
united,
Once more barbarian plaudits wildly
rung
O'er the last promise of deliverance
blighted,

The prostrate purpose, and the palsied
tongue:
And faithless sisters, 'neath my swift
undoing,
Peers the black presage of your wrath
to come;
Above your heads are signal clouds of
ruin,
Whose lightnings flash, whose thun-
ders are not dumb!

There towers a judgment-seat beyond
our seeing;
There lives a Judge, whom none can
bribe or blind;
Before whose dread decree, your spirit
fleeing,
May reap the whirlwind, having sown
the wind:
I, on that day of justice, fierce and torrid,
When blood — *your* blood — outpours
like poisoned wine,
*Pointing to these chained limbs, this
blasted forehead,*
*May mock your ruin, as ye mocked at
mine!*



THE STRICKEN SOUTH TO THE NORTH.

[Dedicated to Oliver Wendell Holmes.]

"We are thinking a great deal about the poor fever-stricken cities of the South, and all contributing according to our means for their relief. Every morning as the paper comes, the first question is 'What is the last account from Memphis, Grenada, and New Orleans.'" — *Extract from a private letter of Dr. Holmes.*

When ruthless time the South's memor-
ial places —
Her heroes' graves — had wreathed in
grass and flowers;
When Peace ethereal, crowned by all her
graces,
Had turned to make more bright the
summer hours;
When doubtful hearts revived, and
hopes grew stronger;

When old sore-cankering wounds that
pierced and stung,
Throbbled with their first, mad, feverous
pain no longer,
While the fair future spake with flat-
tering tongue;
When once, once more she felt her pulses
beating
To rhythms of healthful joy and brave
desire;
Lo! round her doomed horizon darkly
meeting,
A pall of blood-red vapors veined with
fire!

O! ghastly portent of fast-coming sor-
rows!
Of doom that blasts the blood and
blights the breath,
Robs youth and manhood of all golden
morrors —
And life's clear goblet brims with
wine of death! —
O! swift fulfilment of this portent dreary!
O! nightmare rule of ruin, racked by
fears,
Heartbroken wail, and solemn *miserere*,
Imperious anguish, and soul-melting
tears!

O! faith, thrust downward from celestial
splendors,
O! love grief-bound, with palely-mur-
murous mouth!
O! agonized by life's supreme surren-
ders —
Behold her now — the scourged and
suffering South!

No balm in Gilead? nay, but while her
forehead
Pallid and drooping, lies in foulest dust,
There steals across the desolate spaces
torrid,
A voice of manful cheer and heavenly
trust,
A hand redeeming breaks the frozen
starkness
Of palsied nerve, and dull, despondent
brain;

Rolls back the curtain of malignant
darkness,
And shows the eternal blue of heaven
again —
Revealing there, o'er worlds convulsed
and shaken,
That face whose mystic tenderness
enticed
To hope new-born earth's lost bereaved,
forsaken!
Ah! still beyond the tempest smiles the
Christ!

Whose voice? Whose hand? Oh, thanks,
divinest Master,
Thanks for those grand emotions
which impart
Grace to the North to feel the South's
disaster,
The South to bow with touched and
cordial heart!
Now, now at last the links which war
had broken
Are welded fast, at mercy's charmed
commands;
Now, now at last the magic words are
spoken
Which blend in one two long-divided
lands!
O North! you came with warrior strife
and clangor;
You left our South one gory burial
ground;
But love, more potent than your haughti-
est anger,
Subdues the souls which hate could
only wound!

— ♦ —
THE RETURN OF PEACE.

[Written by request of the committee of
arrangements, for the opening ceremonies of
the International Cotton Exposition, in At-
lanta, Georgia, Oct. 5, 1881.]

I HAD a vision at that mystic hour,
When in the ebon garden of the Night,
Blooms the Cimmerian flower
Of doubt and darkness, cowering from
the light.

I seemed to stand on a vast lonely
height,
Above a city ravished and o'erthrown.
The air about me one long lingering
moan
Of lamentation like a dreary sea
Scourged by the storm to murmurous
weariness;
Then, from dim levels of mist-folded
ground
Borne upward suddenly.
Burst the deep-rolling stress
Of jubilant drums, blent with the sil-
very sound
Of long-drawn bugle notes — the clash of
swords
(Outflashed by alien lords) —
And warrior-voices wild with victory.

They could not quell the grieved and
shuddering air,
That breathed about me its forlorn de-
spair:
It almost seemed as if stern Triumph
sped
To one whose hopes were dead,
And flaunting there his fortune's ruddier
grace,
Smote — with a taunt — wan Misery in
the face!

Lo! far away,
(For now my dream grows clear as a
minous day.)
The victor's camp-fires gird the city
round;
But she, unrobed, discrowned —
A new Andromeda, beside the main
Of her own passionate pain;
Bowed, naked, shivering low —
Veils the soft gleam of melancholy eyes.
Yet lovelier in their woe, —
Alike from hopeless earth and hopeless
skies.

No Perseus, for her sake, serenely fleet,
Shall cleave the heavens with wings
and shining feet: —
Ah me! the maid is lost —
For sorrow, like keen frost

Shall eat into her being's anguished
core —

Atlanta (not Andromeda in this),
What outside helper can bring back her
bliss ?

Can re-illumine, beyond its storm-built
bar,

Her youth's auroral star,
Or wake the aspiring heart that sleeps
forever more.

O! lying prophet of a sombre mood,
This city of our love
Is no poor, timorous dove,
To crouch and die unstruggling in the
mire;

If, for a time, she yields to force and fire,
Blinded by battle-smoke, and drenched
with blood.

Still must that dauntless hardihood
Drawn to her veins from out the iron
hills,

(Nerving the brain that toils, the soul
that wills,)

Shake off the lotus-languishment of
grief!

I see her rise and clasp her old belief,
In God and goodness — with imperial
glance,

Face the dark front of frowning Circum-
stance, —

While trusting only to her strong right
arm

To wrench from deadly harm,
All civic blessings and fair fruits of
peace!

High-souled to gain (despite her
ravished years),

And dragon-forms of monstrous doubts
and fears,

The matchless splendor of Toil's "golden
fleece!"

I see her rise, and strive with strenuous
hands firmly to lay

The fresh foundations of a nobler
sway —

War-wasted lands
Laden with ashes, gray and desolate —

Touched by the charm of some regener-
ate fate —

Flush into golden harvests prodigal;
Set by the steam-god's fiery passion free,
I hear the rise and fall

Of ponderous iron-clamped machinery,
Shake, as with earthquake thrill, the
factory halls;

While round the massive walls
Slow vapor, like a sinuous serpent
steals —

Through which revolve in circles,
great or small,
The deafening thunders of the tireless
wheels!

Far down each busy mart
That throbs and heaves as with a human
heart

Quick merchants pass, some debonaire
and gay,

With undimmed, youthful locks —
Some wrinkled, sombre, gray —

But all with one accord
Dreaming of him — their lord —

The mighty monarch of the realm of
stocks!

And year by year her face more frankly
bright,

Glow with the ardor of the bloodless
fight

For bounteous empire o'er her
cherished South.

More sweet the smile upon her maiden
mouth,

Just rounding to rare curves of woman-
hood:

Because all unwithstood
The magic of her power and stately pride

Hath called from many a clime
Of tropic sunshine and of winter rime,

The world's skilled art and science to
her side;

Hence from her transient tomb,
Three lustra since, a hideous spot to
see —

Grows the majestic tree
Of heightened and green-leaved pro-
perity.

Hence, her broad gardens bloom
With rose and lily, and all flowers of
balm.

And hence above the lines
Of her vast railways, droop the laden
vines —
A luscious largess thro' the summer
calm!

Feeling her veins so full of lusty blood,
That pulsed within them like a rhyth-
mic flood,
And eager for sweet sisterhood, — the
bond

Blissful and fond,
That yet may hold all nations in its
thrall,
Atlanta — from a night of splendid
dreams,
Roused by soft kisses of the morning
beams,

Decreed a glorious festival
Of art and commerce in her brave
domain;
She sent her summons on the courier
breeze;

Or thro' the lightning-wingèd wire
Flashed forth her soul's desire: —
Swiftly it passed,
O'er native hills and streams and prairies
vast, —

And o'er waste barriers of dividing
seas
'Till from all quarters, like quick tongues
of flame,
That warm, but burn not, — cordial an-
swers came,
And waftage of benignant messages.

Thus, thus it is a mighty concourse
meets
O'erflowing squares and streets —
Borne at flood-tide toward the guarded
ground,
Where treasures of two hemispheres are
found,
To tax the inquiring mind, the curious
eye!
Grain of the upland and damp river-bed,

In yellow stalks, or sifted meal for
bread;

Unnumbered births of Ceres clustered
nigh;

Beholding which — as touched by
tropic heat, —

(The old-world picture never *can* grow
old,

Nor the deep love that thrills it dumb
and cold) —

Clear fancy looks on Boaz in the wheat,
And in her simple truth,

The tender eyes of Ruth
Holding the garnered fragments at his
feet!

But piled o'er all, thro' many an un-
bound bale

Peering to show its snow-white softness
pale,

— Snow-white, yet warm, and destined
to be furled

In some auspicious day,
For which we yearn and pray,
Round half the naked misery of the
world,

A fleece more rich than Jason's, glances
down.

Ah! well we know no monarch's jewelled
crown.

No marvellous koh-i-noor,
Won, first perchance, from gulfs of
human gore,

Or life-toil of swart millions, gaunt and
poor,

Hath e'er outshone its peerless sover-
eignty.

The wings of song unfold
Towards thy noontide-gold:
The eyes of song are clear,
(Turned on thy broadening sphere)
To mark, oh! city of the midland-weald,
And follow thy fair fortunes far afield —

The years unborn,
Doubtless must bring to thee
Trials to test thy spirit's constancy;
(While unthrift aliens wear the mask of
scorn).

Financial shocks without thee and
 within;
 Wrought by shrewd moneyed Shylocks
 hot to win
 Their brazen game of monstrous usury;
 Ravage of bandit "rings" whose bound-
 less maw
 Can swallow all things glibly, save — the
 law!

And many a subtler ill
 Sudden and subtle as the ambush
 laid,

By black-browed "stranglers" 'mid an
 Orient glade;

But thou, with keenest will,
 Shalt cut the bonds of stealthy fraud
 apart,

And if force fronts thee with a murder-
 ous blade,

Pierce the rash son of Anak to the heart!

Oh! queen! thy brilliant horoscope
 Was cast by Helios in the halls of
 hope;



"War-wasted lands . . .
 Touched by the charm of some regenerate fate —
 Flush into golden harvests prodigal."

And hope becomes fulfilment, as thy
 tread —

Firm, placed between the living and the
 dead —

Wins the high grade which owns a
 heavenward slope;

For force and fraud undone,
 And stormless summits won.

In thee I view heaven's purpose per-
 fected:

Thou shalt be empress of all peaceful
 ties,

All potent industries,

All world-embracing magnanimities;
 A warrior-queen no more, but mailed
 in love,

Thy spear a fulgent shaft of sun-
 steeped grain;

Thy shield a buckler, the field-fairies wove
 Of strong green grasses, in the silvery
 noon

Of some full harvest-moon,

Thy stainless crown, red roses, blent
 with white!

Now, throned above the half-forgotten
 pain

Of dreadful war, and war's remorseless
blight,

Thy heart-throbs glad and great,
Sending through all thy Titan-statured
state,

Fresh life and gathering tides of grander
power

From glorious hour to hour,

Thousands thy deeds shall bless

With strenuous pride, toned down to
tenderness:

Shall bless thy deeds, exalt thy name:

Till every breeze that sweeps from hill
to lea,

And every wind that furrows the deep
sea,

Shall waft the fragrance of thy soul
abroad

The sweetness and the splendor of thy
fame:—

For thou, midmost a large and opulent
store,

Of all things wrought to meet a nation's
need,

Thou, nobly pure,

Of any darkening taint of selfish greed,—

Wert pre-ordained to be

Purveyor of divinest charity,—

The love-commissioned almoner of God.



YORKTOWN CENTENNIAL LYRIC.

Written at the request of the Yorktown Centennial Commission, appointed by Congress, to conduct the celebration of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, to the combined forces of France and America, upon the 19th of Oct. 1781, at Yorktown, Va.

HARK, hark! down the century's long
reaching slope

To those transports of triumph, those
raptures of hope,

The voices of main and of mountain
combined

In glad resonance borne on the wings of
the wind,

The bass of the drum and the trumpet
that thrills

Through the multiplied echoes of jubila-
lant hills.

And mark how the years melting up-
ward like mist

Which the breath of some splendid en-
chantment has kissed,

Reveal on the ocean, reveal on the shore

The proud pageant of conquest that
graced them of yore.

When blended forever in love as in
fame

See, the standard which stole from the
starlight its flame,

And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,

The lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

Oh, stubborn the strife ere the conflict
was won!

And the wild whirling war wrack half
stifled the sun.

The thunders of cannon that boomed
on the lea,

But re-echoed far thunders pealed up
from the sea,

Where guarding his sea lists, a knight
on the waves,

Bold De Grasse kept at bay the bluff
bull-dogs of Graves.

The day turned to darkness, the night
changed to fire,

Still more fierce waxed the combat,
more deadly the ire,

Undimmed by the gloom, in majestic
advance,

Oh, behold where they ride o'er the red
battle tide,

Those banners united in love as in
fame,

The brave standard which drew from
the star-beams their flame,

And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,

The lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

No respite, no pause: by the York's
tortured flood,

The grim Lion of England is writhing
in blood.

Cornwallis may chafe and coarse Tarleton aver,
 As he sharpens his broadsword and buckles his spur,
*"This blade, which so oft has reaped rebels like grain,
 Shall now harvest for death the rude yeomen again."*
 Vain boast! for ere sunset he's flying in fear,
 With the rebels he scouted close, close in his rear,
 While the French on his flank hurl such volleys of shot
 That e'en Gloucester's redoubt must be growing too hot.
 Thus wedded in love as united in fame,
 Lo! the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
 And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
 The lilies, the luminous lilies of France.

O morning superb! when the siege reached its close;
 See! the sundawn outbloom, like the alchemist's rose!
 The last wreaths of smoke from dim trenches upcurled,
 Are transformed to a glory that smiles on the world.
 Joy, joy! Save the wan, wasted front of the foe,
 With his battle-flags furled and his arms trailing low;—
 Respect for the brave! In stern silence they yield,
 And in silence they pass with bowed heads from the field.
 Then triumph transcendent! so Titan of tone
 That some vowed it must startle King George on his throne.

When Peace to her own, timed the pulse of the land,
 And the war weapon sank from the war-wearied hand,
 Young Freedom upborne to the height of the goal

She had yearned for so long with deep travail of soul,
 A song of her future raised, thrilling and clear,
 Till the woods leaned to hearken, the hill slopes to hear:—
 Yet fraught with all magical grandeurs that gleam
 On the hero's high hope, or the patriot's dream,
 What future, tho' bright, in cold shadow shall cast
 The proud beauty that haloes the brow of the past.
 Oh! wedded in love, as united in fame,
 See the standard which stole from the starlight its flame,
 And type of all chivalry, glory, romance,
 The lilies, the luminous lilies of France.



ON THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

"Be advised! Do not trample upon my people. Nations and men that oppress us do not thrive."—*From Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend."*

WHAT murmurs are these that so woefully rise
 Into heart-storms of agony borne from afar?
 A tempest of passion, a tumult of sighs?
 There is dread on the earth, and stern grief in the skies,
 While the nations, appalled, watch the realm of the Czar!

Can humanity's sun have gone down in an hour,
 Or a fiend have struck mercy's soft key-note ajar,
 That upwhirled on the fierce winds of madness and power,
 This cloud—with its hail of harsh hatreds—should lower
 O'er those who still call on their "father," the Czar?

Can hell have burst upward, and
spawned from its womb
The worst of all demons that menace
and mar?

O God! see an empire recking in
gloom—

Hark! the death-shock, the shriek, the
wild volleys of doom—

Ay! the riot of hell shakes the land of
the Czar!

The fields are flame-girdled, the rivers
roll red

Through the sulphurous fumes and
swift ravage of war,

A war on the helpless, unhelmeted head,
Which tortures the living and spares not
the dead;

Is he sleeping, or dumb, their "good
father" the Czar?

Ah, no! — through the corridors stately
and vast

Of his palace that gleams like a pale
polar star,

On a gale from the south these black
tidings have passed:

He hears! and the lightnings of justice
at last

Quiver hissing and hot in the hand of
the Czar!

The world holds its breathing to mark
them in flame

On their limitless course that no bul-
wark can bar;

But instead, through his wily state par-
asite came

A rescript so false, its unspeakable
shame

Should haunt to his death the dark
dreams of the Czar!

No word for the victims, all butchered
and bare,

By the hearth-stone defiled, and the
blood-tainted lar;

For the poor ravished maid, whose sole
shroud is her hair;

For the mother's lament, or the father's
despair:

No pity for such thrills the thought of
the Czar;

But his spirit leans, tender and yearn-
ing, above

The mad helots who riot, rage, murder
afar;

To them he is soft as a nest-brooding
dove;

But the *murdered!* alas! *they* are
stinted of love,

Right, justice, or ruth, in the creed of
the Czar!

Shall grim carnage goad onward, em-
bruted and base,

The black coursers that strain at her
iron-wrought car,

While those of high purpose and fetter-
less race

Idly gaze on the foul mediæval disgrace
Which poisons all earth from yon
realm of the Czar?

Wake, England, your thunders! America,
fling

To the wind the shrewd statecrafts
that hamper, or mar!

Blend your voices of wrath! your deep
warnings outring,

To smite the dulled ears, and blind soul
of the king—

Who rules—Heaven help them!
those realms of the Czar!

ASSASSINATION.

O BLINDED readers of the scroll of
time,

Think ye that freedom yields her hand
to crime?

Or the fair whiteness of her virginal
bud

Of heavenly hope, would desecrate with
blood?

Her eyes are chastened lightnings, and
the fire
Of her divinely purified desire

Burns not in ambush by assassins
trod,
But on the holiest mountain heights of
God!

So, ye that fain would meet her fond
embrace,
Purge the base soul, unmask the
treacherous face,

Drop bowl or dagger while ye bring her
naught
But the grand worship of a selfless
thought!

—◆—
ENGLAND.

LAND of my father's love, my father's
race,
How long must I in weary exile
sigh
To meet thee, O my empress, face to
face,
And kiss thy radiant robes before I
die?

O England! in my creed, the humblest
dust
Beside thy haunted shores and shadowy
stream,
Is touched by memories and by thoughts
august,
By golden histories and majestic
dreams.

O England! to my mood thy lowliest
flower
Feeds on the smiles of some transcen-
dent sky;
Thy frailest fern-leaf shrines a spell of
power!
Ah! shall I walk thy woodlands ere I
die?

Thy sacred places, where dead heroes
rest

By temples set in ivy-twilight deep;
Thy fragrant fields topped by the sky-
lark's crest;
Thy hidden waters breathing balms of
sleep:

Thy castled homes, and granges veiled
afar
In antique dells; thy ruins hoar and
high;
Thy mountain tarns, each like a glitter-
ing star,
Shall I behold their marvels ere I die?

Thine opulent towns, throned o'er the
subject-main,
Girt by brave fleets, their weary canvas
furled,
Deep-laden argosies through storm and
strain,
Borne from the utmost boundaries of
the world

O'er all, thy London! every stone with
breath
Indued to question, counsel, or reply;
City of mightiest life and mightiest
death,
Shall I behold thy splendors ere I die?

But most I yearn, in body as heart, to
bow
Before our England's poets, strong and
wise,
Watch some grand thought uplift the
laureate's brow,
And flash or fade in Swinburne's fiery
eyes.

And other glorious minstrels would I
greet
Bound to my life by many a rhythmic
tie.
When shall I hear their welcomes frankly
sweet,
And clasp those cordial hands, before
I die?

Fair blow the breezes; high are sail and
steam;
Soon must I mark brave England's
brightening lea;
Fulfilled at length, the large and lustrous
dream
Which lured me long across the sum-
mer sea!

Alas! a moment's triumph! — false as
vain!
O'er dreary hills the gaunt pines moan
and sigh;
Pale grows my dream, pierced through
by bodeful pain;
England! I shall not see thee ere I
die!

— ♦ —
TO LONGFELLOW.

(ON HEARING HE WAS ILL.)

O THOU, whose potent genius (like the
sun
Tenderly mellowed by a rippling
haze)
Hast gained thee all men's homage,
love and praise,
Surely thy web of life is not outspun,
Thy glory rounded, thy last guerdon
won!
Nay, poet, nay! — from thought's calm
sunset ways
May new-born notes of undegenerate
lays
Charm back the twilight gloom ere day
be done!
But past the poet crowned I see the
friend —
frank, courteous, true — about whose
locks of gray,
Like golden bees, some glints of summer
stray;
Clear-eyed, with lips half poised
'twixt smile and sigh;
A brow in whose soul-mirroring man-
hood blend
Grace, sweetness, power and mag-
nanimity!

"PHILIP MY KING." *

"PHILIP, my king," ay, still thou art a
king,
Though storms of sorrow on thy suf-
fering head
Have flashed and thundered through
the midnight's dread;
Ah, lofty soul! fraught with the sky-
lark's wing
To capture heaven, the sky-lark's voice
to sing
Such notes ethereal through veiled
brightness shed
Their gracious power to liquid pathos
wed,
Thrills like the soft rain-pulses of the
spring:

Banned from earth's day — thine *inward*
sight expands
Above the night-bound senses' birth or
bars;
Lord of a larger realm, of subtler scope,
Where thou at last shalt press the lips of
Hope,
And feel God's angel lift in radiant
hands
Thy life from darkness to a place of
stars!
Meanwhile, alas! despite these inward
spells
Of voice and vision, and fond hope
to be,
Perchance, — though vaguely shadowed
forth to thee, —
 Oft-times thy thought but echoes the
deep knells
Of buried joy; oft-times thy spirit swells
With moaning memories, like a smitten
seal,
When the worn tempest wandering up
the lea,
Leaves a low wind to breathe its wild
farewells.

* "Philip my King," Miss Mulock's exquisite song, all lovers of poetry must recall. The noble hero of that lyric was Philip Marston, the author's god son.

O brother! — pondering dreary and
 apart
 O'er the dead blossoms of deciduous
 years:
 O poet! fed too long on bitter tears!

I waft, o'er seas, a white-winged courier-
 dove,
 Bearing to thee this balmy spray of love,
 Warm from the nested fragrance of my
 heart.



A PLEA FOR THE GRAY.

[A discussion has recently been inaugurated in the city of Mobile, Ala., among the military companies, as to the propriety of changing the *Gray* for the *Blue* or some other uniform.]

WHEN the land's martyr, mid her
 tears,
 Outbreathed his latest breath,
 The discord of long, festering years,
 Lay also dumb in death:
 Our souls a new-born friendship drew
 With spells of kindest sway;
 At last, at last, the conquering Blue
 Blent with the vanquished Gray!

Yet, *who* thro' this south-land of ours,
 While faith and love are free,
 But still must cast memorial flowers
 Across the grave of Lee?
 And oft their ancient grief renew
 O'er "Stonewall's" cherished clay?
 The heart that's pledged to guard the
 Blue
 Must honor still the Gray!

O veterans of Potomac's flood,
 Or Vicksburg's lurid sky,
 Old passions may be purged of blood,
 Old memories cannot die!
 They fill your eyes with fiery dew,
 Revive your manhood's May,
 And past the bright victorious Blue,
 Bring back the stainless Gray!

O martyrs of the desperate fight,
 All weak and broken now,
 With shattered nerves, or blasted sight,
 Frail arms and furrowed brow!
 What think ye of the patriot view
 Flashed on your minds to-day?
 Too old to don the prosperous Blue,
 Ye clasp your tattered Gray!

From many a worn and wasted mound,
 And dust-encumbered clod,
 The voices of dead heroes sound,
 Rising from earth to God!

"Our doom was dark, our lives were true,

Ah! cast not quite away,
 What time ye hail the favored Blue —
 Old dreams that crowned the Gray!"

Can honor in his sacred grave
 Less fair and glorious be?
 Can faith on fortune's fickle wave,
 Change with the changeful sea?
 Beware lest what ye rashly do
 Should end in shamed dismay,
 And all pure champions of the Blue,
 Scorn traitors to the Gray!

UNION OF BLUE AND GRAY.

[Suggested by the recent visit of Governor Bigelow and the Connecticut companies to Charleston, South Carolina.]

THE Blue is marching south once more,
 With serried steel and stately tread;
 Their martial music pealed before,
 Their flag of stars flashed overhead.

Ah! not through storm and stress they come,

The thunders of old hate are dumb,
 And frank as clear October's ray
 This meeting of the Blue and Gray.

A Phoenix from her outworn fires,
 Her gory ashes, rising free,
 Fair Charleston with her stainless spires
 Gleams by the silver-stranded sea.
 No hurtling hail nor hostile ball
 Breaks through the treacherous battle-
 pall;
 True voices speak from hearts as true,
 For strife lies dead 'twixt Gray and Blue.

Grim Sumter, like a Titan maimed,
 Still glooms beyond his shattered keep;
 But where his bolts of lightning flamed
 There broods a quiet, mild as sleep;
 His granite base, long cleansed of blood,
 Is circled by a golden flood.
 Type of that peace whose sacred sway
 Enfolds the Blue, exalts the Gray.

The sea-tides faintly rise afar,
 And — wings of all the breezes furled,
 Seem slowly borne o'er beach and bar,
 Dream-murmurs from a spirit
 world,
 Through throbbing drum and bugle-trill
 The distant calm seems deeper still —
 Deep as that faith whose cordial dew
 Hath soothed the Gray and charmed the
 Blue.

O'er Ashley's breast the autumn smiles,
 All mellowed in her hazy fold.
 While the white arms of languid isles
 Are girdled by ethereal gold.
 All Nature whispers: war is o'er,
 Fierce feuds have fled our sea and shore,
 Old wrongs forget, old ties renew,
 O heroes of the Gray and Blue!

The southern Palm and northern Pine
 No longer clash through leaf and
 bough;
 Tranquillities of depth benign
 Have bound their blending foliage now,

Or, tranced by cloudless star and moon,
 Serene they shine in sun-lit noon.
 Their equal shadows softly play
 Above the Blue, across the Gray.

—◆—
 THE KING OF THE PLOW.

THE sword is re-sheathed in its scab-
 bard,

The rifle hangs safe on the wall;
 No longer we quail at the hungry
 Hot rush of the ravenous ball,
 The war-cloud has hurled its last light-
 ning,

Its last awful thunders are still,
 While the demon of conflict in Hades
 Lies fettered in force as in will:
 Above the broad fields that he ravaged,
 What monarch rules blissfully now?
 Oh! crown him with bays that are
 bloodless,

The king, the brave king of the
 plow!

A king! ay! what ruler more potent
 Has ever swayed earth by his nod?
 A monarch! aye, *more* than a monarch,
 A homely, but bountiful God!
 He stands where in earth's sure protec-
 tion

The seed-grains are scattered and
 sown,

To uprise in serene resurrection
 When spring her soft trumpet hath
 blown!

A monarch! yea, *more* than a monarch,
 Though toil-drops are thick on his
 brow;

O! crown him with corn-leaf and wheat-
 leaf,

The king, the strong king of the
 plow!

Through the shadow and shine of past
 ages,

(While tyrants were blinded with
 blood!)

He reared the pure ensign of Ceres
 By meadow, and mountain, and
 flood,

And the long, leafy gold of his harvests
 The earth-sprites and air-sprites had
 spun,

Grew rhythmic when swept by the
 breezes,

Grew royal, when kissed by the
 sun;

Before the stern charm of his patience
 What rock-rooted forces must bow!

Come! crown him with corn-leaf and
 wheat-leaf,

The king, the bold king of the plow!

Through valleys of balm-drooping
 myrtles,

By banks of Arcadian streams,
 Where the wind-songs are set to the
 mystic

Mild murmur of passionless dreams;
 On the storm-haunted uplands of Thule,
 By ice-girdled fiords and floes,
 Alike speeds the spell of his god-
 hood,

The bloom of his heritage glows;

A monarch! yea, *more* than a monarch,
 All climes to his prowess must bow;
 Come crown him with bays that are
 stainless,

The king, the brave king of the
 plow.

Far, far in earth's uttermost future,
 As boundless of splendor as scope,

I see the fair angel!—fruition,
 Outspeed his high heralds of hope;

The roses of joy rain around him,
 The lilies of sweetness and calm,

For the sword has been changed to the
 plowshare,

The lion lies down with the lamb!

O! angel-majestic! *We know thee,*
Though raised and transfigured art
thou,

*This lord of life's grand consumma-
 tion*

Was once the sweet king of the plow!

IN MEMORIAM.

I.

LONGFELLOW DEAD.

AY, it is well! Crush back your selfish
tears;
For from the half-veiled face of earthly
spring
Hath he not risen on heaven-aspiring
wing
To reach the spring-tide of the eternal
years?

With life full-orbed, he stands amid his
peers,
The grand immortals! a fair, mild-eyed
king,
Flushing to hear their potent welcomes
ring
Round the far circle of those luminous
spheres.

Mock not his heavenly cheer with mortal
wail,
Unless some human-hearted nightin-
gale,
Pierced by grief's thorn, shall give such
music birth
That he, the new-winged soul, the
crowned and shriven,
May lean beyond the effulgent verge of
heaven,
To catch his own sweet requiem, borne
from earth!

Such marvellous requiem were a pæan
too —
(Woe touched and quivering with
triumphant fire);
For him whose course flashed always
high and higher,
Is lost beyond the strange, mysterious
blue:
Ah! yet, we murmur, *can* this thing be
true?
Forever silent here, that tender lyre,
Tuned to all gracious themes, all pure
desire,
Whose notes dropped sweet as honey,
soft as dew?

No tears! you say — since rounded,
brave, complete,
The poet's work lies radiant at God's
feet.
Nay! nay! our hearts with grief *must*
hold their tryst:
How dim grows all about us and above!
Vainly we grope through death's bewil-
dering mist,
To feel once more his clasp of *human*
love!

II.

ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT
GARFIELD.

I SEE the Nation, as in antique ages,
Crouched with rent robes, and ashes
on her head:
Her mournful eyes are deep with dark
presages.
Her soul is haunted by a formless
dread!

"O God!" she cries, "why hast Thou
left me bleeding,
Wounded and quivering to the heart's
hot core?
Can fervid faith, winged prayer, and
anguished pleading
Win balm and pity from thy heavens
no more?

"I knelt, I yearned, in agonizing pas-
sion,
Breathless to catch thy 'still small
voice' from far;
Now thou *hast* answered, but in awful
fashion,
And stripped our midnight of its last
pale star.

"What tears are given me in o'ermas-
tering measure,
From fathomless floods of Marah,
darkly free.
While that pure life I held my noblest
treasure
Is plunged forever in death's tideless
sea!

"Hark to those hollow sounds of lamentation,
The muffled music, the funereal bell;
From far and wide on wings of desolation
Float wild and wailful voices of farewell.

"The North-land mourns her grief in full libation,
Outpoured for him who died at victory's goal;
And the great West, in solemn ministration,
May not recall her hero's shining soul.

"Yea, the North mourns; the West; a stricken mother,
Droops as in sackcloth with veiled brow and mouth;
And what old strifes, what waning hates, can smother
The generous heart-throbs of the pitying South?

"Did doubt remain? — *She* crushed its latest ember
At that stern moment when the victim's fall
Changed loveliest summer to a grim December,
Paled by the hiss of Guiteau's murderous ball.

"Thus by the spell of one vast grief united
(Where cypress boughs their death-cold shadows wave),
My sons, I trust, a holler faith have plighted,
And sealed the compact by *his* sacred grave."

'Twas thus she spoke; but still in prostrate sorrow,
While lowlier earthward drooped her brow august.

To-day is dark; vague darkness clouds to-morrow.

Ah! in God's hand the nations are but — dust!

III.

DEAN STANLEY.

DEAD! dead! in sooth his marbled brow is cold,

And prostrate lies that brave, majestic head;

True! his stilled features own death's arctic mould,

Yet, by Christ's blood, I know he is not dead!

Here fades the cast-off vestment that he wore,

The robe of flesh, whence his true self hath fled;

Whate'er be false, one faith holds fast and sure,

Great souls like his abide not with the dead:

Eyried with God, beyond all mortal pain,
Breathing the effluence of ethereal birth,

Through deeds divine, his spirit walks again,

On rhythmic feet the mournful paths of earth!

In heaven immortal, yet on earth supreme,

The glamour of his goodness still survives,

Not in vain glimpses of a flattering dream,

But flower and fruit of ransomed human lives.

His hopes were ocean-wide, and clasped mankind;

No Levite plea his mercy turned apart,
But wounded souls — to whom all else were blind —

He soothed with wine and balsam of the heart.

With stainless hands he reared his Master's cross;

His Master's watchword pealed o'er land and sea;

And still through days of gain, and days of loss,

Proclaimed the golden truce of charity.

All men were brethren to his larger creed,
But given the thought sincere — the earnest aim;

God's garden will not spurn the humblest weed

That yearns for purer air and loftier flame.

This sweet evangel of the unborn years,
Seer-like he spake, as one that viewed his goal,

While the world felt through darkness and through tears,

Mysterious music thrill its raptured soul.

Dead! nay, not dead! while eagle thoughts aspire,

Clothed in winged deeds across the empyreal height,

And all the expanding space is flushed with fire,

And deep on deep, heaven opens to our sight,—

He *cannot* die! yet o'er his dust we shed
Our rain of human sorrow; on his breast

Cross the pale palms; and pulseless heart and head

Leave to the quiet of his cloistered rest.

Sleep, knightly scholar! warrior-saint, repose!

Thy life-force folded like an unfurled sail!

Spent is time's rage — its foam of crested woes —

And thou hast found, at last, the Holy Grail!

IV.

HIRAM H. BENNER.

[Dedicated to the Wife of this Hero and Martyr.]

WHEN the war-drums beat and the trumpets blare,

When banners flaunt in the stormy air,

When at thought of the deeds that must soon be done,

The hearts of a thousand leap up as one,

Who could not rush through the din and smoke,

The cannon's crash and the sabre stroke.
Scarce conscious of ebbing blood or breath,

With a laugh for wounds and a scoff at death?

But when on the sullen breeze there comes

No thrill of trumpets nor throb of drums,
But only the wail of the sick laid low

By the treacherous blight of a viewless foe —

Who, then, will upgird his loins for fight
With the loathsome pest in the poisoned night,

No martial music his pulse to start,
But the still, small voice of the ruthless heart?

Who then? Behold him, the calm, the brave,

On his billowy path to an alien grave!
Sere in the charm of his God-like will,

This soldier is armored to save, not kill.
Ah! swiftly he speeds on the mist-bound stream

This pilgrim wrapped in his tender dream,

His vision of help for the sick laid low
By the evil spell of an ambushed foe.

Ah! swiftly he speeds 'mid the hollow boom

Of bells that are tolling to death and doom,

Till even the sounds of the bells grow
still;
For the hands of their ringers are lax
and chill.

And the hum of the mourners is heard
no more

On the misty slope and the vacant shore,
And the few frail creatures that greet
him seem

But the ghosts of men by a phantom
stream.

Still the hero his own great soul enticed
To suffer and toil in the name of Christ,
He follows wherever his Lord had led,
To the famished hut or the dying bed.
He medicines softly the fevered pain;
To the starving he bringeth his golden
grain;

And ever before him and ever above
Is the sheen of the unfurled wings of
love.

Meanwhile, in his distant home are those
That his going has robbed of their sweet
repose.

The days pass by them like leaden years;
The nights are bitter with tears and
fears —

Till at last, by the lightning glamour
sped,

Comes a name and date, with the one
word, "Dead!"

And the arms of the smitten are lifted
high,

And the heavens are rent by an anguished
cry!

Dead! dead! Vain word for the wise to
hear!

How false its echo on heart and ear!

To the earth and earth's he may close
his eyes,

But who dares tell us a martyr dies?

And of him just gone it were best to say
That in some charmed hour of night or
day —

Having given us all that his soul could
give —

Brave Hiram Benner began to live.

V.

W. GILMORE SIMMS.

A POEM

Delivered on the night of the 13th of December, 1877 "at the Charlestown Academy of Music," as prologue to the "Dramatic Entertainment" in aid of the "Simms Memorial fund."

THE swift mysterious seasons rise and
set;

The omnipotent years pass o'er us,
bright or dun; —

Dawns blush, and mid-days burn, 'till
scarce aware

Of what deep meaning haunts our
twilight air,

We pause bewildered, yearning for the
sun;

Only to find in that strange evening-
tide.

By the last sunset pathos sanctified,
Pale memory near us, and divine re-
gret!

Then memory gently takes us by the
hand;

And doubtful boundaries of a faded
time,

Half veiled in mist and rime,

Emerge, grow bright, expand;

The past becomes the present to our
eyes;

Poor slaves of dust and death,

(As if some trump of resurrection
clear

Somewhere outpealed, *our* senses could
not hear)

Rise, freed from churchyard taint and
mortal stain;

Old friends! dear comrades! *have* we
met again?

God! how these dismal years

Of anguished desolation, and veiled
tears,

Of fettered feeling, and despondent
sighs,

Wither and shrivel like a parchment
scroll

Seized by the fury of consuming fire,
Before the rapture of the illumined
soul,
Lifted and lightened by our love's
desire!

Old friends! dear comrades! *have* we
met once more?

Come! let us fondly mark
In this weird truce, whose moments
soon must flee,

'Twixt the charmed heart and dread
reality,

Those well-belovéd features that ye wore
Once on this earthly shore,

Now rescued from the void and treach-
erous dark!

O! faces soft or strong,

Familiar faces! how ye press and throng
Closely about us, while the enchanted
light

Changes to noonday our long spiritual
night!

The faithful eyes that beamed in ours of
yore,

Shine on us in their ancient guileless
way,

Undimmed, unshorn of *one* beneficent
ray,

And vital seeming as our own, to-day;
Lips smile, as once they smiled with
innocent zest,

When round the social board
The impetuous flood-tide poured
Of curbless mirth, and keen sparkling
jest

Vanished like wine-foam on its golden
crest!

We feel the loyal grasp
Of many a warm hand, yielding clasp
for clasp;

But may not stay, alas! we may not
stay

To greet ye one by one,
Comrades! returned from realms beyond
the sun;

For lo! in rightful precedence of power,
"A Saul amongst his brethren," then
the rest

Loftier, if ruder in his natural might,
The man who toiled through fortune's
bitterest hour,

As calmly steadfast and supremely
brave,

As if above a fair life's tranquil wave,
Brooded the halcyon with unruffled
breast;

The man whose sturdy frame upheld
aright,

We meet, (O friends), to consecrate to-
night!

All pregnant powers that wait
On intellectual state,

Favored and loved him; earliest, dear-
est came

Imagination, robed in mystical flame;
Her clear eyes searching all created
things

Heavenly and earthly; with vast breadth
of wings

Engirdled by the magic of a spell ineffa-
ble;

And like the sportive nymph of wood-
land bowers,

Fancy stole on him coyly, pranked with
flowers,

Whereof the fairest her white fingers
shed,

To crown his bended head.

Bluff humor true, if broad,

Placed in his hand a mirth-evoking rod,
While satire, from the heights of reason
proud,

Flashed a keen gleam, like lightning from
a cloud

The levin-bolt so sheerly cuts in two,

The cloud disperses, to leave—a lumi-
nous blue!

All that he was, all that he owned, we
know

Was lavished freely on *one* sacred
shrine,

The shrine of home and country! from
the first

Fresh blush of youth, when merged in
sanguine glow,

His life-path seemed a shadowless steep
 to shine,
 Leading forever upward to the stars;
 Through many a desperate and embittered strife
 That raging, rose and burst
 Above the storm-wracked waste of middle-life.

Down to the day, a few sad years ago,
 When a grave veteran with his age's
 scars,
 He moved among us, like a Titan
 maimed;
 Only *one* glorious goal,
 Through fate, grief, change, the pure allegiance claimed



"Pale memory near us."

Of his unconquered and majestic soul;
 The goal of honor; not that *he* might
 rise
 Alone and dominant; *but that all men's*
eyes
Might view, perchance through much
brave toil of his,
His country stripped of every filthy weed
Of crime imputed; in thought, word and
deed,
A noble people, none would dare despise
 In their unsullied *Palingenesis*,
 (Which he with blissful awe,

And all a poet's prescient faith foresaw;) *A noble people*, o'er their subject-lands
 Ruling with constant hearts and stain-
 less hands:
 Their feet firm planted as McGregor's
 were,
 Deep in the herbage of their native sod,
 And every honest forehead free to rear
 A front unquelled by fear,
 Untouched by shame, unfurrowed by
 despair. —
 High in man's sight, or bowed alone to
 God!

So, let us rear the shaft, and poise the bust
Above the mouldering, but ah! priceless dust

Of vanished genius! Let our homage be
Large as that splendid prodigality
Of force and love, wherewith he
stanchly wrought

Out from the quarries of his own deep thought,

Unnumbered shapes; whether of good or ill,

No puny puppets whose false action frets

On a false stage, like feeble *Marionettes*;

But life-like, human still;
Types of a by-gone age of crime and lust;

Or, grand historic forms, in whom we view

Re-vivified, and re-created stand,
The braves who strove through cloud-encompassed ways,

Infinite travail, and malign dispraise,
To guard, to save, to wrench from tyrant hordes,

By the pen's virtue, or the lordlier sword's

Unravished Liberty,
The virgin huntress on a virgin strand!

I, through whose song your hearts have spoken to-night,

Soul-present with you, yet am far away;
Outside my exile's home, I watch the sway

Of the bowed pine-tops in the gloaming gray.

Casting across the melancholy lea,
A tint of browner blight;

Outside my exile's home, borne to and fro,

I hear the inarticulate murmurs flow
Of the faint wind-tides breathing like a sea;

When, in clear vision, softly dawns on me,

(As if in contrast with yon slow decay).

The loveliest land that smiles beneath the sky.

The coast-land of our Western Italy;

I view the waters quivering; quaff the breeze,

Whose briny raciness keeps an *under* taste

Of flavorful tropic sweets (perchance swept home,

Across the flickering waste
Of summer waves, capped by the Ariel foam).

From Cuba's perfumed groves, and garden spiceries!

Along the horizon-line a vapor swims.

Pale rose and amethyst, melting into gold;

Up to our feet the fawning ripples rolled.
Glimmer an instant, tremble, lapse, and die;

The whole rare scene, its every element
Etherealized, transmuted subtly, blent
By viewless alchemy.

Into the glory of a golden mood,
Brings potent exaltations, while I walk.
(A joyful youth again).

The snow-white beaches by the Atlantic Main!

Ah! *not* alone! the carking curse of Time

Far from him yet; his bold hopes und subdued

By the long anguish of the woes to be.
Midmost his years, in mellow-hearted prime.

Beside me stands our stalwart-statured *Simms*!

See! what a Viking's mien!

Half tawny locks in careless masses curled

Over his ample forehead's massive dome!
Eyes of bold outlook, that sometimes beneath

Their level-fronted brows, shine lambent, deep,

With inspirations scarce aroused from sleep;

And sometimes rife with ire,
Sent forth as sword-blades from an un-
bared sheath,

Flashes of sudden fire!

His whole air breathes of combat, unse-
rene

Profounds of feeling, by a scornful world
Too early stirred to impotent disdains;
Generous withal; bound by all liberal ties
Of lordly-natured magnanimities;

Whereof we mark the sign

In the curved fullness of a mobile
mouth,

Almost voluptuous; hinting of the
south,

Whose suns high summer shed through
all his veins:

Blending the mildness of a cordial grace
With sterner traits of his Berserker face,

Firm-set as granite, haughty, leo-
nine.

No prim Precisian he! his fluent talk
Roved thro' all topics, vivifying all;
Now deftly ranging level plains of
thought,

To sink, anon in metaphysical deeps;
Whence, by caprice of strange transition
brought

Outward and upward, the free current
sought

Ideal summits, gathering in its course,
Splendid momentum and imperious
force,

Till, down it rushed as mighty cataracts
fall,

Hurled from gaunt mountain steep!

Sportive he could be as a gamesome boy!
By heaven! as 'twere but yesterday, I
see

His tall frame quake with throes of jolli-
ty;

Hear his rich voice that owned a jovial
tone,

Jocund as Falstaff's own;

And catch moist glints of steel-blue eyes
o'errun

Sideways, by tiny rivulets of fun!

Alas! this vivid vision slowly fades!
Its serious beauty, and its flush of joy
Pass into nothingness! . . . Stern

Death resumes

His sombre empire in the dusk of
tombs;

And the deep umbrage of the cypress
glades

Is wanly, coldly cast

In lengthening gloom o'er the reburied
past!

What then? the spirit of him

We mourn and fain would honor, grows
not dim;

On earth will live with consummated
toil

Worthily wrought, despite the hot tur-
moil

Of open enmity, the secret guile,
That mole-like burrowed 'neath the
fruitful soil

Of his broad mental acres, but to show
Marks of its crawling littleness between,

Each far-extended row

Of those hale harvests, glittering gold or
green!

And somewhere, *somewhere* in the infi-
nite space,

Like all true souls by our Soul-Father
prized,

It dwells *forever individualized*;

No ghost bewildered 'midst a "No
Man's Land;"

Outlawed and banned

Of fair identity's redeeming grace,
Shivering before its wretched phantom
self,

Marred by Lethæan moonshine — a pale
elf,

A passionless shadow, but in mind and
heart,

The mortal creature's marvellous coun-
terpart;

Only exalted, nobler; down on us

Gazing thro' fathomless ethers lumi-
nous;

Watching the earth and earth-ways
from afar,

Perhaps with somewhat of a scornful
smile;
Yet tempered by the tolerance which be-
seems
One long translated from *our* sphere of
dreams,
Hollow illusions, vacant vanities,
To that vast actual, which beyond us
lies,
Where who may guess? midst yonder
opulent skies;
Clear "coigns of vantage," in some
deathless star!

VI.

DICKENS.

METHINKS the air
Throbs with the tolling of harmonious
bells,
Rung by the hands of spirits; every-
where
We feel the presence of a soft despair
And thrill to voices of divine farewells.

Sweet Fancy lost,
Wandering in darkness, now makes sil-
very moan;
While Pathos, pale, and shadowy, like
a ghost,
Sobs upon Humor's breast, that
mourns him most,
The wizard king who leaves them all —
alone.

Wan genii throng,
From earth's four quarters hurrying,
mount and mart,
Pure woodland peace, the city's din
and wrong,
Each breathing low a fond funereal
song,
Each sadly bowed o'er that grand, silent
heart.

The children's tears
Mingle with manhood's woe, that falls
like rain;
Low lieth one who towered above his
peers,

And nevermore, through all the fruit-
ful years,
Our eyes shall greet the master's like
again.

Creations fine,
His prodigal offspring, crowd so thickly
round
That Wit falls foul of Sorrow, Cupids
twine
Warm arms with Avarice, and Love's
strength divine
Hath vanquished Hate on Hate's own
chosen ground.

Though gone, his art
Triumphant spans the threatening clouds
of death;
Its rainbow hues forever pulse and
start,
Steeped in the life-blood of the human
heart,
And woven on heavens beyond Time's
stormy breath.

VII.

TO BAYARD TAYLOR BEYOND US.

A VISION OF CHRISTMAS EVE, 1878.

As here within I watch the fervid coals,
While the chill heavens without shine
wanly white,
I wonder, friend! in what rare realm of
souls,
You hail the uprising Christmas-tide
to-night!

I leave the fire-place, lift the curtain's
fold,
And peering past these shadowy win-
dow-bars,
See through broad rifts of ghostly clouds
unrolled,
The pulsing pallor of phantasmal
stars.

Phantoms they seem, glimpsed through
the clouded deep,
Till the winds cease, and cloudland's
ghastly glow

Gives place above to luminous calms of
sleep,
Beneath, to glittering amplitudes of
snow!

Some stars like steely bosks on blazoned
shields,

Stud constellations measureless in
might;

Some lily-pale, make fair the ethereal
fields,

In which, O friend, art thou ensphered
to-night?

Where'er mid yonder infinite worlds it be,
Its souls, I know, are clothed with
wings of fire;

How wouldst thou scorn even Immor-
tality,

In whose dull rest thou couldst not
still aspire!

There, Homer raised where genius can-
not nod,

Hears the orb'd thunders of celestial
seas;

And Shakespeare, lofty almost as a God,
Smiles his large smile at Aristophanes;

With earth's supremest souls, still
grouped apart,

Great souls made perfect in the eternal
noon,

There thy loved Goethe holds thee to his
heart,

Re-born to youth and all life's chords
in tune.

While in the liberal air of that wide
heaven,

He whispers: "Come! we share the
self-same height;

To me on earth thy noblest toils were
given,

Brothers, henceforth, we walk these
paths of light."

Clear and more clear the radiant vision
gleams!

More bright grand shapes and glorious
faces grow;

While like deep fugues of victory, heard
in dreams,
A thousand heavenly clarions seem to
blow!

VIII.

BAYARD TAYLOR (UPON DEATH).

"More than once I have met death, but
without fear! Nor do I fear now! Without
being able to demonstrate it, I know that my
soul cannot die. . . Indeed, to me the infinite
is more comprehensible than the finite!"

These words occur in a letter of Bayard
Taylor's to me, written not many weeks before
his death. They have suggested the following
sonnet:—

"OFT have I fronted Death, nor feared
his might!

To me immortal, this dim Finite seems
Like some waste low-land, crossed by
wandering streams

Whose clouded waves scarce catch our
yearning sight:

Clearer by far, the imperial Infinite!
Though its ethereal radiance only gleams
In exaltations of majestic dreams,

Such dreams portray God's heaven of
heavens aright!"

Thou blissful Faith! that on death's
imminent brink

Thus much of heaven's mysterious truth
hast told!

Soul-life aspires, though all the stars
should sink;

Not vain our loftiest instinct's upward
stress,

Nor hath the immortal hope shone clear
and bold,

To quench at death, his torch in noth-
ingness!

IX.

RICHARD H. DANA, SEN.

O DEEP grave eyes! that long have
seemed to gaze

On our low level from far loftier days,
O grand gray head! an aureole seemed to
gird,

Drawn from the spirit's pure, immacu-
late rays!

At length death's signal sounds! From
 weary eyes
 Pass the pale phantoms of our earth
 and skies;
 The gray head droops; the museful lips
 are closed
 On life's vain questionings and more
 vain replies!

Like some gaunt oak wert thou, that
 lonely stands
 'Mid fallen trunks in outworn desert
 lands;
 Still sound at core, with rhythmic leaves
 that stir
 To soft swift touches of aerial hands.

Ah! long we viewed thee thus, forlornly
 free,
 In that dead grove the sole unravished
 tree;
 Lo! the dark axe man smites! the oak
 lies low
 That towered in lonely calm o'er land
 and sea!

X.

BRYANT DEAD!

Lo! there he lies, our Patriarch Poet,
 dead!
 The solemn angel of eternal peace
 Has waved a wand of mystery o'er his
 head,
 Touched his strong heart, and bade
 his pulses cease.

Behold in marble quietude he lies!
 Pallid and cold, divorced from earthly
 breath,
 With tranquil brow, lax hands, and
 dreamless eyes.
 Yet the closed lips would seem to smile
 at death.

Well may they smile; for death, to such
 as he,
 Brings purer freedom, loftier thought
 and aim;

And, in grand truce with immortality,
 Lifts to song's fadeless heaven his
 star-like fame!

XI.

THE POLE OF DEATH.

IN MEMORY OF SIDNEY LANIER.

How solemnly on mournful eyes
 The mystic warning rose,
 While o'er the Singer's forehead lies
 A twilight of repose.

The twilight deepens into night, —
 That night of frozen breath,
 The rigor of whose Arctic blight,
 We recognize as — death!

But since beyond the polar ice
 May shine bright baths of balm;
 Past its grim barriers' last device,
 A crystal-hearted calm, —

Thus, ice-bound Death that guards so
 well
 His far-off, secret goal,
 May clasp a peace ineffable,
 For some who reach his pole!

My poet — is it thus with thee,
 Beyond this twilight gray, —
 This frozen blight, this sombre sea, —
 Ah! hast thou found the Day?

XII.

THE DEATH OF HOOD.*

THE maimed and broken warrior lay,
 By his last foeman brought to bay.

No sounds of battlefield were there —
 The drum's deep bass, the trumpet's
 blare.

* During the terrible yellow fever season of 1878, General Hood and his wife died at very nearly the same time. They left a large family of children unprovided for, under circumstances which aroused the sympathy of the public, north and south. At the South, a considerable fund was subsequently raised for their support; while northern philanthropists, we understand, adopted two of the children.

No lines of swart battalions broke
Infuriate, thro' the sulphurous smoke.

But silence held the tainted room
An ominous hush, an awful gloom,

Save when, with feverish moan, he
stirred,
And dropped some faint, half-muttered
word,

Or outlined in vague, shadowy phrase,
The changeful scenes of perished days!

What thoughts on his bewildered brain,
Must then have flashed their blinding
pain!

The past and future, blent in one, —
Wild chaos round life's setting sun.

But most his spirit's yearning gaze
Was fain to pierce the future's haze,

And haply view what fate should find
The tender loves he left behind.

"O God! outworn, despondent, poor,
I tarry at death's opening door,

While subtlest ties of sacred birth
Still bind me to the lives of earth.

How can I in calm courage die,
Thrilled by the anguish of a cry

I know from orphaned lips shall start
Above a father's pulseless heart?"

His eyes, by lingering languors kissed,
Shone like sad stars thro' autumn mist;

And all his being felt the stress
Of helpless passion's bitterness.

When, from the fever-haunted room,
The prescient hush, the dreary gloom,

A blissful hope divinely stole
O'er the vexed waters of his soul,

That sank as sank that stormy sea,
Subdued by Christ in Galilee.

It whispered low, with smiling mouth,
"She is not dead, — thy queenly South.

And since for her each liberal vein
Lavished thy life, like vintage rain,

When round the bursting wine-press
meets

The Ionian harvesters' crimsoned feet;

And since for her no galling curb
Could bind thy patriot will superb.

Yea! since for her thine all was spent,
Unmeasured, with a grand content, —

Soldier, thine orphaned ones shall rest,
Serene, on her imperial breast.

Her faithful arms shall be their fold,
In summer's heat, in winter's cold;

And her proud beauty melt above
Their weakness in majestic love!"

Ah! then the expiring hero's face,
Like Stephen's, glowed with rapturous
grace.

Mad missiles of a morbid mood,
Hurled at his heart in solitude,

No longer wounding, round it fell;
Peace sweetened his supreme farewell!

For sure the harmonious hope was true,
O South! he leaned his faith on you!

And in clear vision, ere he died,
Saw its pure promise justified.



MEDITATIVE AND RELIGIOUS.

I.

CHRIST ON EARTH.

HAD we but lived in those mysterious
days,

When, a veiled God 'mid unregenerate
men,

Christ calmly walked our devious mortal
ways,

Crowned with grief's bitter rue in place
of bays, —

Ah! had we lived but then:

Lived to drink in with every wondering
breath,

A consciousness beyond all human
ken,

That clothed in flesh, as long conceived
in faith,

We viewed the Lord of life and Lord of
death, —

Ah! had we lived but then:

To mark all Nature quickening where
He trod,

Whether thro' golden field, or shadowy
glen,

While a strange sweetness breathed from
leaf and clod,

As thro' man's image they divined their
God; —

Ah! had we lived but then!

Wild birds above him passed on reverent
wing,

And savage sovereigns of dark dune
or den,

Out stole to greet Him with mild mur-
muring,

Soft as a nested dove's song in the
spring —

Ah! had we lived but then!

At "peace: be still!" the storm-wind
ceased to roar,

And the lulled waters seemed to sigh
"amen!"

Fear — the soul's mightier tempest —
surged no more,

But a strange stillness fell on sea and
shore; —

Ah! had we lived but then!

With our own ears to hear the words He
said,

(Their music pondering o'er and o'er
again!)

The wine of wisdom quaff from wisdom's
head,

View the lame leap, and watch the up-
rising dead:

Ah! had we lived but then!

The world grows old. Faith, once a
mountain stream,

Now crawls polluted down a poisonous
fen;

The Bethlehem star hath lost its morning
beam;

Thy face, dear Christ, wanes like a
wasted dream, —

How changed, how cold since then.

Ah! 'tis our sordid lives whose promise
fails:

These languorous lives of low, lost,
aimless men;

Thro' mockery's mist our Lord's pure
aureole pales,

Yet tenderer than the Syrian nightin-
gales,

His voice sounds *now* as *then*.

II.

HARVEST-HOME.

O'ER all the fragrant land this harvest
day,

What bounteous sheaves are garnered,
ear and blade!

Whether the heavens be golden-glad, or
gray, —

And the swart laborers toil in sun or
shade: —

Like some fair mother in time's morning
beams,

When mortal beauty lured immortal
eyes,

Here, Earth lies smiling in ethereal
dreams,

While her deep-bosomed breathings
fall and rise!

Through half-closed lids she views o'er
lawn and lea,

Rich-fruited trees, vast piles of glim-
mering grain, —



"O'er all the fragrant land this harvest day,
What bounteous sheaves are garnered, ear and blade."



And from the mountain boundaries to
the sea,
Hears the low rumbling of the loaded
wain.

A magical murmur born of ocean-deeps,
Blent with the pine-tree's lingering
music thrills

Up the brown pastures to the trackless
steeps,
And ancient caverns of the lonely
hills.

Far-flashing insects flicker thro' the
grass;

The humble-bee with burly bass drones
by;

Afar the plover pipes; the curlews pass
In long lithe lines across the violet sky:

A mellowed radiance rings creation
round;

Plenty and peace the auspicious season
bless;

The full year pauses proudly, clothed
and crowned

In consummation of high queenliness:

All nature seems to throb with rhythmic
fires;

Dawns rise harmonious; splendid sun-
sets roll

Down to the chorus of invisible choirs—
Strange winds in tune with Earth's
victorious soul!—

Thus, on the verge of winter's dreary
rest,

Nature rejoices in rare pomps of
power;

To breeze and sunbeam bares her prodi-
gal breast.

And robes in purple her last shadowless
hour.

Ah, when Life's autumn nears the eter-
nal main,

May the heart's granary its rich depths
unfold,—

Brimmed with immaculate sheaves of
heavenly grain,
And flushed with fruitage of unfading
gold!

III.

RECONCILIATION.

[From the South to the North. Written in
view of the new year.]

LAND of the North! I waft to thee
The South's warm *benedicite*!
Thou camest when all was grief and pain,
The feverish blood, the tortured brain,
When through hot veins delirium ran,
Thou cam'st, the true Samaritan!

The charm of ruthful grace divine,
The golden oil and perfumed wine,
Have soothed far deeper wounds than
those

Which harmed the body's hale repose;
On anguished souls dropped purely calm,
And sweet as Mary's "spikenard"
balm!

Lo! now o'er all the world are drawn
Clear splendors of the New-year's dawn!
O North! O South! let warfare cease!
Hark! to that prince whose name is
peace!

And ere time's new-born child departs,
Be joined in hands and joined in
hearts!

Once wedded thus, O North! O South!
Should discord ope her Marah mouth,
Smite the foul lips so basely fain
To outpour hate's salt tides again:
Long raged the storm, long lowered the
night,—

O faction, fly our morning light!

IV.

A VERNAL HYMN.

THE fresh spring burgeons into bloom—
And Earth with all her vernal charms
Lies like a queenly bride enclasped
Within her heavenly bridegroom's
arms;

The storms that raved have sunk to
peace;

Freed rivulets weave a blithesome lay,
And blissful Nature softly sings
Preludings of her perfect day!

Meanwhile there's not a breeze that
thrills

Leaf, bud, and flower with genial
kiss, —

Which does not breathe *thy* mystic hope,
Oh, soul of Palingenesis: —

Glance where we may, the symbols rise
Of loftier loves and lives to be: —

*This marcellous spring-time seems to
grasp*

The skirts of immortality!

V.

CHRISTIAN EXALTATION.

O CHRISTIAN soldier! shouldst thou rue
Life and its toils, as others do —

Wear a sad frown from day to day,

And garb thy soul in hodden-gray?

O rather shouldst thou smile elate,

Unquelled by sin, unawed by hate, —

Thy lofty-statured spirit dress

In moods of royal stateliness; —

For say, what service so divine

As that, ah! warrior heart, of thine,

High pledged alike through gain or loss,

To thy brave banner of the cross?

Yea! what hast *thou* to do with gloom,

Whose footsteps spurn the conquered
tomb?

Thou that through dreariest dark can
see

A smiling immortality?

Leave to the mournful doubting slave,
Who deems the whole wan earth a grave,

Across whose dusky mounds forlorn

Can rise no resurrection morn,

The sombre nien, the funeral weed,

That darkly match so dark a creed;

But be *thy* brow turned bright on all,

Thy voice like some clear clarion call,

Pealing o'er life's tumultuous van
The keynote of the hopes of man,
While o'er thee flames through gain,
through loss, —
That fadeless symbol of the cross.

VI.

SOLITUDE; IN YOUTH AND AGE.

In youth we shrink from solitude!

Its quiet ways we shun,

Because our hearts are fain to dance

With others' in the sun; —

Life's nectar bubbling brightly up,

O'erfloweth toward our brother's cup.

In age we shrink from solitude,

Because our God is there;

And something in his "still, small voice"

Doth bid our souls "beware!"

Who flies from God and conscience, can

But seek his fellow-sinner — man!

VII.

DENIAL.

WE look with scorn on Peter's thrice-
told lie;

Boldly we say, "Good brother! you
nor I,

So near the sacred Lord, the Christ,
indeed,

Had dared His name and marvellous
grace deny."

Oh, futile boast! Oh, haughty lips, be
dumb!

Unheralded by boisterous trump or
drum,

How oft 'mid silent eves and midnight
chimes,

Vainly to us our pleading Lord hath
come —

Knocked at our hearts, and striven to
enter there;

But we poor slaves of mortal sin and care,

Sunk in deep sloth, or bound by
spiritual sleep,

Heard not the voice divine, the tender
prayer!

Ah! well for us if some late spring-tide
 hour
 Faith still may bring, with blended shine
 and shower;
 If through warm tears a late remorse
 may shed,
 Our wakened souls put forth *one*
 heavenly flower!

VIII.

LESSON OF SUBMISSION.

BEN YOUSSEF, bound to Mecca, day by
 day
 Toiled bravely o'er the desert's fiery
 way,
 Till its hot sands and flint-sown courses
 sore
 Pressed on the broidered sandals which
 he wore,
 Scorching and cutting! at the last they
 fell
 Loosely abroad;—he seemed to fare
 through hell,
 So blistering now, the flame-hued rocks
 and dust:—
 "O mighty Allah!" cried he, "art thou
 just,
 To let thy faithful pilgrim, serving thee,
 Pass onward, thus, in nameless agony?"
 With bitter thoughts and half-rebellious
 mind
 He left, at length, the desert sands
 behind,
 And still in that dark temper—far
 from grace—
 Went where his brethren midst the
 holy place
 Kneeled, by the *Caäba's* sanctity en-
 thrall'd;—
 Lo! there he marked a smitten wretch
 who crawled
 Nearer the shrine, on bleeding hands
 and knees,
 Yet his deep eyes were stars of prayer
 and peace;—
 And ah, how Youssuf's heart remorse-
 ful beat,
 To find *he* lacked not only shoes, but—
 feet!

IX.

THE SUPREME HOUR.

THERE comes an hour when all life's
 joys and pains
 To our raised vision seem
 But as the flickering phantom that
 remains
 Of some dead midnight dream!

There comes an hour when earth recedes
 so far,

Its wasted wavering ray
 Wanes to the ghostly pallor of a star
 Merged in the milky way.

Set on the sharp, sheer summit that
 divides

Immortal truth from mortal fantasie;
 We hear the moaning of time's muffled
 tides

In measureless distance die!

Past passions—loves, ambitions and
 despairs,

Across the expiring swell
 Send thro' void space, like wafts of
 Lethean airs,
 Vague voices of farewell.

Ah, then! from life's long-haunted
 dream we part,

Roused as a child new-born,
 We feel the pulses of the eternal heart
 Throb thro' the eternal morn.

X.

A CHRISTMAS LYRIC.

Tho' the Earth with age seems whitened,
 And her tresses hoary and old
 No longer are flushed and brightened
 By glintings of brown or gold,
 A voice from the Syrian highlands,
 O'er waters that flash and stir,
 By the belts of their tropic islands,
 Still singeth of joy to her!

A song which the centuries hallow!
 Though softer than April rain
 That soweth on field and fallow,
 A spell that shall rise in grain—

Yet deep as the sea-strain chanted
On the fluctuant ocean-lyre,
By the magical west-wind haunted,
With the pulse of his soul on fire!

A promise to lift the lowly, —
To weed the soul of its tares,
And change into harmonies holy
The discord of fierce despairs:
A glory of high Evangels,
Of rhythmical storms and calms;
All hail to the voices of angels,
Heard over the starlit palms!

A hymn of hope to the ages,
The music of deathless trust,
No frenzy of mortal rages
Can darken with doubt or dust;
A rapture of high evangels,
But centred in sacred calms!
Ah! still the chorons of angels
Thrills over the Bethlehem palms!

Still heralds the day-spring tender,
That never can melt or close,
Till the noon of its deepening splendor
Out-blooms, like a mystic rose,
Whose petals are rays supernal
Of love that hath all sufficed, —
And whose heart is the grace eternal,
Of the fathomless peace of Christ!

XL

THE PILGRIM.

Through deepening dust and dreary
dearth
I walk the darkened wastes of earth,
A weary pilgrim sore beset,
By hopeless griefs and stern regret,

With broken staff and tattered shoon
I wander slow from dawn to noon —
From arid noon till dew-impearled,
Pale twilight steals across the world,

Yet sometimes through dim evening
calms
I catch the gleam of distant palms:
And hear, far off, a mystic sea
Divine as waves on Gadilee,

Perchance through paths unknown,
forlorn,
I still may reach an orient morn;
To rest when Easter breezes stir,
Around the sacred sepulchre.

XII.

PENUEL.

NEAR Jabbok Ford, endued with sacred
might,
The patriarch strove with *one* that silent
came,
Obscurely limned against the twilight
flame —
Strove thro' slow watches of the marvel-
lous night!

*"Ungird thine arms, for lo! 'tis morning
light,"*
Spake the weird stranger! — *"nay, but
grant the claim,
Made good thro' strife divine, and bless
my name,
'Ere yet thou goest from doubtful clasp
and sight!"*

Thus Jacob, in the slowly ebbing swell
Of power and passion, — yearning still
to mark
That wrestler's face between the dawn
and dark:

Again, *"wilt thou not bless me?"* . . .
yea! and yea!"
Dropped a still voice, what time the
new-born day
Haloed an angel's head at Penuel!

XIII.

PATIENCE.

SHE hath no beauty in her face,
Unless the chastened sweetness there
And meek long-suffering yield a grace
To make her mournful features fair.

Stunned by the gay, the proud, the
young,
She roams through dim unsheltered
ways:

Nor lover's vow, nor flatterer's tongue,
Brings music to her sober days.

At best, her skies are clouded o'er,
And oft she fronts the stinging sleet,
Or feels on some tempestuous shore
The storm-waves lash her naked feet!

Where'er she strays, or musing stands
By lonesome beach, by turbulent
mart, —

We see her pale, half-tremulous hands
Crossed humbly o'er her aching heart.

Within, a secret pain she bears,
A pain too deep to feel the balm
An April spirit finds in tears, —
Alas! all cureless griefs are calm!

Yet in her passionless strength supreme,
Despair beyond her pathway flies,
Awed by the softly steadfast beam
Of sad, but heaven-enamored eyes!

Who pause to greet her, vaguely seem
Touched by fine wafts of holier air,
As those who in some mystic dream
Talk with the angels unaware!

XIV.

THE LATTER PEACE.

We have passed the noonday summit,
We have left the noonday heat,
And down the hillside slowly
Descend our weary feet.
Yet the evening airs are balmy,
And the evening shadows sweet.

Our summer's latest roses
Lay withered long ago;
And even the flowers of autumn
Scarce keep their mellowed glow.
Yet a peaceful season woos us
Ere the time of storms and snow.

Like the tender twilight weather
When the toil of day is done,
And we feel the bliss of quiet
Our constant hearts have won —
When the vesper planet blushes,
Kissed by the dying sun.

So falls that tranquil season,
Dew-like, on soul and sight,
Faith's silvery star rise blended
With memory's sunset light,
Wherein life pauses softly
Along the verge of night.

XV.

GAUTAMA.

SEVEN weary centuries ere our star-like
Christ

Rose on the clouded heavens of mortal
faith

Gautama came, the stern high priest
of death,

Oblivion's sombre, dark evangelist.
Millions of souls hath this dread creed
enticed

To wander lost through realms of bale-
ful breath,

Ghoul-haunted, rife with shapes of sin
and scath,

Monstrous, yet dim, as births of mid-
night mist:

All life, he taught, hath been, all life
must be

Accursed! the gift of demons! All
delight

Lies at the far-off goal of pulseless peace.

NOTE. — We yield to none in our cordial admiration of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia;" but we regard that most eloquent, pathetic, and beautiful poem, chiefly as a poem — and by no means as an absolutely authoritative presentation of Gautama's creed, or its tendencies. It even seems to us that Mr. Arnold is himself somewhat in the dark as to these matters. The "prodigious controversy among the erudite in regard to Gautama's doctrines," Mr. Arnold confronts chiefly by his own firm conviction that "a third of mankind would never have been brought to believe in blank abstractions, or in nothingness, as the crown of Being!" *Au contraire*, we cannot fairly ignore the opinion of those Orientalists who maintain, that "Nirvana" is essentially nothingness; and moreover, that the idea involved in it has a peculiar charm for the Hindoo mind.

"Pray," sighed he, "that this breath of
men shall cease;
Our hell is earth, our heaven eternal
night;
Our only godhead vague Nonentity!"

XVI.

CHRIST.

THE soul's physician thus the soul would
kill,
The soul's high priest its heaven-
bound pinions stay,
Bring from fresh beauty chaos, night
from day,
Despair from trust, from all good prom-
ise ill;
The outworn heart and sickened senses
still
Must shroud heaven's life in fogs of
foul decay,
Veil the swift angel, love, and hide the
ray
Born of God's smile with masks of mor-
bid will:—

• But Truth, and Truth's great Master
cannot die;
While Love, the seraph, free of wings
and eyes,
Upsweeps the realm of calm immensity.
A thousand times our buried Christ
shall rise
In prayerful souls to hush their
anguished sighs,
And dawn, not darkness, rule o'er earth
and sky.

XVII.

A WINTER HYMN.

O WEARY winds! O winds that wail!
O'er desert fields and ice-locked rills!
O heavens that brood so cold and pale
Above the frozen Norland hills!

Nature is like some sorrowing soul,
Robed in a garb of dreariest woe;—
She cannot see her vernal goal
Through ghostly veils of mist and
snow:—

Her pulse beats low; through all her
veins

Scarce can the sluggish life-blood
start;

What feeble, faltering heat sustains
The half-numbered forces of her heart!

Above, despondent eyes she lifts,
To view the sun-ray's dubious birth:
Beneath she marks the storm-piled drifts
About a waste bewildering earth!

Ah, stricken Mother! hast thou lost
All memory of the germs that rest
Untouched by tempest, rain, or frost,
Shrined in thine own immortal breast?

Bend, bend thine ear; yea, bend and
hear,—

Despite the winds' and woodlands'
strife,—

Deep in Earth's bosom, faint and clear,
The far-off murmurous hints of life:—

The sound of waves in whispering flow;
Of seeds that stir in dreams of light,
Whose sweetness mocks the shrouded
snow,

Whose radiance smiles at death and
night;

So, Christian spirit! wrapt in grief,—
Beneath *thy* misery's frozen sod,
Love works, to burst in flower and leaf,
On some fair spring-dawn fresh from
God!

XVIII.

THE THREE URNS.

LIST to an Arab parable, wherein
The beauty of the Orient fancy shrines
A star-like truth, the iconoclastic West
Is blind to see, its shrewd material vision
Bent over on the foulest soils of earth,
If only gold may gild them! Hear and
learn!

Nimroud, the king to whom his four-
score years

Had brought a wisdom pure as his white
locks,

"O weary winds! O winds that wail,
O'er desert hills and ice-locked fells."





(And spotless they as snow on Caucasus!)
 One morn commanded his three sons to
 grace
 His presence chamber; there in front of
 each
 A mighty urn, sealed with a mystic seal,
 Was duly set—the one of burnished
 gold,
 Blazed like an August noon—of amber
 fair
 The other—but the third (dull as a
 cloud
 Seen 'gainst the bright flash of a distant
 wave,
 Or 'twixt the glittering tree-tops),
 seemed, in form,
 A rugged mould wrought from the com-
 mon earth.

“Choose thou, my eldest,” said the
 king, deep-breathed,
 “Choose thou amongst these urns, the
 urn which seems
 To thee most precious,”—whereupon he
 chose
 The Vase of Gold, which bore in jewelled
 flame,
 Clear leaping, the word “EMPIRE,”—
 opened it,
 And found beneath a deadly, vaporous
 fume,
 (Which on the instant sickened heart
 and sense).—
 Nought but a bubbling tide of vital
 blood,
 Hot, as appeared, that moment from the
 veins
 Of murdered manhood. The fair amber
 vase,
 With “GLORY” written on it—“this
 for me!”
 Exclaimed the second prince, with eager
 eyes,
 And feverish hands clasping his treasure
 close,—
 Too close, alas! for as he spake, the urn
 Crashed on his breast, and bruised and
 tortured it,
 And a rare dust, the ashes of great men,

Dead centuries since, rose from its shat-
 tered bulk
 Pungent, and yet so light the feeblest
 puff
 Of failing wind hath shorn and scattered
 them
 Into vague air. One vase alone re-
 mained,
 Which the third son unsealing, found
 therein,
 Deep-graven, glittering like a planet
 keen,
 Thro' gulfs of envious darkness the sole
 name
 Of God,—“which name, O! princes,”
 said the king,
 “Doth sanctify yon vase of common
 earth
 Above all precious metals sought of
 men,
 Since but one letter of that sacred
 three,
 Outweighs all worlds, from the mild star
 of eve,
 Shining on love, to those mysterious
 orbs,
 Which gird the pathway of the Pleiades.”

XIX.

ON THE DECLINE OF FAITH.

As in some half-burned forest, one by
 one,
 We catch far echoes on the doleful
 breeze,
 Born of the downfall of its ruined
 trees;
 While even thro' those which stand,
 slow shudderings run,
 As if Fate's ruthless hand were laid
 thereon;
 So, in a world sore-smitten by foul dis-
 ease,
 —That Pest, called Doubt— we mark by
 slow degrees.
 The fall of many a faith that wooed the
 sun:
 Some, with low sigh of parting bough,
 or leaf,

Strain, quivering downward to the abhorred ground;
 Some totter feebly, groaning toward their doom;
 While some broad-centuried growths of old Belief,
 Sapped as by fire, defeatured, charred, discrowned,
 Fall with a loud crash, and long reverberant boom!

Thus, fated hour by hour, more gaunt and bare,
 Gloom the wan spaces, whence, a power to bless,
 Up burgeoned once, in grace or stateliness,
 Some creed divine, offspring of light and air;
 What then? and must we yield to blank despair,
 Beholding God Himself wax less and less,
 Paled in the skeptical storm-cloud's whirl and stress,
 'Till all is lost—love, reverence, hope, and prayer.
 O man! when faith succumbs, and reason reels,
 Before some impious, bold iconoclast,
 Turn to thy heart that *reasons* not, but *feels*;
 Creeds change! shrines perish! *still* (her instinct saith),
Still the soul lives, the soul must conquer Death.
Hold fast to God, and God will hold thee fast!

XX.

THE ULTIMATE TRUST.

THOUGH in the wine-press of thy wrath divine,
 My crushed hopes droop, like crude and worthless must,
 That love and mercy, Father! still are thine,
 With reverent soul, I trust!

Though all my life be shattered by thine ire,
 The mystic whirlwind of thy will august,
 Still, from the din, the darkness and the fire,
 I lift my song of trust!

Tho' foes assail me! yea, within, without!
 Harrow my heart, and hurl its joys in dust,
 No forceful fear, nor fraud of treacherous doubt,
 Disarms my bucklered trust!

Though my lost years be wrapped in Arctic cloud,
 And Grief on me hath wreaked her ruthless lust,
 Still, like an angel's face above a shroud
 Smiles my celestial trust!

Tho', Lord! thou wear'st a mask of hate ('twould seem),
 And for a time, I think—as mortals must—
 That mask shall melt, as melts a nightmare dream.
 Before my Orient trust!

Yea! tho' Thou slay me, and supine, I cower,
 Heart-pierced and bleeding from the fiery thrust,—
 I know there bides in heaven a glorious hour,
 To crown my sacred trust!

XXI.

“A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET.”

A LITTLE while (my life is almost set!)
 I fain would pause along the downward way,
 Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
 While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;
 A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
 All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
 Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
 And hope has faded to a vague regret,
 A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
 Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
 'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
 A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
 Hand locked in hand, and loyal heart to heart;
 (O pitying Christ! those woeful words,
 "We part!")
 So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
 A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when night and twilight meet;
 Behind, our broken years; before, the deep
 Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep.
 A little while I still would clasp thee,
 Sweet;
 A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
 Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
 Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
 Nor can love deem the face of death is fair:
 A little while I still would linger here.

XXII.

TWILIGHT MONOLOGUE.

CAN it be that the glory of manhood has passed,
 That its purpose, its passion, its might,
 Have all paled with the fervor that fed them at last,
 As the twilight comes down with the night?

Can it be I have lived, dreamed, and labored in vain —
 That above me, unconquered and bright,
 The proud goal I had aimed at is taunting my pain,
 As the twilight comes down with the night?

Can it be that my hopes, which seemed noble and fair,
 Were predestined to mildew and blight?
 Ah! sad disenchantment! that bids me beware
 Of a twilight which heralds the night!

The glad days, the brave years that were lusty and long —
 How they fade on vague memory's sight!
 And their joys are like echoes of jubilant song,
 As the twilight comes down with the night!

All the past is o'ershadowed, the present is dim,
 And could earth's fairest future requite
 The worn spirit that swoons, the racked senses that swim,
 In this dread of the twilight and night?

There is dew on my raiment; the sea winds wail low,
 As lost birds, wafted wave-ward in flight,

And all Nature grows cold, as my heart
in its woe,
At the advent of twilight and night!

From the realm of dead sunset scarce
darkened as yet —

Over hills mist-enshrouded and white,
A deep sigh of ineffable, mournful regret,
Seems exhaled 'twixt the twilight and
night!

O! thou genius of art! I have wor-
shipped and blessed;

O! thou soul of all beauty and light!
Lift me up in thine arms, give me
warmth from thy breast,

Ere the twilight be merged in the
night!

Let me draw from thy bosom miraculous
breath,

And for once, on song's uppermost
height,

I may chant to the nations such music
in death

As shall mock at the twilight and
night!

XXIII.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

I PRAY you, when the shadow of death
draws nigh,

To bear me out beneath the unmeasured
heaven;

I fain would hear the pine-trees' slum-
berous sigh,

And watch the cloud flotillas drifted
high,

By slow, soft breezes driven
Due south, perchance toward realms of
tropic balms,

And the warm fragrance of the Syrian
palms.

I pray you, when the shadow of death
comes down,

Oh! lay me close to nature's pulses deep,
Whether her breast with autumn tints
be brown,

Or bright with summer, or hale winter's
crown

Press on her brows in sleep;
So nigh the dawn of some new, marvel-
lous birth,

I'd look to heaven, still clasped in arms
of earth!

I pray you, when the shadow of death
draws near,

Give, give me freedom for my last, faint
breath;

Beneath God's liberal heaven I could
not fear,

His merciful winds would dry my latest
tear,

His sunshine soften death,
And some fair shreds of our dear earth's
delight

Cling round the spirit in her upward
flight.

XXIV.

FINIS.

A MOMENT'S gleam, a hint of sunnier
weather,

Borne from the storm-clouds and the
mists of fate;

Dawned, with a tender "Peradventure"
hither,

A soft "Perchance it is not yet too
late!"

And so a transient omen magnifying,

My soul would fain pass brightened,
unto thine;

But to my half-formed thought comes
truth replying:

"No life mounts backward from its
wan decline."

Would'st thou expect, drear winter,
ashen, sober,

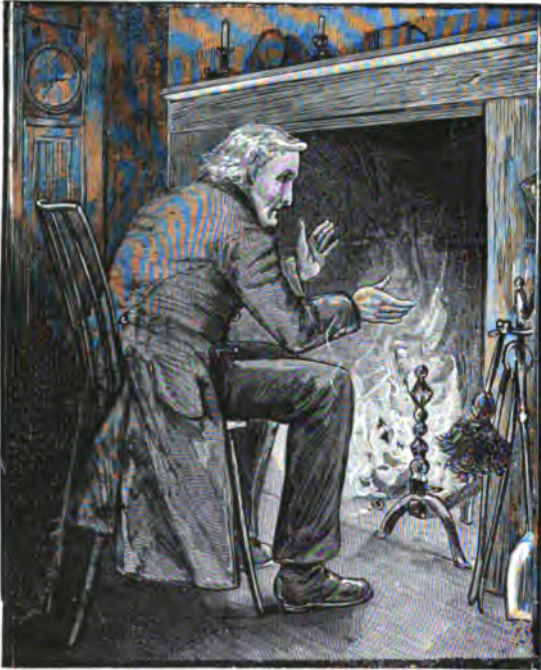
To burn with blushes of a spring-tide
noon?

Would'st thou expect the hectic-cheeked
October

To catch the virginal freshness of
young June?

All mortal lives like the year's seasons
 ever
 Pass from their May dawn and rare
 summer's bloom,
 Down to the day when autumn winds
 dis sever
 Life's latest sheaves to strew them
 near a tomb.

And then death looms, that pitiless grim
 December.
 Bringing cold tears, a winding sheet
 like snow,
 Last, a carved stone, which bids the
 world remember
 One of its countless myriads sleeps be-
 low.



"My thoughts are wandering on the verge of dreams, . . .
 While lower, feebler, flit the fireside gleams."

XXV.

THE SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

WHAT mournful influence chills my soul
 to-night ?
 I watch the expiring flames that fade
 and fall,
 From which outleap vague shafts of
 arrowy light,
 Pursued by spectral shadows on the
 wall.

My thoughts are wandering on the verge
 of dreams,
 Mist-laden, gray, and sombre as a
 pall,
 While lower, feebler, flit the fireside
 gleams,
 And darker those quaint shadows on
 the wall.

The old sad voice (fraught with the centuries' tears)

That seems through infinite space and time to call,

Faint with the doubts and grief of antique years,

Years that are dim as shadows on the wall;

The old sad voice is whispering to my heart:

Man's life, phantasmal, vain, illusive all,

Beholds too soon its cloud-foundations part,

Melting like midnight shadows on the wall.

Too soon the noblest passions, worn and old,

Die, or grow dulled and languid past recall;

Even love may wane in memory's twilight cold,

Sad, wavering, wan, as shadows on the wall.

And oft the loftiest nature's loftiest aim,
Heaven-soaring once, wide as this earthly ball,

Sinks, a tamed eagle o'er whose eyes of flame

The death-films steal like shadows on the wall.

A subtler voice whispers the conscious soul,

"What of high hopes which held *thy* youth in thrall?

Where flash *thy* chariot wheels, where shines *thy* goal?"

The mocking shadows answer from the wall.

With deepening dusk and faded flame they grow

Fantastic phantoms, hovering over all

The tremulous space, or flickering to and fro

In wild unearthly antics on the wall.

Till as the last slow ember drops in gloom,

Like vassals hurrying through some wizard's hall,

Whirling they pass, and darkness haunts the room,

No life, not even a shadow on the wall!

XXVI.

CONSUMMATUM EST.

I've done with all the world can give,
Whate'er its kind or measure.

(O Christ! what paltry lives we live
If toil be lord, or pleasure!).

Alas! I only yearn for sleep,
Calm rest for fevered riot —

The sacred sleep, the shadows deep,
Of death's majestic quiet.

I've done with all our earth-life lends —
False hopes and wild ambitions,

Brilliant beginnings, futile ends,
And long-postponed fruitions,
Those hollow shows dissembling truth,
Vain myths that mock the real,

The dreary wrecks of peace and youth
Above a crushed ideal.

I've done with heavenly dreams that wane

At touch of earth-born dawns,
With fervid passion, useless pain,
Brave aims and dim forewarnings;

I've done with alien tears or smiles,
Past days and vague to-morrows;

I've done with earth's unhallowed wiles,

Brief joys and helpless sorrows.

I've done with compacts sealed in dust,
Dull cares that overweighed me,
With promise of the Judas-trust,

That, while it kissed, betrayed me;
With all save love, whose matchless face

Midmost a life's undoing
Smiles in its tender angel's grace
To sanctify the ruin.

I've done with all beneath the stars,
 O world! so wanly fleeting!
 How long against time's ruthless bars
 Have the soul's wings been beating,
 Till even the soul but yearns for sleep,
 Calm rest for fevered riot —
 The sacred sleep, the shadows deep,
 Of death's majestic quiet!

XXVII.

THE BROKEN CHORDS.

LIKE a worn wind-harp on a barren lea,
 Unstirred by subtle breathings of the
 sea,

Though sweet south-breezes swell the
 floodtide's flow,
 The lyric power in this worn heart of
 mine

Droops in the twilight of life's wan
 decline,

While the lax chords of song grown
 lax and low,

Are dumb to all the heavenly airs that
 blow!

Only, sometimes along each shattered
 string

I hear the ghost of Memory murmur-
 ing

Old strains, as half in sadness half in
 scorn,

So faint, so far, they scarcely pass the
 bound

'Twixt sullen silence and ethereal
 sound, —

Mere wraiths of murmurous tone, that
 die forlorn

Ere yet we deem those faltering notes
 are born!

So, smitten chords, sink, wane, and pass
 away!

Yet have ye made soft music in your
 day

On many a sea-swept strand or breezy
 lawn.

Once more I hear that yearning music
 rise;

Once more I see deep tears in tender
 eyes;

And all my soul melts in me, fondly
 drawn

Back to youth's love and youth's Arca-
 dian dawn!

XXVIII.

THE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE.

A TINY rift within the lute
 May sometimes make the music mute!
 By slow degrees, the rift grows wide,
 By slow degrees, the tender tide —
 Harmonious once — of loving thought
 Becomes with harsher measures fraught,
 Until the heart's Arcadian breath
 Lapses thro' discord into death!

XXIX.

IN HARBOR.

I THINK it is over, over,
 I think it is over at last,
 Voices of foeman and lover,
 The sweet and the bitter have passed: —
 Life, like a tempest of ocean
 Hath outblown its ultimate blast:
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-
 ward,
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over! over!

For the winds and the waters surcease;
 Ah! — few were the days of the rover

That smiled in the beauty of peace!
 And distant and dim was the omen
 That hinted redress or release: —

From the ravage of life, and its riot
 What marvel I yearn for the quiet

Which bides in the harbor at last?

For the lights with their welcoming
 quiver

That through the sanctified river
 Which girdles the harbor at last,
 This heavenly harbor at last?

I know it is over, over,
 I know it is over at last!
 Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
 For the stress of the voyage has passed:
 Life, like a tempest of ocean
 Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast:
 There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward,
 While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward;
 And behold! like the welcoming quiver
 Of heart-pulses throbb'd thro' the river,
 Those lights in the harbor at last,
 The heavenly harbor at last!

XXX.

FORECASTINGS.

WHEN I am gone, what alien steps shall tread

This flowery garden-close?
 What alien hands shall pluck the violets sweet,
 Or gather the rich petals of the rose,
 When I—dear thought!—am dead?

When I am gone, toward doubtful darkness led,

What voices, false or true,
 Shall echo round these old, familiar haunts

My happiest days of tranquil manhood knew,

Ah me! when I am dead?

When I am gone, what museful eyes instead

Of these dimmed eyes of mine,
 Beneath yon trellised porch shall mark thro' heaven,

On cloudless eves the summer sunsets shine,

When I, alas! am dead?

When I am gone, and all is done and said,

One life had wrought below—
 'Mid these fair scenes what other souls shall thrill,

In turn, to love and anguish, joy and woe—

Dear Christ! when I am dead?

Though I be dead, perchance when Spring has shed

Her gentlest influence round—
 Here, where love reigned, my ghostly feet may tread

The old accustomed paths without a sound,—

Perchance—when I am dead!

Though I be dead, earth's fragrant white and red

Here in spring roses met,
 May to strange spiritual senses bring the balms

Of tender memory and divine regret,
 Yea! even to me—though dead!

Though I be dead, with faded hands and head

Laid in unbreathing rest—
 Dear cottage roof! thou still mayst lure me back.

Among the unconscious living a wan guest,

Veiled, as Fate veils the dead:

A guest of shadowy frame, ethereal tread,

Amongst them, yet apart—
 A sombre mystery! in whose bosom throb

The faint, slow pulses of its phantom heart,

Ah, heaven! not wholly dead!

XXXI.

APPEAL TO NATURE OF THE SOLITARY HEART.

DEAR mother, take me to thy breast!
 I have no other place of rest

In all this weary world of men:

Ah! fold me in thy love again,
 Sweet mother; clasp me to thy breast!

From out thy womb, long since, I came,
A creature wrought of dust and flame;
I knew no mortal mother's grace,
But only viewed *thy* mystic face,
That softly went, and softly came!

I knew thee in the sunset grand,
The waveless calm, the silvery strand;
From out the shimmering twilight-
bars

I saw thee smile between the stars,
Divinely sweet, or softly grand!

I heard, beneath the sylvan arch,
Thy battling winds, led on by March,
Sweep where the solemn pine-tops
close
About its ravaged, dim repose—
Hushed, awed, beneath the woodland
arch!

I heard thee, 'mid some tender hour,
In lisping leaf and rustling flower,
In low lute-breathings of the breeze,
And tidal sighs o'er moonless seas
Star-charmed in midnight's mournful
hour!

I thrilled at each far-whispered tone
That touched me from thy vast un-
known,
At every dew-bright hint that fell
From out thy soul unsearchable,
Yea, each strange hint and shadowy
tone!

I felt, through dim, awe-laden space,
The coming of thy veiled face;
And in the fragrant night's eclipse
The kisses of thy deathless lips,
Like strange star-pulses, throbbed
through space!

Now mine own pulses, beating low,
Whisper the spent life: "*Thou must go;
Even as a wasted rivalet, pass
Beyond the light, beneath the grass,
For strength grows faint, and hope is
lost!*"

FOUR POEMS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

I.

TO THE POET WHITTIER.

ON HIS 70TH BIRTHDAY.

FROM this far realm of pines I waft thee
now

A brother's greeting, Poet, tried and
true;
So thick the laurels on thy reverend
brow,

We scarce can see the white locks
glimmering through!

O pure of thought! Earnest in heart
as pen,

The tests of time have left thee unde-
filed;

And o'er the snows of threescore years
and ten

Shines the unsullied aureole of a child.

II.

TO O. W. HOLMES,

ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Doctor, whose blandly invincible
pen

Has honored so often your great fellow-
men

With your genius and virtues, who
doubts it is true

That the world owes in turn, a warm
tribute to you?

Wheresoever rare merit has lifted its
head

From the cool country calm or the city's
hotbed—

You were always the first to applaud it
by name,

And to smooth for its feet the harsh
pathway to fame.

Wheresoever beneath the broad rule of
the sun,

By some spirit elect, a grand deed has
been done—

Its electrical spell like the lightning's
would dart,
Though the globe lay between, to thrill
first in *your* heart!

Philanthropist! poet! romancer! combined —

Ay! shrewd scientist too — who shall
fathom your mind,

Shall plumb that strange sea to the uttermost deep,

With its vast under-tides, and its rhyth-
mical sweep?

You have toiled in life's noon, till the
hot blasting light

Blinds the eyes that would gauge your
soul stature aright;

But when eve comes at last, 't will be
clear to mankind,

By the length of bright shadow your
soul leaves behind!

III.

TO EMERSON.

ON HIS 77th BIRTHDAY.

"I do esteeme him a deepe sincere soule; one
that seemeth ever to be travailling after the
Infinite!" — *Sir Thomas Browne*.

AH! what to him *our* trivial praise or
blame,

Who through long years hath raised
half-mournful eyes

Yearning to mark some heaven-descend-
ed flame

Light his soul's altar rife with sacri-
fice?

The offering of far thoughts, profound
as prayer,

And starry dreams, still rhythmical of
youth,

With travail of brain that pants for loft-
tier air,

To the veiled mystery of immaculate
Truth:

No Orient seer — wild woodlands, 'round
him furled, —

Building his shrine 'mid virginal
vales apart,

E'er watched and waited in the antique
world,

For fire divine, with more ethereal
heart!

Can life's supreme oblations still re-
main

All undiscerned? or hath some mar-
vellous levin

Hallowed his gift, and down his rifted
pain

Flashed the white splendor of God's
grace from heaven?

IV.

TO HON. R. G. H.

UPON HIS 78th BIRTHDAY.

CLOSE to the verge of fourscore crowded
years

Your heart is strong, your soul serene
and bright;

As when confronting first life's hopes
and fears —

The star of manhood crowned your brow
with light.

Clear thoughts are spells to keep the life-
blood pure,

Brave aims are medicinal, rife with
balm;

What wonder then, with *thee* life's joys
endure,

And life's majestic sunset smiles in
calm!

For thou art one whose brotherhood
supreme

Hath touched all circles of benign
desire;

Therefore, thy days like some uncloud-
ed dream,

Are slowly melting into heavenly fire.

HUMOROUS POEMS.



HUMOROUS POEMS.

VALERIE'S CONFESSION.

TO A FRIEND.

THEY declare that I'm gracefully pretty,
The very best waltzer that whirls;
They say I am sparkling and witty,
The pearl, the queen rose-bud of girls.
But, alas for the popular blindness!
Its judgment, though folly, can hurt:
Since my heart, that runs over with
kindness,
It vows is the heart of a flirt!

How, *how*, can I help it, if Nature,
Whose mysteries baffle our ken,
Hath made me the tenderest creature
That ever had pity on men?
When the shafts of my luminous glances
Have tortured some sensitive breast,
Why, I soften their light till it trances
The poor wounded bosom to rest!

Can I help it if, brought from all regions,
As diverse in features as gait,
Rash lovers besiege me in legions,
Each lover demanding his fate?
To be cold to such fervors of feeling
Would pronounce me a dullard or
dunce;
And so, the bare thought sets me reel-
ing,
I'm engaged to *six* suitors at once!

The first, — we shall call him "sweet
William,"
He's a lad scarcely witty or wise —
The gloom of the sorrows of "Illium"
Would seem to outbreathe on his
sighs.

When I strove, half in earnest, to flout
him,
Pale, pale at my footstool he sunk;
But mamma, quite too ready to scout
him,
Would hint that "sweet Willie" was
drunk!

My second, a florid Adonis
Of forty-and-five, to a day,
Drives me out in his phaeton with po-
nies,
Making love every yard of the way,
Who so pleasantly placed could resist
him?
Had he popped 'neath the moonlight
and dew
That eve, I could almost have kissed him
(A confession alone, dear, for you).

Next, a widower, polished and youthful,
Far famed for his learning and pelf:
Can I doubt that *his* passion is truthful,
That he seeks me alone for myself?
Yet I know that some slanderers mutter
His fortune is just taking wings;
But I scorn the backbiters who utter
Such basely censorious things!

Could they hearken his love-whisper,
dulcet
As April's soft tide on the strand,
Whose white curves are loath to re-
pulse it,
So sweet is its homage and bland;
Could they hear how his dead wife's de-
votion
He praises, while yearning for mine —
They would own that his ardent emotion
Is something — yes — almost *divine*!

My fourth — would to heaven I could
 paint him
 As next the high altar he stands —
 A Saint John, all the people besaint
 him?

Pale brow and immaculate hands,
 Ah! his tones in their wooing seem
 holy,

Nor dare I believe it misplaced,
 When an arm of the church, stealing
 slowly,

Is folded, at length, round my waist;

Behold this long list of my lovers

With a soldier and sailor complete:
 Both swear that their hearts were but
 rovers

Till fettered and bound at *my* feet.
 Oh dear! but these worshippers daunt
 me:

Their claims, their vain wishes, appall;
 'Tis sad how they harass and haunt
 me, —

What, WHAT, shall I do with them all?

LATER.

As the foam-flakes, when steadfastly
 blowing,

The west wind sweeps reckless and
 free,

Are borne where the deep billows, flow-
 ing,

Pass out to a limitless sea,
 So the gay spume of girlish romances,
 Upcaught by true Love on his breath,
 With the fretwork and foam of young
 fancies,

Was borne through vague distance to
 death.

For he came — the true hero — one
 morning,

And my soul with quick thrills of de-
 light

Leaped upward, renewed, and reborn in
 A world of strange beauty and might:
 I seemed fenced from all earthly disas-
 ter;

My pulses beat tuneful and fast;
 So I welcomed my monarch, my master
 The *first* real love, and the *last*.

A MEETING OF THE BIRDS.

Of a thousand queer meetings, both
 great, sir, and small
 The bird-party I sing of seemed oddest
 of all!

How they come to assemble — a multi-
 form show —
 From all parts of the earth, is — well
 — more than I know.

I only can vow that, one fine night of
 June,
 In a vast, varied garden, made bright by
 the moon,

Such bird-throngs I saw, with plumes
 brilliant or dark,
 As had ne'er met, I deem, since the age
 of the ark:

There the phoenix, upborne on a tall
 jasper spar,
 His fair mate by his side, shone serene
 as a star;

With a calm sort of pride glancing down
 on all others,
 As scorning to claim such *canaille* for
 his brothers!

He alone of earth's creatures (more wise
 far than Adam),
 When Eve tempted *him*, said "Excuse
 me, good madam!

"No juice from *that* fruit shall e'er
 moisten *my* thrapple!
 Delicious! perhaps . . . but who gave
 you the apple?" *

* Tradition says that when Adam ate of the forbidden fruit, at Eve's instigation, the phoenix, *alone*, of all creatures, equally tempt-
 ed, did not fall.

Then — his tiny red optics upturned to
this king
Of all species that court the light air
with a wing —

Lo, the rooster! his top-knot bright crim-
son and blue,
With his impudent strut and his cock-
doodle-doo,

Is resolved, one can see, the king's hau-
teur to balk!

*What's a phoenix, forsooth, to such cocks
of the walk!*

Oh! he bustles along, and he bullies his
wife,
Till the poor humbled partlet is weary of
life —

When, phew! like a bolt of blue light-
ning or brown,
Outflashed from the trees, a swift bee-
bird whirls down

Upon cocky's great top-knot upreared
like a dome,
To cut, just for once, his big high-
ness's comb!

From the rooster's discomfiture, laugh-
ing, I turn
To where, 'mid the garden's cool
avenues, burn

The fair cinnamon tufts of those
hippoes that sold
To King Solomon, once, their true
crownlets of gold;*

And beyond where the shadow waves
dim by the sheen,
The gay humming-bird darts — a live
rainbow — between:

* The Hippoes originally had *real* crowns of gold on their heads; but so persecuted were they because of this possession that they appealed to Solomon, who (the legend says) exchanged their gold crowns for crowns of feathers, retaining the *former* as a trifling "compliment" for his magic skill and *kindness*!

While the parrakeets glitter, the orioles
float
Through the moonlighted mist and fine
vapors remote;

And by sides of small streams and clear
lakelets outspread
Stalks the long-legged flamingo, all scar-
let and red:

In sooth, birds of all climes, whether
wild birds or tame,
Whether dove-hued and sad, or high-
colored like flame,

Walked, wobbled and sauntered, paused,
fluttered and flew,
With vast blending of plumes, and, ah!
endless ado.

The eagle's loud anger, set deaf'ningly
loose,
Shrilled fierce o'er the arrogant hiss of
the goose,

And a peacock, who screeched till his
gills were half black,
Could not drown, after all, a profes-
sional "quack;"

The nightingale pitted his voice and his
lore
'Gainst the skylark, that never had
trilled *thus* before;

And the cock now recovered, and fresh,
sir, as dew,
Strove to bear them *both* down with his
cock-doodle-doo:

Till — one volume of strange, contra-
dictory sound,
The air, like a millwheel, whizzed round
us and round.

And while still the white moonshine, on
vapors of fleece,
Rained down its ineffable splendors in
peace,

That bird congregation broke up in a
row,
Whose noises, half dreaming, I catch
even now.

But the last glimpse of all that flashed
quick on my eyes,
Ere the whole meeting faded 'twixt
garden and skies,

Was the cuckoo's unwearied, nefarious
leg
Scratching fast to discover a phoenix's
egg.

Which, it found, I've no doubt, was
close-hidden and pressed
By the vile little wretch, with quite
mother-like breast.

Yet I've seen other creatures than
creatures with wings
Who dared to make free with thrice
sanctified things.

From whose false incubation *what* creeds
came in vogue!
*Even truth's egg is marred if hatched
out by a rogue!*

— ♦ —
*A BACHELOR-BOOKWORM'S COM-
PLAINT OF THE LATE PRESIDEN-
TIAL ELECTION.*

[Written during the Hayes and Tilden
Controversy].

A MAN of peace, I never dared to marry,
Lover of tranquil hours, I dwelt apart:
Outside the realm where noisy schemes
miscarry:

My only handmaids, Science, Learn-
ing, Art:
Oh! home of pleasant thought, of calm
affection,
All blasted now by this last vile election!

One morn, absorbed in studious contem-
plation
Of what or whom, I cannot now recall.

A strident voice, "Rise! help to save the
nation!"

Roared in mine ear, half bellow and
half squall:

"Throw by your books, why, man, there's
treason brewing;

Come, come with me, we'll block the
march of ruin!"

My neighbor, Dobson—all the gods con-
founded him!

Seized, shook and hauled me from my
cushioned seat;

(Just then I could have drugged the
wretch, or drowned him:)

But the next moment on bewildered
feet,

I trudged with him through dirty streets
and weather,

That we might vote at the next poll to-
gether.

Vote! vote for whom? I'd not the faint-
est notion:

Little I recked of modern joys or woes:
Wrapped in Greek wars and ancient
Rome's commotion.

What passed beneath my philosophic
nose,

Seemed dim as glimmerings of a mid-
night taper

Marked from afar through autumn clouds
and vapor!

At length we paused before a wood-work
wicket,

Shrining the grimy guardian of the
poll:

Into my hands they thrust a printed
ticket,

An ink-besmeared, suspicious-looking
scroll,

Which, nevertheless, held names of men
whose action

Would cow—they swore—the brazen
front of faction!

With scarce a glance, in vacant mood, I
cast it:

That ticket soiled into as soiled a box;

A box, I thought, half vaguely as I
passed it;

Whose guardian "Rough" looked wily
as a fox,

Willing, no doubt, for any public hero,
To cheat *ad lib.* — a Brutus, or a Nero!

Well! from that day, my peace of life
was shattered;

Dobson *would* come, all lowering or
ablaze

With joy, to shout — (as if the issue
mattered!)

Now "*Tilden's won!*" now "*glorious
Ruthy Hayes!*"

Vainly I argued, vainly vowed that d—n
me,

I didn't care three straws for Ruth or—
Sammy!

"Have I not Scipio and majestic Cato,
With their grand deeds to ponder yet?"
I cried;

"Why, dunder-headed Dobson, *will* you
prate so,

Of modern dwarfs of time and fate
untried!"

"Untried!" quoth he, aghast at my
iniquity;

"I'll back them *both*, by Jove! 'gainst
all antiquity!"

And still he came, morning, and noon,
and twilight.

Bringing, at last, his party henchmen
too;

O! how I yearned to blow them through
the skylight,

Or, at the gentlest, beat them black
and blue;

Each cursed and threatened like some
desperate Lara;

Meanwhile they quaffed and quaffed my
best Madeira!

A point there is beyond the soul's de-
fiance,

Which gained, a mortal man must
fight, or fly;

Fight, if he knows the wily tricks of
"science," *

Fly, if he knows not *when* to smite,
and *why*;

Needless to say, in this disastrous mat-
ter,

Of the two ways, I wisely chose — the
latter!

I left my home; I fled to shades subur-
ban,

Where an old aunt, as deaf as twenty
posts.

(A fine antique, bedecked with lace and
turban.)

Lived in a house unknown to rats or
ghosts;

There, far from party conflicts, proud or
petty,

I dwell at peace, with sober Madame
Betty!

At peace! good luck, the universal
virus

Of party strife had captive made the
air,

The light, the very sun-motes shifting
nigh us,

And thus, alas! it entered even
there;

Up, down her stairs, how oft had I to
stump it,

Shrieking the news through her infernal
trumpet.

Baffled, once more I sought the public
pass-ways,

But then, from morn to midnight's
"witching noon,"

Monotonous as when some blatant ass
brays,

The same mixed clamors rose 'neath
sun and moon;

Tilden and Hayes in never-ceasing wran-
gle,

Who the vexed "snarl" shall ever dis-
entangle?

* Ring science, of course.

Bank, hall, and market, counting-house
and alley,

Patrician parlor and low bar-room den,
Echoed, as 'twere, cries of retreat or
rally,

From brassy throats of many thousand
men;

Such foolish boasts were blent with
threats as silly,

Yet even the wise men babbled — *willy*
nilly.

The very nurse-maids with their baby
charges,

Took sides, and squabbled; newsboys
shouting loud,

Scuttled along the slippery pavement
marges,

And burst like young bulls through the
motley crowd

Of parsons, black-legs, dandies, hack-
men, bummers;

Swollen each moment by some rash new
comers!

Around the telegraph stands they surged
and battled,

Till direful Hades seemed unloosed on
earth;

Lies were exchanged, cudgels and brick-
bats rattled;

The veriest blackguard scorned the
man of birth,

And tweaked his nose, or knocked his
beaver double—

Ah me! the noise, the blows, the furious
trouble!

I passed a gay "Bazaar," and glanced
within it,

Of silks and satins, what a dazzling
maze!

Fair tongues were wagging smartly;
every minute,

"Of course 'tis Tilden!" "nay, not so,
'tis Hayes!"

Rose, with the rustle of bright garments
blending—

A strife of voices, eager and unending!

You'd scarce believe it; but maids fair
and tender.

Dancing from school, the merest slips
of girls,

Shrilled *Hayes* or *Tilden*, and with fin-
gers slender,

Caught and dragged fiercely at each
others' curls;

Ill words they spake—those inconsiderate
misses —

From rosebud lips just framed for love
and kisses!

Enough! the die is cast; from rage and
riot,

I'll cross o'er mountain walls and ocean
streams,

To seek and find again, that gracious
quiet,

Whose charm hath left me, save in
transient dreams;

In some far land and time, my spirit
stilled then—

I may — who knows — forgive both
Hayes and *Tilden*!

COQUETTE AND HER LOVER.

A "PETITE COMEDIE" IN RHYME.

LOVER.

COQUETTE! coquette! now, is it fair
To weave for me your magic hair,
Binding me thus, all unaware?
Till, wholly meshed in every part,
From dazzled eyes to captured heart,
Scarce can I, thro' your radiant snare,
Inhale one waft of free-born air;
Answer, coquette! now, is it fair?

COQUETTE.

O, foolish querist! what if I,
Beholding your enamored face
And every well-attested trace
Of verdant, young idolatry,
Should, after my own fashion, choose
To play the subtly-amorous muse,

Your inexperienced heart-strings touch,
 Wooing the warm chords overmuch!
 Or tempt you, 'twixt a smile and sigh,
 To enter beauty's luminous net?
 Such snares must evermore be set

For blinded human flies like you!
 Cease, therefore, this half-feigned ado,
 You are a natural victim! I
 Am by the same strange law's decree,
 Your dear, predestined enemy!



"For full five seconds, it would seem
 As if you really thought, coquette,
 On something grave."

LOVER.

Is *such* the only comfort, then,
 You give to thrice-deluded men?
 Suppose our life-plan quite upset,
 Reversed in whole, or changed in part;
My sex your own, and feelings strong,
 (Wiled by deep passion's syren song);
Yours the blind victim's tangled heart,
 And *mine* to weave the tempter's net—
 What then, O! honey-tongued coquette?

COQUETTE.

Such questions!—ah! *mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*—
 Fancy I've places changed with you!
 I cannot! 'tis too hard a task
 Of any mortal *belle* to ask!

[*ASIDE with a half-humorous, half-solemn air.*]
 Fancy *my* person changed to *his*
 By some odd metamorphosis!

My fairy frame to that huge bulk
That might befit red Rory O'Fulke,
Our Irish groom!—six feet, at least,
Of stature—with that boundless waist,
Instead of mine, Titania might
Quite envy on a "round-dance" night,
By all the waltzing beaux adored!
My brow to that great, sabre-scored
Brown forehead; and my cheeks of
rose

To bearded *puffs*; my delicate nose—
Quel horreur! 'tis a hideous dream!

LOVER.

For full five seconds, it would seem
As if you really *thought*, coquette,
On something grave! Slowly about
Your flower-like lips' delicious pout,
Came tiny puckerings, lined with doubt;
Your large eyes widened deep and
blue,

As May-skies glimpsed thro' morning
dew;

And shadows vague as noon-tide trance
Stole o'er your vivid countenance:

Coquette! show pity!—after all,
Have you resolved to free from thrall
Your wretched serf? . . . Close, close
your eyes

For one brief, merciful minute; try
To turn your perfect mouth awry;
Let those arch smiles which magnetize
My inmost blood be changed to scorn;
Do all a winsome lady born
To loveliness and witchery, can,
To flout a love-tormented man!

COQUETTE.

You know as well as I
What balms have soothed your slavery;
Besides, *I'm sure, whate'er you say*,
There never yet has dawned the day
On which, in truth ('tis vain to frown),
You longed to lay your fetters down.
Surely but airy chains they are,
And tenuous as the farthest star.
But *should* you break the binding net,
You'd come . . . (ah! graceless, thank-
less loon!)

'Ere the next wax or wane of moon,
To sigh, or call on "sweet coquette!"

LOVER.

Too much! by heaven! you heartless
chit!

I'll *prove* you underrate my wit,
And self-respect, for all that's passed!
I will—will break these bonds at last.
Yes! look! you false, hard-hearted girl!
I dash to earth the dazzling curl
You gave me once! . . . your portrait
too! . . .

(O, yes! I *stole* it, . . . what of that?
'Twill soon be shapeless, crushed and
flat,

Beneath my stern, avenging heel!
Would it were *flesh*, and so could *feel*,
. . . Where is it! *where?*

[*He searches frantically, but vainly for the
likeness in one pocket after another.*]

[COQUETTE—approaching with infinite sweet-
ness, rests one hand upon his shoulder, while
the forefinger of the other is archly shaken in
his angry face, that changes with ludicrous
quickness, from passion to bewilderment, and
from bewilderment to rapture:]

. . . Why, Hal, for shame! you prayed
just now,

With earnest mien and solemn brow,
That I would sting you with hot scorn;
"*Do all a winsome lady born
To loveliness and witchery, can,
To flout a love-tormented man.*"

And lo! because your bidding's done;
Half-way, and mildly; why, I've won
Such rude abuse! . . . I shall not stir,
Till you have begged my pardon, sir!
. . . Hal! do you love me? . . .

LOVER.

. . . Angel! saint!
Can this be true! . . . my heart grows
faint,
With happiness! . . . so then, despite—

COQUETTE (*interrupting*).

Yes, dear! of feigned contempt and
slight,
—I have loved you always! who but *you*

Had failed thus long to read me true?
You dear, delightful, blundering boy.

LOVER.

. . . Cupid be blessed! Oh, love! Oh, joy!
. . . But where's that precious curl I
threw
Rashly away? . . . Already flown
On some light wind?

COQUETTE.

— Yes, yes, 'tis gone!
But then the whole bright, golden net
(*shaking down her curls.*)
You've gained with me! . . . If still
unfair
You deem this soft, imprisoning snare;
And self-respect, for all that's passed,
Demands you break your bonds at last,
Give me due warning — if you please —

LOVER (*embracing her*).

Ah! *thus* a loving seal is set
On rosy lips to keep them dumb;
Some other eve beneath the trees
Of golden summer, 'mid the hum
Of forest brooks and hive-bound bees,
I'll hearken, madcap, while you tease.
But now, my heart the future years
Sees through a mist of blissful tears;
My eyes with gracious dew are wet;
I'm dreaming! . . . No! . . . *here* smiles
coquette!

SENEX TO HIS FRIEND.

ABOUT THE PERIOD OF A NEW YEAR.

Dedicated to Sam'l Lord, Jr., Charleston, S.C.

YOUR hair is scant, my friend, and mine
is scander,
On heads snowed white by Time, the
disenchanter;
In place of joyous beams and jovial
twinkles,
Behold, old boy, our faces scored with
wrinkles!

Sparkles your legal lore with salt that's
Attic!

But, ah! those twinges (gout?), those
pangs rheumatic!

With muse of mine no more the public
quarrels,

But, Lord! how cold I feel despite the
laurels!

If spiced your fame, not so your milk or
sago:

Only mild diet suits a sharp lumbago.

While as for me — what critic "puff"
avails one

Whose own short breath (asthmatic!)
almost fails one?

The world we deemed so rife with fade-
less prizes —

Which of us most its hollow show de-
spises?

We'd yield our gains for just one mar-
vellous minute

Of our lost youth, with all youth's glory
in it!

Yet from this House of Life, now
wrapped in twilight,

Gleams 'mid the shadowy roof Faith's
magic skylight;

Whereby as night steals down through
weird gradations,

We hail the glow of heavenly constella-
tions.

So, as through darkness only dawn the
graces

Of God's calm stars and lofty shining
spaces,

That night called death which shrouds
our bodies breathless

May flood the heaven of soul with peace
made deathless.

THE OBSERVANT "ELDEST" SPEAKS.

"PA vows that all gluttony's wicked;
He's always for docking *my* meat,
And ne'er at dessert will he give me
Enough of what's racy and sweet:

Yet he'll gorge and gorge on at *his* dinners,

As restless in mouth as in hand;—
Now, say, — if all gluttons are sinners,
Where — where does *my* 'governor'
stand!

"Oh! pa's most impressive on lying;
('Meanest crime in the annals of sin; ')
Yet why does *he* tell folk (through
Thomas)

That he's *out* when he knows that he's
in?

And ma's done the same, when she
meant not

From house nor from chamber to stir:
I suppose what is punished in *me*, sir,
Is all right in *him* or in *her*!

"Pa says, that good men must be
generous,

Self-denying, benevolent, kind;'
Then why does he give those poor beg-
gars

Just nothing? The lame and the
blind,

Small orphan, and wan, pining widow,
The gold-covered head and the gray,
Unsoothed and unhelpt in their sor-
rows,

From *him* turn — how sadly — away!

"Pa counsels fair words of our neigh-
bors;—

Oh! he dotes on the pure 'golden
rule; '—

Yet he calls Aunt Sellna 'back-biter.'
And he dubs Uncle Reuben 'a fool.'
And when *I* said, 'Young Reub's like
his father,'

On what text in reply did pa lean?
Why, 'Whoso thou fool shall dare utter,'
Must taste — well, *you* know what *I*
mean!

"Pa says, 'we must reverence our
elders; '—

How he harps and he harps upon
that;—

Yet grandfather, who's ninety and up-
ward,

He treats like an imbecile 'flat.'
And once when poor grandpa, at break-
fast,

Mistook the slop-bowl for his cup,
Pa muttered, 'I wish the old dotard
Were locked — *somewhere* — heedfully
up!'

"I don't know what the 'governor's'
made of;

But truly, if *he* were not *he*,
(I mean if he were not *my* 'pater' —
Alack! that *such* fathers should be,) His name would begin as *I* spelt it,
With a big blatant H, if you please,
And conclude with the tiniest, meanest,
But most self-sufficient of e's!"



LUCIFER'S DEPUTY.

A MÆDIEVAL LEGEND.

A POET once, whose tuneful soul, per-
chance,

Too fondly leaned toward sin, and sin's
romance,

On a long vanished eve, so calm and
clear

None could have deemed an evil spirit
near,

Brooding ill deeds, was summoned by a
writ,

In the due form of Hades, to the Pit;
A red-nosed, red-haired fiend the sum-
moner,

About whose horrent head his locks did
stir

Like half-waked serpents! "Well," in
wrath and woe,

The poet cried. "whom the De'il drives
must go,

Whate'er the goal! Yet much I wish
that he

Had sent as guide some nobler fiend than
thee,

Thou hideous varlet!"

"Come, keep cool, I say,"
Counselled the other sagely, "while *you*
may!"

Whereon, as half in scorn and half in
ire,
He haled the poet to the realm of fire.

Arrived in bounds Hadéan, a vast rout
Of fiends they met, who rushed tumultu-
ous out,
To roam the earth and those doomed
spirits snare
Who unsuspecting lived and acted
there;
Till in a few brief seconds the whole
crew
Of crowding demons—black, brown,
green and blue—
All but their haughty chief, his form up-
reared
Through the red mist, had wildly dis-
appeared.

Then said the dark archangel to the
bard:
"Thine eye is bright, thou hast a shrewd
regard;
And, therefore, ere I likewise o'er the
marge
Of Hades wing my way for some brief
hours,
To thee I choose to delegate my powers
As chief and sovereign of this kingdom
dread,
To which, if well thou guardest, by my
head
Thy recompense, when I come back,
shall be
A luscious tid bit, garnished daintily—
No meaner *entrée* than a roasted monk,
(Before he's cooked we'll make the
rascal drunk,
To *spice his juices!*); or, if thou'dst
prefer
Yon leaner and less succulent usurer,
Why, of our toil and time with trifling
loss,
We'll serve *him* up, larded with golden
sauce!"

But while the absent fiends their cunning
tasked
To trap unwary souls, thick cloaked and
masked,
One entered Hades who did soon
entice
The heedless bard to play a game at
dice,
Staking the souls he held in charge
thereon.
The stranger played superbly—played,
and won.
So, gathering round him the freed souls,
with care
And kind despatch, safe to the outward
air
He led them triumphing; and all who
now
Looked on his unmasked face and
glorious brow
Knew that St. Peter stood amongst them
there.
But when the devils, trooping homeward,
found
Their kingdom void—its conflagrations
drowned
As 'twere by showers from Heaven—
such curses rose—
Like thunder bellowing through the
strange repose
Which late had reigned—the poet's
head whirled round,
Stunned by the tumult. But ere long,
with whirr
And furious whizz, his right hand
Lucifer
Brought in such stinging contact with
one cheek
And then the other, that our minstrel,
weak
From pain and fear, sank trembling on
the floor.
But sternly Satan pointed to the door,
Where through his faithless guard, with
many a kick
And echoing thump, and one swift mer-
ciless prick
Of a keen pitchfork, was thrust forth in
shame

From out the empire of fierce grief and flame,	So, brother bards, whate'er ye write or do,
In even more woeful plight than when he came!	Be fearless. Hades holds no place for you:
Then Lucifer upraised his arms and swore	Since if on earth men deem your worth but small,
A mighty oath that Hades' lurid door No poet's form should ever enter more!	Why there, 'tis plain, ye have no worth at all!

POEMS FOR CHILDREN.



POEMS FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE NELLIE IN THE PRISON.

The eyes of a child are sweeter than any hymn
we have sung,
And wiser than any sermon is the lip of a
childish tongue!

HUGH FALCON learned this happy truth
one day;
('Twas a fair noontide in the month of
May) —

When, as the chaplain of the convicts'
jail,
He passed its glowering archway, sad
and pale,
Bearing his tender daughter on his arm.
A five years' darling she! The dewy
charm
Of Eden star-dawns glistened in her
eyes;
Her dimpled cheeks were rich with sun-
ny dyes.

"Papa!" the child that morn while
still abed,
Drawing him close toward her, shyly
said:

"Papa! oh, won't you let your Nellie go
To see those naughty men that plague
you so,
Down in the ugly prison by the wood?
Papa, I'll beg and pray them to be
good."

"What, you, my child?" he said, with
half a sigh.

"Why not, papa? I'll beg them so to
try."

The chaplain, with a father's gentlest
grace,
Kissed the small ruffled brow, the plead-
ing face:

"Out of the mouths of babes and suck-
lings still,
Praise is perfected," thought he; thus,
his will
Blended with hers, and through those
gates of sin,
Black, even at noontide, sire and child
passed in.

Fancy the foulness of a sulphurous lake,
Wherefrom a lily's snow-white leaves
should break,
Flushed by the shadow of an unseen
rose!

So, at the iron gate's loud clang and
close,
Shone the drear twilight of that place
defiled,
Touched by the flower-like sweetness of
the child!

O'er many a dismal vault, and stony
floor,
The chaplain walked from ponderous
door to door,
Till now beneath a stairway's dizzy flight
He stood and looked up the far-circling
height;
But risen of late from fever's torture-
bed,
How could he trust his faltering limbs
and head?

Just then, he saw, next to the mildewed
wall,
A man in prisoner's raiment, gaunt and
tall,
Of sullen aspect, and wan, downcast
face,
Gloomed in the midnight of some deep
disgrace;

He shrank as one who yearned to fade
 away,
 Like a vague shadow on the stone-work
 gray,
 Or die beyond it, like a viewless wind;
 He seemed a spirit faithless, passionless,
 blind
 To all fair hopes which light the hearts
 of men, —
 A dull, dead soul, never to wake again!

The chaplain paused, half doubting
 what to do,
 When little Nellie raised her eyes of blue,
 And, no wise daunted by the downward
 stir
 Of shaggy brows that glowered askance
 at her,
 Said, — putting by her wealth of sunny
 hair, —
 "Sir, will you kindly take me up the
 stair?
 Papa is tired, and I'm too small to
 climb."
 Frankly her eyes in his gazed all the
 time;
 And something to her childhood's
 instinct known
 So worked within her, that her arms
 were thrown
 About his neck. She left her sire's em-
 brace
 Near that sad convict-heart to take her
 place,
 Sparkling and trustful! — more she did
 not speak;
 But her quick fingers patted his swart
 cheek
 Caressingly, — in time to some old tune
 Hummed by her nurse, in summer's
 drowsy noon!

Perforce he turned his wild, uncertain
 gaze
 Down on the child! Then stole a trem-
 ulous haze
 Across his eyes, but rounded not to tears;
 Wherethrough he saw faint glimmerings
 of lost years

And perished loves! A cabin by a rill
 Rose through the twilight on a happy
 hill;
 And there were lithe child-figures at
 their play
 That flashed and faded in the dusky
 ray;
 And near the porch a gracious wife who
 smiled,
 Pure as young Eve in Eden, unbeguild!
 Subdued, yet thrilled, 'twas beautiful to
 see
 With what deep reverence, and how ten-
 derly,
 He clasped the infant frame so slight
 and fair,
 And safely bore her up the darkening
 stair!
 The landing reached, in her arch, child-
 ish ease,
 Our Nelly clasped his neck and whis-
 pered:

"Please,
 Won't you be good, sir? For I like you
 so,
 And you are such a big, strong man,
 you know —"
 With pleading eyes, her sweet face side-
 wise set,
 Then suddenly his furrowed cheeks
 grew wet
 With sacred tears — in whose divine
 eclipse
 Upon her nestling head he pressed his
 lips
 As softly as a dreamy west wind's sigh,
 What time a something, undefined but
 high,
 As 'twere a new soul, struggled to the
 dawn
 Through his raised eyelids. Thence,
 the gloom withdrawn
 Of brooding vengeance and unholy pain,
 He felt no more the captive's galling
 chain;
 But only knew a little child had come
 To smite despair, his taunting demon,
 dumb;



"Our Nelly clasped his neck and whispered:
'Please
Won't you be good, sir? For I like you so.'"



A child whose marvellous innocence enticed
 All white thoughts back, that from the heart of Christ
 Fly dove-like earthward, past our cloud-ed ken,
 Child-life to bless, or lives of child-like men!

Thus he went his way,
 An altered man from that thrice blessed day;
 His soul tuned ever to the soft refrain
 Of words once uttered in a sacred fane:
 "The little children, let them come to me,
 Of such as these my realm of heaven must be;"
 But most he loved of one dear child to tell,
 The child whose trust had saved him, tender Nell!

THE CHILDREN.

THE children! ah, the children!
 Your innocent, joyous ones;
 Your daughters, with souls of sunshine;
 Your buoyant and laughing sons.

Look long in their happy faces,
 Drink love from their sparkling eyes,
 For the wonderful charm of childhood,
 How soon it withers and dies!

A few fast-vanishing summers,
 A season or twain of frost,
 And you suddenly ask, bewildered
 "What is it my heart hath lost?"

Perhaps you see by the hearth-stone
 Some Juno, stately and proud,
 Or a Hebe whose softly ambushed eyes
 Flash out from the golden cloud

Of lavish and beautiful tresses
 That wantonly floating, stray
 O'er the white of a throat and bosom
 More fair than blossoms in May.

And perhaps you mark their brothers—
 Young heroes who spurn the sod
 With the fervor of antique knighthood,
 And the air of a Grecian god!

But where, ah, where are the children,
 Your household fairies of yore?
 Alack! they are dead, and their grace
 has fled
 For ever and ever more!

WILL AND I.

I.

WE roam the hills together,
 In the golden summer weather,
 Will and I:
 And the glowing sunbeams bless us,
 And the winds of heaven caress us,
 As we wander hand in hand
 Through the blissful summer land
 Will and I.

II.

Where the tinkling brooklet passes
 Through the heart of dewy grasses,
 Will and I
 Have heard the mock-bird singing,
 And the field-lark seen upspringing
 In his happy flight afar,
 Like a tiny winged star,
 Will and I.

III.

Amid cool forest closes
 We have plucked the wild wood roses,
 Will and I;
 And have twined, with tender duty,
 Sweet wreaths to crown the beauty
 Of the purest brows that shine
 With a mother-love divine
 Will and I.

IV.

Ah! thus we roam together,
 Through the golden summer weather,
 Will and I;

While the glowing sunbeams bless us,
And the winds of heaven caress us —
As we wander hand in hand
O'er the blissful summer land
Will and I.

JAMIE AND HIS MOTHER — IN THE TROPICS.

JAMIE.

O MOTHER, what country is that I see
Far over the stream and the boulders
gray,
Where the wind-song pipes, and the cur-
lews flee,
And the little brown squirrels dance
and play
Through the boughs all day ?

MOTHER.

Why, only a forest dark and wild,
A savage waste you must shun, my child !

JAMIE.

O mother, what shapes are those that sit
In the deep dun heart of the woodland
gloom ?
And what those creatures that dip and
flit,
Each crowned with a golden and scar-
let plume,
O'er the tamarind bloom ?

MOTHER.

Why, only the monkeys crouched from
sight,
And paroquets flashing in gay-hued
flight !

JAMIE.

O mother, what children are those that
run
So swift and light 'mid the tree-stems
bare ?
They seem to twinkle from shade to sun,
And beckon me over their sport to
share
In the noontide fair !

"Go not," she cried, with a quivering
breath :
"They are Pixies, child, and their sport
is death !"

But there came a morn when the moth-
er's words
No longer dwelt in her Jamie's mind ;
When he followed the flight of the whir-
ring birds
That circled and soared on the wood-
land wind,
And mother and home were far behind.

Like one in a golden dream was he.
Far over the stream and the boulders
gray :
And the wind-song pipes, and the cur-
lews flee,
And the little brown squirrels dance
and play
Through the boughs all day.

But the day grew dim, and the night-
shades fell,
And there in the dark, drear, hungry
wild,
In the loneliest nook of a mountain dell,
Where never a tender moonbeam
smiled,
Lay the weary child !

Like one in an awful trance was he,
In the deep dun heart of the woodland
gloom ;
But a trance whose shadows can never
flee,
Till the mystic trump of the day of
doom
Breaks vault and tomb.

And they found him there with his
bleeding hands
So humbly crossed o'er the ragged vest,
His spirit had gone to the angel lands,
But his out-worn body they laid to
rest
In the last sad smile of the gentle west :
God guard his rest !

THE THREE COPECKS.

CROUCHED low in a sordid chamber,
With a cupboard of empty shelves,
Half starved, and, alas, unable
To comfort or help themselves,

Two children were left forsaken,
All orphaned of mortal care;
But with spirits too close to heaven
To be tainted by earth's despair,

Alone in that crowded city,
Which shines like an arctic star,
By the banks of the frozen Neva,
In the realm of the mighty Czar.

Now, Max was an urchin of seven;
But his delicate sister, Leeze,
With the crown of her rippling ringlets,
Could scarcely have reached your
knees.

As he looked on his sister weeping,
And tortured by hunger's smart,
A thought like an angel entered
At the door of his opened heart.

He wrote on a fragment of paper,
With quivering hand and soul,
"Please send to me, Christ, three co-
pecks,
To purchase for Leeze a roll!"

Then, rushed to a church, his missive
To drop,—ere the vesper psalms,—
As the surest mail bound Christward,
In the unlocked box for alms!

While he stepped upon tiptoe to reach it,
One passed from the priestly band,
And with smile like a benediction,
Took the note from his eager hand.

Having read it, the good man's bosom
Grew warm with a holy joy;
"Ah! Christ may have heard you
already,
Will you come to my house, my boy?"

"But not without Leeze?" "No,
surely,

We'll have a rare party of three;
Go, tell her that somebody's waiting
To welcome her home to tea."

That night in the cosiest cottage,
The orphans were safe at rest,
Each sang as a callow birdling,
In the depths of its downy nest.

And the next Lord's Day, in his pulpit,
The preacher so spake of these,
Stray lambs from the fold, which Jesus
Had blessed by the sacred seas:

So recounted their guileless story,
As he held each child by the hand,
That the hardest there could feel it,
And the dullest could understand.

O'er the eyes of the listening fathers
There floated a gracious mist;
And oh, how the tender mothers
Those desolate darlings kissed!

"You have given your tears," said the
preacher,
"Heart-alms we should none despise;
*But the open palm, my children,
Is more than the weeping eyes!*"

Then followed a swift collection,
From the altar steps to the door,
Till the sum of two thousand rubles
The vergers had counted o'er.

So you see that the unmailed letter
Had somehow gone to its goal,
And more than three copecks gathered
To purchase for Leeze a roll!

THE REASON WHY.

I'd like, indeed I'd like to know
Why sister Bell, who loved me so,
And used to pet me day and night,
And could not bear me out of sight,

Now always looks so cross and glum,
If to her side I chance to come,
When that great, gawky man is nigh;
I'd like to know the reason why?

That man! I *hate* him! yes, I do,
And, in *my* place, you'd hate him too.
At first, (his common name is John!)
He brought me boxes of *bon bons*,
With books, and dolls, and tiny rings,
And lots on lots of precious things,
And said, of all Miss Pontoon's girls,
Not one could match my flowing curls,
My rosy cheeks and rounded chin,
With one sly dimple nestling in.
But now, he seems so stern and high,
I scarce may catch his scornful eye,
While as for *toys*! — he has ceased to
buy!

Tell me, who can, the reason why?

It's mean! dear me! I'm sure it's mean!
Did I not run a "go-between"
From him to sister Bell so long,
(Although I *feared* it might be wrong),
With sweetmeats, flowers, and scented
notes,
Sealed by two doves with curving throats?
Of course I thought him kind and nice.
But now, he's cold as arctic ice!
And more than once I've heard him
say,
"That chit's forever in the way!"
While Bell — she *snaps*! till I could
cry.

Will no one tell the reason why?

LATER.

Think — Mr. John's my friend again.
('Twas yesternight he made it plain),
For most of our big household gone
To Friday's lecture, — left alone,
But Bell and I; *he* came to tea,
(As now he's coming constantly),
And spoke to me quite warmly — quite:
"Lizzie, you are not looking bright;
And since both Bell and I are here,
Take Nurse, and see the circus, dear;
I'll pay, my love! accept of this."

(A wee gold dollar, and — a kiss!)
"Why don't you come with Bell?"
asked I;
He smiled, but would not answer why.

LATER STILL.

Good news! good news! I'm almost mad,
I feel so pleased, so proud and glad.
To-morrow is the wedding-day;
Papa will give our Bell away,
And I'm a bridesmaid! — oh, my dress!
"Soft waves of white silk loveliness."
Bell says, "with grace in every tuck!"
And isn't Brother John a duck?
(I call him *Brother* now, you see.)
He gave this dainty dress to me.
And said, his "little friend must look
Fair as a picture in a book."
I answered gayly, "I shall try!"
What need to ask the reason why?

THE SILKEN SHOE.

"Hie on the holly-tree!" — *Old Ballad.*

THE firelight danced and wavered
In elvish, twinkling glee
On the leaves and crimson berries
Of the great green Christmas Tree;

And the children who gathered round it
Beheld, with marvelling eyes,
Pendant from trunk and branches
How many a precious prize,

From the shimmer of gold and silver
Through a purse's cunning net,
To the coils of a rippling necklace,
That quivered with beads of jet.

But chiefly they gazed in wonder
Where flickered strangely through
The topmost leaves of the holly
The sheen of a silken shoe!

And the eldest spake to her father:
"I have seen — yes, year by year,
On the crown of our Christmas hollies,
That small shoe glittering clear;

"But you never have told who owned it,
Nor why so loftily set,
It shines through the fadeless verdure,
You never have told us yet!"

'Twas then that the museful father
In slow sad accents said,
While the firelight hovered eerily
About his downcast head:

"My children — you had a sister;
(It was long, long, long ago),
She came like an Eden rosebud
'Mid the dreariest winter snow,

"And for four sweet seasons blossomed
To cheer our hearts and hearth,
When the song of the Bethlehem angels
Lured her away from earth —



"My shoe, papa, please hang it
Once more on the holly bough."

"For again 'twas the time of Christmas,
As she lay with laboring breath;
But — our minds were blinded strangely,
And we did not dream of death.

"A little before she left us,
We had deftly raised to view,
On the topmost branch of the holly
Yon glimmering, tiny shoe;

"We knew that no toy would please her
Like a shoe so fair and neat,
To fold, with its soft caressing
Her delicate, sylph-like feet!

"Truly, a smile like a sunbeam
Brightened her eyes of blue,
And once — twice — thrice — she tested
The charm of her fairy shoe!

"Ah! then the bright smile flickered,
Faded, and drooped away,
As faintly, in tones that faltered,
I heard our darling say:

"My shoe, papa, please hang it
Once more on the holly bough,
Just where I am sure to see it,
When I wake — an hour from now.

"But alas! she never wakened!
Close shut were the eyes of blue;
Whose last faint gleam had fondled
The curves of that dainty shoe.

"Ah, children, you understand me;
Your eyes are brimmed with dew,
As they watch on the Christmas holly
The sheen of a silken shoe."

THE BLACK DESTRIER.

A BALLAD OF THE THIRD CRUSADE.

FIRST 'mid the lion Richard's host,
 Sir Aymer fought in Holy Land;
 And they loved him well for his honest
 heart,
 And they feared, for his stalwart hand.

Once on a glorious battle eve,
 The Paynim legions wildly flying,
 Sir Aymer paused from his work of
 blood,

Where an eastern knight lay dying.

He was the latest guard of one,
 The Soldan's fair and favorite bride,
 And there on the trampled and crimson
 sod

She moaned by the warrior's side.

No strength had he to shield his charge;
 But mild the Christian victor's face;
 And the lady knew, as she gazed thereon,
 That his mercy would grant her grace.

The Paynim died: "I am thy guide,"
 The brave Sir Aymer softly said;
 "By my father's faith thou art safe from
 scaith,
 Wheresoever thou would'st be led."

True to his word, through friend, through
 foe,

He bore the lady fast and far,
 Till the hostile sheen of the Moslem
 spears

Flashed under the evening star.

The Soldan's self with speechless joy,
 With glistening eyes and bated breath,
 The queen of his house and heart em-
 braced,

As if claiming his Love from death!

"Now, Christian knight, by this pure
 light,

No vain nor empty thanks are mine;
 So, name thee the guerdon a king may
 grant,
 And believe me, it shall be thine."

"No guerdon, prince, for simple ruth
 The Christian warrior deigns to take:
 He has vowed to rescue the lorn and
 weak,
 For his own sweet lady's sake."

"All proofs of zeal the grateful feel,
 Surely, fair knight, thou would'st not
 shun?

An honored guest, thou wilt tarry and
 rest,
 At least till the morrow's sun?"

Thus, in the Soldan's tent he stayed —
 What time the queen with passionate
 eyes,

Struck blind to the harem's splendor,
 dreamed

Of his beauty with love-sick sighs:

And ere that morrow's sun had set,

With scarce a blush her love she told;
 But Sir Aymer hearkened with haughty
 mien,

And the words that he spake were cold.

Then flushed the imperious forehead
 high,

A dark flame glittered in her eyes,
 And the hate of the deadly orient quelled
 The breath of her tender sighs.

"Sir knight, enough; thou scorn'st my
 love!

But ere thou goest, take instead
 This marvellous steed of the jet-black
 breed,

In the land of the Magi bred.

"O stern in fight! O swift in flight!
 This matchless steed will serve thee
 well,

Whether thy lure be a lady's bower,
 Or the vanward war-trump's swell."

He took the gift, he bowed him low,
 And gained the Christian camp at
 noon;

"O courser of might in strife or flight!"
 Quoth he, "I shall prove thee soon."

The conflict joins; the hosts are hot;
That gallant Destrier "holds his
own;"

Aghast at the rush of his whirlwind
course,

Whole legions are overthrown.

In twice three mortal combats more
The same fell ruin marked his path,
Till the Saracens deemed, as their life-
blood streamed,

'Twas a fiend of hell in his wrath.

But once, alas! alas! the day!

The Moslem's sudden war-cry rose,
And the knight his "Ave" forgot to
say,

Ere he hastened to meet his foes.

St. Paul! what wizard spell is this?

The Destrier spurns the hands that
guide,

And full on the front of the *Christian*
host

Sweeps back through the battle tide.

Gramercy! 'twas a dreadful sight
Which met the gathering thousands
there,

When the war-horse charged like a blaz-
ing star,

Through a halo of blood-red air.

With bristling mane, and hot disdain
Against the mail-clad lines he came;
And his red orbs burned with a frenzied
ire,

And his nostrils darted flame.

Thus raging from the heathen van,
Strange steed and awful rider rushed,
And the souls of the boldest shrank
appalled,

And the wildest voice was hushed;

Till swift towards King Richard's camp
The fiery-fronted portent bore,
From the fetlock firm to the horrent crest
All reeking with Christian gore.

There, on a sudden paused the barb,
Still, as if carved in marble black,
And from silent knight and terrible steed
The pale throng shuddered back:

But now from out the trembling crowd
A priest with holy water passed,
He sprinkled the knight, he sprinkled
the steed

With the pure lymph free and fast:

When lo! the fatal charm dissolved —
Prone, with a hollow, rattling sound
In the clasp of his unscathed armor, fell
The knight to the bloody ground:

They loosed his hauberk and his helm,
But dead and wan his eyeballs shone,
As if they had gazed on a nameless
dread

Which had frozen their life to stone!

They felt his pulseless heart, his brow
Dim with the death-shade's mystic
gloom,

While ruthless and stern are the looks
they turn

On the demon that wrought his doom.

But pallid as a waning cloud
Athwart the summer moon-disc blown,
The shadowy form of a demon steed
In the ghost-like eve had grown:

Only — his supernatural eyes
One moment shot a vengeful spark,
Ere the glimmering Syrian twilight
closed

On the steps of the sudden dark.

THE ADVENTURES OF LITTLE BOB BONNYFACE.

LITTLE Bob Bonnyface went out one
day
Into his father's fields to play;
Twas a morn underkened by mist or
cloud,

With the thrush and the blackbird
 piping loud;
 The locust, deep in the pine-tree wood,
 Shrilled, as only a locust could;
 And borne on the waft of a summer
 breeze,
 Swarmed by him an army of honey-bees.
 Delighted he saw, delighted he heard
 The morn, the bees, and the singing
 bird;
 He also sang, as he roamed through the
 clover,
 Feeling so jolly, and free all over!

But Bob—I must tell you the honest
 truth—
 Was a terribly mischievous thoughtless
 youth;
 Whatever he wanted to do or say,
 He did and he said in the boldest way,
 Not seeming to ponder, even to care
 How naughty his words or his actions
 were;
 For the only aim of this reckless elf
 Was—everywhere, always, to please—
 himself!

'Twas to please himself, without license
 or leave
 Nor a thought how his poor sick moth-
 er might grieve,
 If she missed too long, on her suffering
 bed,
 The golden gleam of his curly head,
 That he left his home through the fields
 to stray,
 On that sunny and beautiful summer's
 day,
 As the air breathed over him, blithe-
 some, but calm,
 All laden with fragrance and meadow-
 balm,
 And the sunshine warmed his young
 blood through,
 While it dazzled and danced from the
 stainless blue,
 Bob felt that a jollity, wholesome and
 sweet,
 Possessed him wholly, from head to feet.

He looked around, and what should his
 eye
 In an open space 'mid the clover spy,
 But an ant-hole, wrought in the sandy
 drouth.
 Out of its busy, populous mouth,
 The dwarfish tenants—an endless train,
 Emerging, covered the tiny plain;
 Eastward and westward, north and
 south,
 They toiled, with a constant will, to
 gain
 The fairy stores of their winter's grain:
 Yet Bob in his recklessness deemed it
 fun
 The ants and their mansion to overrun.
 By millions down in the crumbling sod
 The frightened creatures he swiftly
 trod;
 Filled up with dust, and grasses, and
 stone,
 The entrance-ways to their home, o'er-
 thrown
 Not one of the innocent horde, not *one*,
 Was left to toil in the laughing sun—
 But still Bob shouted, and thought it—
 fun!

Next on his wandering way he came
 To a furze-bush, gleaming like yellow
 flame;
 A spider as ugly and fierce as sin,
 Had spread the snares of his web there-
 in;
 But—cunning and sly—as Bob rushed
 up,
 He hid himself deep in a thistle's cup,
 Leaving above, in his worship's stead,
 A bee, caught fast in his poisoned
 thread!

Now, here was a chance for Bobby to
 free
 From his pain and prison this harmless
 bee;
 But bless you! no! 'twas a finer thing
 He thought, to pierce him from wing to
 wing;
 On a pin's keen point to whirl him high.

And behold the quivering insect die,
This, too, when the barbarous act was
done,
Seemed nothing to Bob but a moment's
— fun.

More gleeful than ever, Bob onward
pressed;
In the wayside thickets he found a nest,
The eggs half hatched; but he took
them out,
And with rude hand scattered them all
about,
Laughing to see how the egg-shells
broke.
But hey! what's this? with a buffeting
stroke,
The wings of the outraged mother-bird
(Who down from her neighboring perch
had whirled,)
So smartly smote him on forehead and
eyes,
That Bobby in *his* turn trembling—
flies!

(Don't you think that his was a wretch-
ed plight?
Just picture a *boy* from a *bird* in flight!
His heart and his knee-joints weak with
fright.)

But soon recovered, he trudged along,
Humming the words of a ballad-song,
Till reaching a place where the grasses
bred
Tall "hoppers" in thousands, he staid
his tread,
And cunningly crouching, as quick as
thought,
A "grandfather hopper" was deftly
caught.
Bob squeezed his body, and pulled his
thighs,
And poked a straw in his winking
eyes;
Then, with shrill laughter, and merry
scoff,
He wrenched both legs of the creature
off;

And next (could the rascal have had a
heart?)
Its head from the body was snatched
apart,
Till, a pitiful image of death and dearth,
Its carcass lay on the verdant earth!

I haven't the leisure to stop and tell
What other pains and evils befell
The defenceless tenants of wood and
dell;
All wrought by an urchin's uncurbed
will,
At length as an evening fair and still,
Shone over the wood, Bob strolled be-
yond
The wooded glades to a quiet pond,
The home of eels, mud-fishes, and
things
Half frog, half fish, all covered with
stings,
And scaly armor, as bright as brass;
Then and there, reader, it came to pass
That a terrapin, lazily crawling o'er
The moistened ways of its native shore,
Bob shrewdly captured—he turned his
back
Heedfully down on the sandy track,
And—need we say it?—at once began
To practise as ever, his teasing plan.
He pinched the flesh of the terrapin
sore
Racked it behind, and racked it before;
And strove—tho' just with a touch of
awe,
The reptile's head from its shell to draw.
When hark! the sound of a vicious
snap!
And the juvenile's fingers were in a trap
As ruthless as fate, and as sharp as
steel;
Then, followed a piteous discord!
Squeal,
Bellow, and shriek, the echoes around,
Woke up from the startled wave and
ground.
Bob struggled and panted, kicked and
cried,
Yet, his enemy's hold all efforts defied;

He thought to rise, but he would not do
it,
For fear that his mangled flesh might
rue it;
And still more agonized, angry, and
loud,
His yells went up to a whirling cloud,
Which in a moment from out the
blue,
(*Or such was his fancy*), darker grew,
Whence peered a head and a face to
fear;
But what shall I say of the monster's
leer,
His huge mouth stretching from ear to
ear?

"You have tortured," (it said) "and
torn all day
God's helpless creatures in wanton
play;
Now, learn, oh! cruel and coward elf!
A useful lesson of pain, yourself!
Does it burn and sting to the deepest
nerve?
What less do your brutal deeds deserve?
How! groaning again! for shame! be
done!
*You only tortured, you know, — in
fun!"*

When he gained from the terrapin's
clutch release
While resting, that night, on his couch
in peace.
There softly dawned thro' the twilight
gloom,
A face more fair than a white-rose
bloom;
And a voice that seemed like the under
speech
Of the waters that swoon on a breezeless
beach,
Whispered as low as low could be;
"Look up! I charge thee! and worship
me;
And yet *not* me, but the Master —
Christ!

"My name is Pity! — I am enticed
From even the Heaven of Heavens to
bring
Soft balms for mortal suffering;
And whosoever the frailest thing
With strength within it to feel or love,
Wounds *here* — he is torturing me
above;
And worse — for the pangs of that
anguish dart
Through mine, to the tender Saviour's
heart!"

Silence! — but just as sleep was won,
And over the boy's bright eyes of brown,
The delicate lashes came drooping down,
Thro' the silvery eddies of moonlight
mist,
There stole the shadow of lips that
kissed
The stain from the childish soul away,
That sadly sinning, had deemed it —
play!

— ♦ —
KISS ME, KATIE!

KATIE, Katie, little Katie!
Mouth of rose and eyes of blue,
(Eyes that look one frankly through!)
When I'm absent don't you miss me?
Now I'm near you, come and *kiss me!*
Katie, pretty Katie, kiss me!
Katie, do!

Katie, Katie, pretty Katie!
Prettier far than Jane or Lu,
Madge or Margaret, Maud or Prue;
Graceful as a spring-born fairy,
Tuneful as your pet canary —
Katie, pretty Katie, kiss me!
Katie, do!

Katie, sly, deceptive Katie!
If you fly me I'll pursue.
(What though *corns* or *gout* should rue!)
Then, if I can overmatch you,
Running fast can *clasp* and *catch* you,
Captured Katie, won't you *kiss me*?
Katie, do!



"Katie, pretty Katie, kiss me."



Katie, mute, day-dreaming Katie,
 If I tell your thoughts to you,
 Guess your dreams and *make* them true,
 Won't you cease your coy defiance,
 Vanquished by such wondrous science—
 Won't you kiss me, Katie darling?
 Katie, do!

Katie, captious little Katie!
 Why that quickly tapping shoe,
 Ready shrug and scornful *moue*?
 Can it be you mean to scout me?
 Just because I'm *grayish*, flout me?
Are you muttering, "KISS HIM! NEVER!
 No, I *can't*! and no, I *won't*!"
 O, you petulant, changeful Katie!
 Katie, *don't*!

—◆—
 CAGED.

You think he sings a gladsome song!
 Ah, well, he *sings*! but only see.
 How oft on glossy neck and breast
 His bright head droops despondingly;
 Or note the restless, eager bird
 When a *free* minstrel's voice is heard.

You think because he pecks his grain
 With vigorous mlen and active bill,
 This long captivity has trained
 To tame content his roving will.
 But watch, as some wild pinion flies,
 Flashed near his cage, from summer
 skies:

He lifts his crest, his eyes dilate
 To yearning orbs of passionate fire;
 His whole small body seems to thrill,
 And vibrate to the heart's desire:
 'The deathless wish once more to roam
 The broad blue heaven God made his
 home.

Mark, next, the weary pant, the sigh
 Of hope deferred, that follows then;
 Perchance your captive's pain is deep
 As that which haunts imprisoned *men*,
 Pining behind *their* cruel bars
 For sunlight or the holy stars.

Come! ope the door! he owns a soul
 As tender, sensitive and fine
 As yours or mine — for aught *we* know,
 And dowered with rights scarce less
 Divine;
 Come! let him choose, at least, between
 God's azure and yon gilded screen!

Freed! yet he flies not! — Wait! — his
 brain
 Is dazed! — he comprehends not yet
 How earnest is your proffered boon, —
 How surely his the glorious debt
 Of freedom and all free-born things:
 Wait! — ha! he prunes his doubtful
 wings.

Hops, perch by perch, to gain the door;
 Then, as if first conviction came,
 Full-faced, and whispered, "*thou art
 free!*"

He darts without, a wingèd flame,
 And soon from far, fair cloudland floats
 'The rapture of his grateful notes!

—◆—
 LITTLE LOTTIE'S GRIEVANCE.

MAMMA's in heaven! and so, you see
 My sister Bet's mamma to me.
 Oh! yes, I love her! — that's to say,
 I love her well the whole bright day;
 For Sis is kind as kind can be,
 Until, indeed we've finished tea —
 Then (why did God make ugly night?)
 She never, never treats me right,
 But always says, "Now, sleepy head,
 'Tis getting late! come up to bed!"

Just when the others, Fred and Fay,
 Dolly and Dick, are keen for play —
 Card-houses, puzzles, painted blocks,
 Cat-corner, and pert Jack-in-the-box —
 I must (it's that bad gas, I think,
 That makes me somehow seem to wink!)
 Must leave them all to seek the gloom
 Of sister Bet's close-curtained room,
 Put on that long stiff gown I hate,
 And go to bed — oh, dear! at eight!

Now, is it fair that I who stand
Taller than Dolly by a hand,
(I'll not believe, howe'er 'tis told,
That cousin Doll is ten years old!
And just because I'm only seven,
Should be so teased, yes, almost driven,
Soon as I've supped my milk and bread,
To that old drowsy, frowzy bed?
I've lain between the dusky posts,
And shivered when I thought of ghosts:
Or else have grown so mad, you know,
To hear those laughing romps below,
While there I yawned and stretched
(poor me!)

With one dim lamp for company.
I've longed for courage just to dare
Dress softly — then trip down the stair,
And on the parlor pop my head
With "No, I will not stay abed!"

I'll do it yet, all quick and bold,
No matter how our Bet may scold.
For, oh! I'm sure it can't be right,
To keep me here each dismal night,
Half scared by shadows grimly tall
That dance along the cheerless wall,
Or by the wind, with fingers chill,
Shaking the worn-out window-sill
One night as well be sick or dead,
As sent by eight o'clock to bed!

*A NEW VERSION OF WHY THE
ROBIN'S BREAST IS RED.*

Know you why the robin's breast
Gleameth of a dusky red,
Like the lustre mid the stars
Of the potent planet Mars?
'Tis — a monkish myth has said —
Owing to his cordial heart;
For, long since, he took the part
Of those hapless children, sent
Hadean-ward for punishment;
And, to quench the fierce desire,
Bred in them by ruthless fire,
Brought on tiny bill and wing,
Water from some earthly spring,

Which in misty droplets fell
O'er their dwelling of unrest,
While the sufferer's faces grew
Softer 'neath the healing dew!

But, too far within that hell
Venturing, some malicious fiend,
A small devil hardly weaned,
Seized bold Robin in his claw,
Striving thro' the flames to draw
His poor body, until fled
Sight of eyes and sense of head,
Scorched he lay and almost dead!

Then, a child whose tongue and brow,
Robin's help had cooled but now,
Clutched the baby-fiend in ire,
And in gulfs of his own fire
Soused the vile misshapen elf.

Fluttering upwards, scarce himself,
After all the pain and fear
Of his horrid sojourn there
In that realm of flame and smoke,
Lo! earth's happy sunlight broke
On the bird's dazed view at last;
But the ordeal he had passed
Left a flame-spot widely spread
Where the wind-blown feathers part
Just above his loyal heart.
So the robin's breast is red!

THE LITTLE SAINT.

At the calm matin hour
I see her bend in prayer,
As bends a virgin flower
Kissed by the summer air;
Oh, meek her downcast eyes!
But the sweet lips wear a smile;
How hard our little angel tries
To be serious all the while!

I tell her 'tis not right
To be half-grave, half-gay,
Imploring in Heaven's sight
A blessing on the day;

She hears and looks devout —
 Although it gives her pain;
 Still, when the ritual's almost out
 She's sure — to smile again!

She shocks her maiden aunt,
 Who thinks it a disgrace
 That, do her best, she can't
 Give her a solemn face;
 She'll scold and rate and fume,
 And lecture hour by hour,
 Until she makes the very room
 Look passionate and sour!

Alack, 't is all in vain!
 Soon as the sermon's done
 My fairy blooms again,
 Like a rose-bud in the sun.
 I cannot damp her mirth!
 I will not check her play;
 Is guileless joy so rife on earth,
 Hers shall not have full sway?

I asked her yester night,
 Why, when her prayer was made,
 Her brow of cordial light
 Scarce caught a serious shade.
 "Father," she said, "*you love
 Better to meet me glad;
 And so I thought the Christ above
 Might grieve to see me — sad!*"

— ♦ —
 A NEW PHILOSOPHY: OR, STAR
 SHOWERS EXPLAINED.

ONE luminous night in winter,
 All crystal clear and still,
 A band of wondering children
 Were grouped by the window sill.

The window looked out northward,
 Where through the tranquil hours
 The stars kept falling, falling,
 In a ceaseless shine of showers.

Ah! beautiful sight! those children! —
 As they gazed on the magic skies,
 With their tiny hands uplifted,
 And their large, bright, marvelling
 eyes.

"What is it?" asked curly Alfred,
 Of his elder brother, Gus;
 "Does you think it is coming nearer?
 If it comes, can it fall on us?"

"No, stupid!" (in tones determined,) —
 But soon he was touched by doubt,
 And wished, as the flames waxed
 brighter,
 Somebody would put them out!

For, indeed, the radiant sparkles
 Now poured from a grander height:
 And filled like a conflagration,
 The hollows and gulfs of night!

Till at last they all grew frightened;
 And the small dark heads and light
 Were in a closer circle,
 While still they watched the night!

All but one sturdy urchin,
 The smallest and shrewdest there,
 Whose eyes like a pert cock robin's,
 Turned up on the northward glare,

As he lisped, with an air quite final,
 And with somewhat of scorn and
 scoff:

"It's the Fourth of July up yonder,
 And the wockets is whizzing off!"

— ♦ —
 BABY'S FIRST WORD.

WE watched our baby day by day,
 With earnest expectation,
 To hear his infant lips uncloset
 In vague articulation.

But weeks, nay weary months, passed on;
 His last wee tooth had broken
 From rosy gums, yet not a word,
 Not one had baby spoken.

"O Rol!" I cried, "it cannot be
 A child so quick and clever,
 Who hears ('tis plain he hears our talk),
 Should thus stay dumb forever!"

Rol answered sharply, vexed and red,
 "What wretched nonsense, Jenny!
 I never could have dreamed, my dear,
 You'd prate like such a ninny!"

(Yes, that's the term, I must confess,
 By which, with judgment narrow,
 He dared for once, just once, you know,
 To call his "winsome marrow.")

But what cared I? since as I live,
 True as my name is Jenny,
 From out the cradle clear and loud,
 Came back the bad word "Ninny!"

Thence uprose baby all aglee,
 His peaceful slumbers routed,
 And thrice that naughty, naughty word
 He spoke, nay, almost shouted!

Rol, glancing at my startled eyes,
 His mirth could scarcely smother.
 But oh! to think the rogue's first word
 Should thus abuse his mother!

THE CHAMELEON.

I KNOW that I'm like, yet I am not, a
 snake!
 'Tis true that I glisten by boll and
 by brake,
 That I dart out and in, can glide, quiver
 and coil
 As swift as the lightning, but softer than
 oil,
 Yet a creature more innocent never was
 drawn
 From the gray of cool shadows to bask
 in the dawn!

If I pause by a brook the rock-currents
 divide,
 I grow silvery-white as the foam of its
 tide;
 If 'mid dew-freshened meadows at sun-
 rise I pass,
 There's a shaft of pure emerald shot
 through the grass.

When to gay garden-closes I joyfully turn,
 'Tis mine with all hues, of their roses to
 burn;
 I reflect each bright blush that the
 petals have won
 Of their young virgin-flowers from the
 kiss of the sun.
 My skin's a clear mirror, a glass of the
 elves,
 In which all lovely tints can smile back
 on themselves!
 Stranger still! for on ugliness mirrored
 therein,
 Though it tarnish a moment, this magi-
 cal skin,
 On the dark and uncouth some slight
 beauty's bestowed;
 Why, even that dull little hunchback,
 the toad,
 I endow with faint outlines of sweetness
 and grace.
 While the newt, glancing down on his
 lop-sided face,
 Reflected, — in pity, — by softened de-
 grees,
 Almost dreams he was formed by kind
 Nature to please!

Ah, therefore, sweet maiden, shrink not
 when you see
 My lithe body reposing by streamlet or
 tree;
 But kneel down where I rest, and all
 mellowed behold
 Your eyes of deep blue, and your ring-
 lets of gold,
 In my miniature mirror, my glass of the
 elves,
 Wherein all lovely things can smile back
 on themselves!

FLYING FURZE.

AIRILY, fairly, over the meadows,
 Over the broom-grasses waving and gay,
 O! see how it shimmers,
 How wavers and glimmers,
 Flying, and flying away.

Hastefully, wastefully, over the copses,
Over the hedge-rows in scattered array,
See, see how 'tis curling
And twinkling and whirling,
Ever and ever away!

Merrily, cheerily, down the far verges,
Verges of fields growing misty and gray,
Still, still how it shimmers,
Grows fainter and glimmers,
Shimmers, and glimmers away!

THE NEW SISTER.

Phil. SAY, Pete, do you like her?

Pete. Like! love her you mean!

Phil. Ain't she jolly and red?

Pete. And hurrah for her! just think of
her head!

Phil. As big as a pippin, and round as
a bullet!

Pete. And bald! oh! as bald as a newly-
plucked pullet!

Phil. Did you look at her eyes too?

Pete. Of course; they are blue.

Phil. Not a bit of it — black!

Pete. Blue, I tell you — ask Jack!

Phil. Jack! I've eyes of my own that
see better than his!

Pete. Brag on! but for once they have
led you amiss.

Baby's eyes are blue — very!

Phil. As black as a berry!

Pete. Blue, you ninny! but s'pose we
come down to her nose!

It's as funny and fat with an end
like —

Phil. Like a rose?

Pete. No! a small dab of putty just tint-
ed with pink!

Phil. Now, stoo-pid! how can you! I'm
sure that I think

Nothing nicer than roses so
dumpy and smug —

Pete. Pshaw! you mean it's a boo-ti-ful,
boo-ti-ful pug!

Phil. Well, you naughty old Pete! you
can't laugh at her chin!

Pete. Oh, no, it's the nattiest, sauciest,
sweetest —

Phil. The nicest, completest,
Of arch little chins, with a dimple
put in,

That winks up like a sunbeam,

Pete. And then her wee throat!

Phil. Her throat like egg-foam, or a
syllabub boat

On a lake of clear cream!

Pete. And her arms; they are nice now;
there's nothing can beat them!

Phil. So plump, round, and soft! I'm
most ready to eat them!

Pete. Of course, Phil, you kissed her?

Phil. Oh, didn't I!

Pete. Well!

Phil. Well, I put my mouth down; I had
something to tell;

Ah! close whispered close in the
shy little ear,

That seemed to turn up, Pete, half
coily to hear,

And again, as I kissed her —

Pete. You kissed the good Lord for so
jolly a sister!

Phil. Yes, I did!

Pete. So did I!

Phil. And now, Pete, 'tis but right
We should go in once more and
bid "Baby" good night!

HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP: A QUEER TRIO
PERSONIFIED.

O! Hop is a sailor used up in the war,
With a single good leg to stand on;
And a face as dingy almost as the tar
He was wont to rest his hand on:
And he grumbles strange oaths in his
hairy throat

Whenever he sees a fair vessel afloat,
Especially one with those staring round
eyes

(Port-holes, you know)

Whence the hot shot flies

At a quaking foe;

For then his anger, it fizzles up

(Like the sputtering foam in a lager-beer cup),

And he hoarsely cries,

"May witches fly off with that fellow by whom

I'm reduced to the cruel, contemptible doom

Of tottering all day,

In an imbecile way,

'Twixt a single good leg

And this base wooden peg,

Far, far from the spume

Of the gay ocean-spray!

So, seize him, and scorch him, and fry him, I say!"

But Skip is a mincing lady fine;

She never was seen to breakfast or dine;

And how she lives, none knoweth;

Her waist is so very slender and thin,

You fear it must snap, and topple in,

At the first slight wind that bloweth.

Her favorite motion's an airy jerk,

With her eyeballs raised, and her chin a-perk,

And her little red ringlets bobbing,

Bobbing and hobnobbing,

In a friendly fashion, each to each:

And her cheek is the hue of a delicate peach

(That never a shade can vary):

"*Perpetual motion*" she's sometimes called,

And really, truly one feels appalled

To view her galvanized skipping,

Her dancing, wriggling, whipping

Of one skirt in and one skirt out,

Her general manner of going about,

Which lies, I ween,

Half pitched between

The twittering, fussy, old-maidish way

Of the restless jay,

And the airs of a sprightly canary!

Jump is a long-limbed sturdy boy,

With such strong muscles to back him,

That I hardly could wish the creature joy

Who should ever dare to attack him:

A four-foot fence he clears in a minute:

And if you bet from the cottage eave

(And a very tall cottage it is in sooth),

With your leave, or without your leave,

That he cannot jump

With a dauntless thump,

And a thundering bump, —

Be sure that he'll quickly win it!

And, to whisper the truth, — the fearful truth,

I believe if whale or dragon,

The one on sea, and t'other on land,

(The biggest that either could brag on).

Came floating, or crawling nigh,

That this marvellous boy,

With a ringing cry

Of fierce, exuberant, reckless joy,

Would, just for the fun of it,

Make a swift run of it

Right down the jaws of whichever dread vermin

The turn of chance or a thought should determine!

So here my song ends,

And ye, charming young friends!

Don't endeavor to pump

My dry fancy again:

'Tis enough I've made plain

As Tommy's big nose

Looming red o'er the snows,

Those impalpable ideas of Hop, Skip, and Jump!

DANCING.

DANCING! I love it, night or day:

There's nought on earth so jolly,

Whether you straightly glide with May,

Or madly whirl with Molly,

The country dance is smooth and sleek:

But waltzes (some call vicious!)

Bring one so near a rosy cheek,

That, Jack, they're just delicious!

At every chance, I'm bound to go,
And join our "West End" classes,
With all about me *comme il faut*,
To captivate the lasses.

I think they rather like me, Jack, —
(Oh, dear! the pretty creatures!) —
One shyly praised — behind my back —
She *did* — my *Roman* features!



"Dancing! I love it, night or day:
There's nought on earth so jolly."

Yet somehow, Jack, the loveliest she
(I mean sweet Mary Whimble)
Has never, never turned on me
A single charming dimple:
But when I try the least advance,
Her smile is changed to sneering;
Three times she has snubbed me in the
dance
To please that odious Speering!

Ah! Jack, it makes my bosom swell,
And all my life forlorn,
To think (while others like me well)
She, *she* should be a scorner!
I cannot be revenged on *her*,
Nor *would*, if able even;
But, oh! that long-legged Speering
cur
I wish he was — in heaven!

He has given my hopes a blighting touch
 Though lank as any mummy;
 And as for *mind*, — I've seen as much
 In some poor pasteboard dummy:
 But then the best of girls are queer —
 Titania loved a donkey;
 So Mary airs her charms to snare
 This awkward ball-room flunkey!

Ha! now my steam is all blown off,
 Once more I'm pleased and placid;
 If Mary Whimble still *will* scoff,
 Why should I too grow acid?
 With jovial smile and heart in tune
 (Ill humor's best disarmers,)
 See, Jack, if I don't figure soon —
 Adonis 'mid the charmers!

NOTES.

Up and down, up and down,
 In the air the sunshine mellows —
 Green or yellow, gold or brown,
 See those gay capricious fellows!
 Sparkling, glittering, frisking, dancing,
 Now retreating, now advancing,
 Livelier than the jolliest clown,
 Tinier than the tiniest fairy
 That e'er robbed a farmer's dairy
 Of the luscious cream which floats
 Round his frothed and brimming bowls
 Buoyant, tireless little souls!

Who can fold them,
 Catch or hold them?

Evanescent,
 Omnipresent,
 Shy eluders,
 Bold obtruders,
 Past all joking, most provoking,
 Tricky, whicky, frisky
 Notes.

Up and down, up and down,
 Light in sunshine, lost in shadow —
 Green or yellow, gold or brown,
 Over hill and over meadow,
 Swiftly over
 Rock-ribbed height and billowy clover,

Still advancing,
 Still retreating,
 Glittering, fleeting,
 Never dozing, nor reposing,
 But forever dancing, dancing;
 And in numberless quaint fusions,
 And eye-dazzling convolutions,
 Deftly sped
 Overhead —

See (where happy sunshine mellows
 All the air) those jovial fellows!
 Ah! ye tricksome waifs and tiny,
 Who may circumvent and bind ye?
 Can it be such creatures antic,
 Unrestrained, grotesquely frantic,
 Are but small nymphs out of school,
 Laughing at all graver rule?
 Or loose sylphides, bent on sowing,

Sowing,
 Sowing,

In their thoughtless mirth o'erflowing,
 Naughty crops of wildish oats?
 How they jostle, whirl and hustle,
 Up and down, up and down,
 Through the air the sunshine mellows!
 Green or yellow, gold or brown,
 All those gay, capricious fellows,
 Evanescent,

Omnipresent.

Shy eluders,

Bold obtruders,

Past all joking, most provoking,
 Tricky, whicky, frisky,
 Notes!

THE GROUND SQUIRREL.

BLESS us, and save us! What's here?
 Pop!

At a bound,

A tiny brown creature, grotesque in his
 grace,

Is sitting before us, and washing his face
 With his little fat paws overlapping:

Where does he hail from? Where?

Why, *there*,
 Underground,

From a nook just as cosy,
And tranquil, and dozy,
As e'er wooed to Sybarite napping
(But none ever caught him a-napping).
"Don't you see his soft burrow so quaint,
lad! and queer?"

Gone! like the flash of a gun!
This oddest of chaps,
Mercurial,
Disappears
Head and ears!
Then, sly as a fox,
Swift as Jack in his box,
Pops up boldly again!
What does he mean by this frisking
about,
Now up and now down, and now in and
now out,
And all done quicker than winking?
What does it mean? Why, 'tis plain,
fun!
Only fun! or, perhaps,
The pert little rascal's been drink-
ing?
There's a cider press yonder all day on
the run!

Capture him! no, we won't do it,
Or, be sure in due time we would rue
it!

Such a piece of perpetual motion,
Full of bother
And pother,
Would make paralytic old Bridget
A fidget.
So you see (to my notion),
Better leave our downy
Diminutive brownie
Alone near his "diggings";
Ever free to pursue,
Rush round, and renew
His loved vaulting
Unhalting.
His whirling,
And curling,
And twirling,
And swirling,

And his ways, on the whole,
So unsteady!
'Pon my soul,
Having gazed
Quite amazed,
On each wonderful antic
And summersault frantic,
For just a bare minute,
My head, it feels whizzing;
My eyesight's grown dizzy;
And both legs, unstable
As a ghost's tipping table,
Seem waltzing, already!

Capture him! no, we won't do it,
Or in less than no time, how we'd rue
it!

ARTIE'S "AMEN."

THEY were Methodists twain, of the
ancient school,
Who always followed the wholesome
rule
That whenever the preacher in meeting
said
Aught that was good for the heart or
head
His hearers should pour their feelings
out
In a loud "Amen" or a godly shout.
Three children had they, all honest boys,
Whose youthful sorrows and youthful
joys
They shared, as your loving parents will,
While tending them ever through good
and ill.
One day — 'twas a bleak, cold Sabbath
morn,
When the sky was dark and the earth
forlorn —
These boys, with a caution not to roam,
Were left by the elder folk at home.
But scarce had they gone when the
wooded frame
Was seen by the tall stove pipe aflame;

And out of their reach, high, high, and
higher,
Rose the red coils of the serpent fire.

With startled sight for a while they
gazed,

As the pipe grew hot and the wood-work
blazed:

Then up, though his heart beat wild with
dread,

The eldest climbed to a shelf o'erhead,
And soon, with a sputter and hiss of
steam.

The flame died out like an angry dream.

When the father and mother came back
that day —

They had gone to a neighboring church
to pray —

Each looked, but with half-averted eye,
On the awful doom which had just
passed by.

And then the father began to praise
His boys with a tender and sweet amaze.
“Why, how did you manage, Tom, to
climb

And quench the threatening flames in
time

To save your brothers, and save your-
self?”

“Well, father, I mounted the strong oak
shelf

By help of the table standing nigh.”

“And what,” quoth the father, suddenly,
Turning to Jemmy, the next in age,

“Did you to quiet the fiery rage?”

“I brought the pail, and the dipper too,
And so it was that the water flew
All over the flames, and quenched them
quite.”

A mist came over the father's sight,
A mist of pride and of righteous joy,
As he turned at last to his youngest boy,
A gleeful urchin scarce three years old,
With his dimpling cheeks and his hair
of gold.

“Come, Artie, I'm sure you weren't
afraid:

Now tell in what way you tried to aid
This fight with the fire.” “Too small
am I,”

Artie replied, with a half-drawn sigh,
“To fetch like Jemmy, and work like
Tom;

So I stood just here for a minute dumb.
Because, papa, *I was frightened some* :
But I prayed, ‘Our Father,’ and then,
and then

I shouted as loud as I could, ‘Amen.’”

THREE PORTRAITS OF BOYS.

STURDY little form, of true
Saxon pattern, through and through;
Face as purely Saxon, too,
With a smile demure and sly,
Dimpled cheek and twinkling eye;
Robin head, with sideway perk,
O'er some cunning ruse at work;
Welcome, lad! of wholesome ways,
And true juvenile displays;
Now progressing at full speed
On your gay velocipede,
(Yet where'er it deftly goes,
Wrongs no one's dress or toes);
Now, beneath the basement hid,
On a dwarfish pyramid
Tolling, with scarred bricks and stone,
After methods, all your own;
A small Cheops! scarce less shrewd
In your purpose and your mood,
Than that king of mobs and mud,
By the old Nilotic flood!
Or with flying scarf and hat,
Coursing some half-frantic cat,
Fraught with wrath, and words that rail,
Should poor Tabby save his tail!
For the “old Adam's” sometimes seen
In your actions and your mien,
But no more than *must* appear
In his undegenerate heir.

Grown from what seems nature's plan,
What will Henry be as man?
One of healthful, mental range,
Honored at the doors of 'Change?

Of a quick and eager mind,
At the rise of fortune's wind;
Shrewd! perchance with scores of
 friends,
And productive dividends?

On life's middle pathway still,
By extremes of good and ill.
Evermore unvisited,
Shall we see him safely tread?
Not ambitious of grand things,
Or the scope of eagle's wings;
But within the limits meet
Of his unpretentious feet,
A good man, perhaps a wise,
Who — (in ledger of the skies),
May — unsmutched by blots of blame,
Find, at last, his honest name?

MARION.

URCHIN of the Syrian face,
And half melancholy grace,
With a look in your dark eyes,
Sometimes deep and overwise;
What shall be your mortal dooin?
Desert blight, or healthful bloom?
Shall the lily, Virtue, shine
On your life, made thus divine;
Or Corinthian roses shed
Poisoned petals on your head?
Ah! the soul that dwells in you,
Heaven hath blent of flame and dew
Mixed by subtlest art together
In your nature's changeful weather,
Whence a lightning-glitter warm,
Now and then, portends a storm;
Such a storm of tropic strain,
Scathed by fire and big with rain;
All your being o'er and under,
Thrilled as if by spirit-thunder;
Till, exhausted at the source
Of its wild imperious course
Passion — like a blast that dies
Down the slowly brightening skies,
Thro' loud sob and weary moan
Falls to plaintive monotone!

Strange child-soul, but half unfurled,
Who shall scan its complex world?

Glimpsed 'twixt light and shadow dim,
Dare I prophesy of him?
Subtle, mystical, refined,
Seem the thoughts that haunt his mind,
While large forces play their part
On the boy's embattled heart,

Stubborn *will* — it irks to yield,
Always watchful — under shield;
Scorn of all who do him wrong,
Keen, implacable and strong;
Yet — toward the fair and just,
Love, that's crowned with generous
 trust;
And those graces, pure and high,
Born of tender loyalty!

With a firm and wise control,
Guide the currents of his soul!
Forceful are they, and must ride
Ever, with impetuous tide,
If to duty's strand they flow,
Fraught with all pure flowers that
 blow,
Or, the Syren's lotus-lea,
Fronting death's unfathomed sea!

HERBERT.

AH! you tricky little elf,
How you idolize yourself!
And believe the world was made
Like a gay-hued masquerade,
Just for you to sport and dance,
Ever, in a happy trance!
How I envy you the joy
Of such bright *abandon*, boy!
All your buoyant veins are rife
With the sunniest wine of life!
And if e'er a shadow strays
O'er your glad, elysian ways,
'Tis but like the doubtful mote
In the morning's eye afloat;
At the slightest breeze of fun,
Cloudless is your spirit's sun!

Still, my tricky little elf,
Idolize your blissful self;
Dream you'll always be a boy,
And that life's a painted toy,

Just for you to hasten after,
 Full of thoughtless mirth and laughter;
 Soon, alack! how grim and grum,
 Disenchantment's sure to come!
 Life, with which you loved to play,
 Slowly turns from gold to gray;
 All its splendid tints are lost,
 For, experience, cold as frost,
 Dims the hues which undefiled,
 Blessed the outlook of the child;
 And we learn in mournful wise,
 Earth's no longer — Paradise!

— ◆ —
BIRDS.

THAT's the dove, my darling!
 Murmurous, soft and tender;
 There! she's mooning, crooning,
 On a pine-branch slender.
 And ah! it's the dove, the dove, dove,
 dove,
 That never can coo, but she pleads of
 love,
 Of love, love, love,
 In the shadows fair and tender.

That's the wren, my fairy!
 With her wee love-pledges;
 See her playing, straying
 Underneath the hedges.
 And oh! it's the wren, the wren, wren,
 wren,
 That is never contented too far from
 men,
 But lives, lives, lives
 Secure in the field-side hedges.

That's the thrush, my beauty!
 Hark! and let us hear her,
 Yonder swinging, singing,
 Higher, bolder, clearer,
 And oh! it's the thrush, the thrush,
 thrush, thrush,
 Whose loud song wakens the noon-tide
 hush,
 The deep, deep hush
 Of the meadows and wolds, to hear
 her!

That's the mockbird, sweetheart!
 To all tones beholden,
 Which are thrilling, filling
 Glades of woodland golden,
 And ah! it's a bird, a bird, bird, bird,
 The sweetest that ever a mortal heard.
 Ah! sweet, sweet, sweet,
 In the sunshine, fresh and golden!

— ◆ —
*THE DEAD CHILD AND THE MOCK-
 ING-BIRD.*

ONCE in a land of balm and flowers,
 Of rich fruit-laden trees,
 Where the wild wreaths from jasmine
 bowers
 Trail o'er Floridian seas;

We marked our Jeannie's footsteps run
 Athwart the twinkling glade;
 She seemed a Hebe in the sun,
 A Dryad in the shade!

And all day long her winsome song,
 Her trebles and soft trills,
 Would wave-like flow or silvery low
 Die down the tinkling rills.

One morn, midmost the foliage dim,
 A dark-gray pinion stirs;
 And hark! along the vine-clad limb,
 What strange voice blends with hers?

It blends with hers which soon is stilled!
 Braver the mock-bird's note
 Than all the strains that ever filled
 The queenliest human throat:

As Jeannie heard, she loved the bird,
 And sought thenceforth to share
 With her new favorite dawn by dawn,
 Her daintiest morning cheer!

But ah! a blight beyond our ken,
 From some far feverous wild,
 Brought that dark shadow feared of
 men,
 Across the fated child!

It chilled her drooping curls of brown,
 It dimmed her violet eyes,
 And like an awful cloud stole down
 From vague mysterious skies!

At last, one day our Jeannie lay,
 All pulseless, pale, forlorn;
 The sole sweet breath on lips of death.
 The mocking breath of morn!

When just beyond the o'ercurtained
 room,
 (How tender yet how strong!)
 Rose through the misty morning gloom,
 The mock-bird's sudden song!

Dear Christ! those notes of golden peal,
 Seem caught from heavenly spheres;
 Yet through their marvellous cadence,
 steal
 Tones soft as chastened tears!

Is it an angel's voice that throbs
 Within the brown bird's breast?
 Whose rhythmic magic soars, or sobs,
 Above our darling's rest?

The fancy passed, but came once more,
 When stolen, from Jeannie's bed,
 That eve along the porchway floor,
 I found our minstrel . . . dead!

The fervor of the angelic strain
 His life-chords burned apart,
 And blent with sorrow's earthlier pain,
 Broke the o'erburdened heart!

Maiden and bird! the self-same grave
 Their wedded dust shall keep,
 While the long low Floridian wave
 Moans round their place of sleep!

—◆—
 THE LITTLE GRAND DUCHESS.

WHAT a pure and chastened splendor,
 What a grace of joyance tender,
 Like to starlight or to moonlight,
 Melting into fairy Junelight,
 Sleeps my little lady sweetly, —

In the air that answers meetly
 With each soul-illuminated feature,
 Which the lovely, winsome creature
 Lifts toward us so demurely,
 That despite their candor, surely
 Something of an elfish slyness
 Sparkles 'round their shadowed shyness,
 Though a *pose* that's sometimes stately,
 (Baby brows thrown back sedately,) *Charm*
 Us by a look that such is,
 She might be a wee Grand Duchess!

But anon that aspect changes,
 Through all moods her spirit ranges.
 Free and far as Ariel pinions
 O'er a warlock's weird dominions;
 Happy fields of dim romances:
 Woods wherein an elve-troop dances
 'Neath a noon of splendid trances,
 Culling flowers, or chanting lowly
 Songs of golden melancholy;
 Or in stretch of wildest dreamings,
 (Holding true their gracious seemings,) *Wafted*
 Into blissful vision
 Of some rarer realm Elysian.

Well I know that mark the yearning
 Through her snowy eyelids burning,
 Shadowed by those midnight lashes,
 (Quickly closed when aught abashes,
 And as quickly flashed asunder,
 When swift anger lightens under,) *How*
 Supreme the hidden forces
 Blindly struggling at their sources
 In her depths of nascent being:
 Insight, but half-born to seeing,
 Faint perceptions, intuitions,
 And soft-murmuring admonitions,
 Toned and mellowed down so finely
 That their voices breathe divinely.

Ha! but see, our dainty fairy
 Freed from thought, or dreamings *airy*,
 All an embryo flirt's beguiling,
 Wooes us in her roguish smiling,
 Rippled into silvery laughter,
 With arch glances levelled after,
 Coy, coquettish, gay, capricious
 Sprite! thy every mood's delicious;

Yet amid these spirit-phases
Whereupon thy poet gazes,
There is one that steals above thee;
Dewy pure from heavens that love thee.
'Tis not when thy heart is lightest,
'Tis not when thy glance is brightest,
But when sober Contemplation
Near thee takes her pensive station,
While a strange ecstatic quiet
Follows on thy childish riot.

Lo! her trifling fancies vanished, —
Lo! her baby bearing banished,
She has grown so sweetly earnest
That I'm sure the harshest, sternest
Cynic who should chance to meet her,
Must with fond caresses greet her!
Introspective, deep surmising,
Glow her eyes like moonbeams rising,
And across her face, where wonder
Seems with tremulous awe to ponder,
Smiles a glory, as if angels
Whispered her their soft evangels!

So that for the moment losing
Time and place while on her musing,
One might say, this eerie creature
Hardly owns our earth-born nature,
For she's changeling, fay and fairy,
In a word, all things that vary
Most in wizard transformations.
And the round of weird creations!

◆

ROLY POLY.

ROLY POLY's just awakened,
Wakened in his cosy bed;
All his dainty ringlets tumbled
O'er his shoulders, and his head:
Roly Poly's cheeks are rounder
Than a dumpling duly done,
While they look as rich and ruddy,
As a freshly-dawning sun.

Roly Poly's keen for breakfast;
Ah! he stays, he tarries not,
But as soon as mother's breeched him,
Rushes for his "hot and hot";

Such huge sups of oatmeal porridge
Swallows he at lordly ease,
That I'm sure in stout digestion,
He's an infant — Hercules!

Roly Poly rises briskly
(When repletion bids him stop),
Shall he take his kite for flying,
Or, go out with cord and top?
Not the faintest breeze is blowing.
So, of course, the top's preferred;
Eagerly he hastes to spin it,
Almost flying — like a bird!

But unlucky Roly Poly
Chooses — since the ground is hard —
As the fittest place for spinning,
Mother's well-stocked poultry-yard;
So, what time his mammoth "hummer"
Circles on its nimble pegs,
Roly feels a rearward *something*
Dabbing, stabbing at his legs!

Round he turns in vast amazement,
Round, to find erect and free,
Ruffled, ireful, a great gander,
Quite as tall ('twould seem), as he;
But brave Roly Poly battles,
Knight-like, on his sturdy thighs,
Battles, till the treacherous monster
Leaves his legs, to smite his eyes!

Then, must Roly fly affrighted,
Fly, the sudden *wrath* beyond,
Of that ruthless, base aggressor, —
But to tumble in — a *pond*!
Over head and ears to tumble
In a dark, unsavory flood,
Bubbling, doubling, kicking fiercely,
Plucking weeds, and grasping mud!

While — as pitiless fate *would* have it —
Ponto, panting on the run,
Thinks that Master Roly Poly's
Only sought the pond in fun;
So, he dashes in, exultant,
Paws the boy, with bark and bound,
And instead of gallant rescue,
Madly rolls him round and round: —



"Roly Poly 's just awakened,
Wakened in his cosy bed."



When a gasping groan and sputter
 Prove to Ponto, shrewd and true,
 What is now the sacred duty
 That a faithful dog should do;
 See, he tugs at Roly's trowsers,
 Tugs with steadfast might and main,
 Till he brings our dripping urchin
 Safely to the shore again.

Ponto's teeth are sharp and potent,
 And impelled by need to speed,
 They have made poor Roly Poly
 In no stinted measure bleed!
 Therefore, with his gory garments,
 And his mud-bespattered knees,
 He is like a dwarfish Sindbad,
 Sorrow-laden, by the seas!

Oh! to mark our roguish Roly
 Throw his fright and trouble off!
 How he laughs at dangers vanished,
 With his merriest boyish scoff.
 Decked once more in spotless trowsers
 How he makes the household ring:
 Scours and scampers, shouts and dances,
 Domineering like a king.

Doubt not that at lunch and dinner,
 Fervid is the fork he plies;
 Presto, how the mutton dwindles!
 Gone are sweetmeats; melted pies!
 Not one drop of bygone trouble
 Bitter makes his cup, or can;
 Roly! let us change our places —
 I, the boy; and you, the man!

THE IMPRISONED INNOCENTS.

[Or the Complaint of a Philosopher of Family!]

ONE morning I said to my wife,
 Near the time when the heavens are
 rife
 With the Equinoctial strife,
 "Arabella, the weather looks ugly as sin!
 Observe, how those mists from the ocean
 begin
 To creep eastward and blend

With the sickly street vapors fantastic
 and thin;
 So, (*won't* you attend?) keep the chil-
 dren within,
 Safe-housed from these damps of Sep-
 tember!
 For myself — as I'm studying '*Barret*
On Drainage' just now — I'll go up to
 the garret,
 And thus will be barred from all noises,
 And tumults of infantile voices!
 (Please listen, my dear! I am speaking,
 I think,
 And put down your baby! he'll drink,
 and he'll drink
 Warm tea till he pops!) so again let me
 say,
 Keep the juveniles housed on this treach-
 erous day,
 May I trust you, for *once*, to remem-
 ber?"

Then, with pain (for my limbs are
 rheumatic),
 I slowly climbed up to the attic;
 And all the 'mid-stories o'er passed,
 Reached the dismal old garret at last!
 "Now," thought I, "no echoes of riot
 Can break my philosopher's quiet;
 Thank heaven! all luxuries scorning
 Of stuffed couch or sofa, — I'll settle
 just here —
 (Though perhaps I would like a less im-
 becile chair)
 And be deep in research the whole morn-
 ing!"

Alack! for all bright expectation!
 While safe, as I fancied, from worry,
 For below me I heard,
 Ere my choler was stirred
 First, a faint indefinite flurry,
 Then, a deep roll, and thunder-like
 rumble,
 With the shock of some terrible tumble,
 Which shook the whole house to its
 basis!
 In a trice from my foolish elation
 I emerged with the blankest of faces,

And, well, I confess as a Christian I erred
 But who, my good sir, or good madam!
 Could have throttled, (just then), the
 "old Adam" ?

I'm afraid that I muttered a something
 That ought to have rested a dunrb
 thing!

Yet before your stern censure you
 urge on,

Bethink you! the same term 's been
 uttered

Quite roundly, not stammered or stut-
 tered,

By good men from Edwards to Spur-
 geon!

So, pray don't confuse me,

But kindly excuse me.

If once in a justified passion,

I followed their clerical fashion,

(Albeit much modified too!)

And whispered, not shouted, a d——n!

Of course, to the doorway I scurried,
 And down the old stairs from the
 attic

(In spite of my twinges rheumatic),

Incontent hurried!

Having reached the back parlor, I
 trembled,

Alack! now, with fear undissembled,
 For Jacky all spattered with gore,
 Lay flabby and flat on the floor!

A pestilent urchin,

Who stood much in need of promis-
 cuous 'birchin'

With his tricks and his manners un-
 stable,

He had taken to tipping the table,

(A rickety table, though heavy as lead),

And succeeded, the mischievous elf!

In tremendously tipping himself!

And then the big board like an un-
 loosened rafter,

Came sundering, blundering, thunder-
 ing after,

Gave his pert shanks a majestical rap,

And one fat little thumb,

Round as a plum,

Caught — as in spite,
 And held on to it tight,
 As a new patent trap!

But worst of all, he had thumped his
 head,

Thumped his head and maltreated his
 nose,

(Hence, the sanguine stains that dis-
 figured his clothes!)

And yet after all the ado,

We managed to rescue, and bring him
 to,

On his pipe-like pegs

Of ridiculous legs,

To set him up in the general view,

No longer flecked by a crimson hue,

But, a trifle black and a trifle blue!

Behold me, once more in the garret!

This time with the door barred fast,

And locked by a rusty key,

(As if one could banish trouble,

By making one's fastenings double!

"Here's peace," quoth I, "at last!

One row, and a row of such degree,

Is surely enough 'till twilight!"

And so, 'neath the garret sky-light,

Again I pored o'er my "Barret"

("Barret on Drainage," I've said),

With calmer nerves and a cooler head;

Determined to compass the topic,

In a mode most philosophic,

And launching a sudden shot,

Lightning-swift, and fiery hot,

Through an article terse and satirical.

Those foolish savants to bring down,

Who with theories basely empirical,

Had so startled and shocked the
 town!

Ah! soon in order beautiful,

To a masterly logic dutiful,

My thoughts were ranged for fight;

I was making here and there,

A note on the fly-leaves bare,

When horribly higher and higher,

Uprose the shout of "Fire!"

In a monstrous dumb affright,

I hardly walked, but fell,

(As it seemed), from the garret's height,
 (Though how, I could never tell !)
 I alighted beneath to find
 In the parlor a spark half out,
 Which the feeblest puff of wind
 From the chimney had blown about,
 But the children still would shout,
 And dance, and prance, and bellow,
 In a deafening, demonish rout.
 While as for their mother, low and limp,
 She lay, in a faint, by the opened door,
 With her eighteenth-monther, a restless
 imp,
 Drawing and pawing o'er and o'er
 The folds of her rumpled dress !
 Somebody in years gone by,
 Had pronounced her fainting *pose*
 The *ne plus ultra* of loveliness,
 As she lay like a sweet white rose ;
 But now ! perchance, perchance,
 I have lost my young romance,
 For, unadmiring quite,
 I gazed on the touching sight,
 And (I'm a brute no doubt !)
 But I let the syren lie.

Ah me, the vexations,
 Exasperations,
 And tribulations,
 Confusions,
 Obtrusions,
 And endless affrays,
 Which marked with dark tracing that
 blackest of days !
 Don't tell me that children are angels,
 All fraught with pure heaven's evan-
 gels,
 And trailing — what is it ! — from
 some mystic star
 Bright cloudlets of glory. I know
 what mine are.
 Not a whit worse I'm sure than the rest
 of young "fry,"
 Whose natures are thoughtless and
 spirits are high ;
 But as for your "angels !" all that's
 "in my eye !"

To enter again
 On that morning of pain :
 I should wretchedly blunder
 In counting the number
 Of times I was harried
 (My thoughts all miscarried !)
 By yells of shrill laughter
 Or dread cries thereafter,
 By accidents seen or invisible,
 And mishaps high tragic, or risi-
 ble ;
 Young Tommy three window-panes
 shattered,
 And, of course, cut his head in the proc-
 ess,
 And an old silver heir-loom
 That oft held the rare bloom
 Of vintages mellow and lusciously
 fine
 From the banks of Moselle or the banks
 of the Rhine,
 A tankard four centuries old and no
 less,
 By wee Janet was battered,
 Disgraced,
 And defaced,
 Till the Bacchus Cellini had graven there-
 on,
 Was broken and wan,
 And the sweep of the vine, and the curve
 of the grape,
 Were twisted hopelessly out of shape.
 Then Harry fell down in the cistern !
 With yells to be heard for a mile,
 And in striving to fish him out,
 (For the boy is portly, puffy, and stout)
 Back would he slip, and slip, and
 slip,
 E'en from the cistern's utmost lip,
 Until with a wrench swift-handed,
 The human gudgeon was landed,
 Who made with a ghastly smile
 The half-inarticulate pledge,
 That never more would he tempt the
 edge
 Of well or cistern, fount or river,
 Although upon earth he should dwell
 forever !

And lastly, Cornelia, aged five,
 (I marvel the child is still alive !)
 Contrived in the subtlest, deftest way,
 From the surgery shelf, to steal, in
 play,
 A box of my pills cathartic ;
 Enough (if swallowed at once) to slay
 A bear of the regions Arctic !
 How many she took I cannot say,
 But thereafter for many and many a day,
 Supine the suffering maiden lay,
 And I scarce believe that her blood has
 set
 To the shore of health that is perfect, yet!

What is the moral of this, my masters ?
 (To you that are fathers, I mean,
 Fathers, and students as well ?)
 Tis easy enough to tell :
 Would you 'scape all household disas-
 ters ?
 And be cosy, sweet-tempered, serene ?
 Then *never, never, never*,
 Make the absurd endeavor,
 Because the sky's not bluish
 And the wind seems somewhat shrew-
 ish,
 To pen a young regiment in,
 Of heirs to Adam's sin !



THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS

WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY
OVERDUE.

REC'D LD

MAR 22 1939

DEC 6 1961

MAR 12 1986

MAY 16 1943

REC CIP JAN 9 1986

8 May 5 2 LU

LIBRARY USE

JAN 6 1958

REC'D LD

JAN 6 1958

5 Dec '61, J N

LD 21-5m-1,'89 (7053a7)

YC177310

GENERAL LIBRARY - U.C. BERKELEY



8000938729



